

February 2, 1966

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.
Incorporating the Australian Home Budget.

The Australian

Over 830,000 Copies
Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

1/-



NEW PRIME MINISTER
AND HIS WIFE—page 4

Farewell to the Menzies—page 10

Colour pictures of
THE SEEKERS
Homeward bound

An expert tells how to
help your baby learn
without teaching him

16-page beauty book
SECRETS OF
GOOD MAKE-UP



START HERE

for the best-tasting,
smoothest mayonnaise
you ever made (or bought!)



1 All you need is: $\frac{1}{2}$ can
Nestlé's Sweetened Con-
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Mustard, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
vinegar.

2 MINUTE MAYONNAISE



2 Just stir until the mixture
thickens slightly. Then let
it stand for a few moments
(See? No lumps, no beating,
no fuss.)



3 Now try it. (Add a little
more mustard if you wish.)
Isn't it just delicious? So
quick, too.

THEN make a platter of DANISH OPEN SANDWICHES

(Ham and chicken, crisp
salad vegetables, made all
the more delicious with
2-minute Mayonnaise.)



DANISH OPEN SANDWICHES

Choose a fresh, crusty loaf of
rye bread (or, if you prefer, white
French bread or sliced Pumper-
nickel). Butter the slices and top
with rolled-up slices of ham,
chicken, corned beef or any
sliced meat.

Then add slices of any (or all)

of the following: cucumber,
radish, onion, tomato, hard-
boiled egg. (And a lettuce leaf,
too, if you like.)

Garnish with a sprig of parsley
and pour a lavish helping of 2-
minute Mayonnaise over the top.
It makes all the tangy difference!

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW,
G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters:
Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth.
Letters: Box 481G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

Printed by Compress Printing Ltd., of 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney,
at 61-63 O'Riordan St., Alexandria, for the publisher, Australian
Consolidated Press Ltd., of 168-174 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

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The Weekly Round

WE were feeling rest-
less this January,
very New-Yearish, so we
decided to make a few
changes in the paper.

The first of the changes
appears this week on page
17 — a feature called
COMPACT because it is a
number of compactly
featured items.

Since christening it, we've
realised that we must have
been influenced subcon-
sciously in the choice of
name by the beauty book,
"Let's Make Faces," in the
issue.

Since reading the book
we'd been thinking of eye
make-up. (Haven't you, too,
always wanted to rim your
eyes with black, and always
chickened out?)

In way-out moments we'd
even been surreptitiously
studying the face-lifts. But
in the end we'd settled for a
change of face-powder.

We got a pinker one. And
we report happily that the
first time we used it a taxi-
driver we hailed called us
Miss, and assured us he was
free — that he wasn't even
engaged, love!

Author of the beauty book
is Candy Jones, American
model and beauty consul-
tant.

She warns that beauty-
consciousness can be over-
done; for instance, the Latin-
American ex-actress, still
gorgeous in her sixties be-
cause she rests 18 hours a
day and never, never goes
out in the hot sun.

While there's something
pathetic in this attitude, a
session among the beauty
aids is invaluable.

"Don't sell it short," she
says. "For a few hours at
least Tillie the Toiler has
gone and in her place there's
a new, glamorous woman
... it's more therapeutic
than medicine."

OUR COVER

● The new Prime Minister of Aus-
tralia, Mr. Harold Holt, and Mrs.
Holt. See story page 4.

Does
100%
of all
your
sewing
auto-
matically



new
elna
world's best from
Switzerland

Advertisements
To Beautify
your neck



TO maintain a beautiful
smooth neck massage
in a film of rich vitalizing
night cream before retiring,
using a gentle upward and
outward movement. As you
sleep the vitalizing Ulan
night cream will carry on
the task of beautifying the
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dency to sallowness and
crepey skin. Continue the
beautifying treatment dur-
ing the daytime by smooth-
ing on your moist oil of
Ulan.

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the skin, Vanix penetrates deep
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The Seekers

"All for one, and one for all"



GROUP (above), Athol Guy, Judith Durham, Keith Potger, and Bruce Woodley, preparing in London for their Australian tour. At right, among the pigeons in Trafalgar Square. They were warmly wrapped against what was then the coldest day of winter.

THE SEEKERS start their Australian tour in Perth on February 2. Afterwards they play in Adelaide (Feb. 4), Melbourne and Ballarat (Feb. 8-10), Launceston and Hobart (Feb. 11 and 12), Canberra (Feb. 15), Sydney (Feb. 17), Newcastle, N.S.W. (Feb. 18), Brisbane (Feb. 19). They leave for N.Z. on February 20.

"They're well-found now." See Seekers story on page 7.

Pictures by David Graves



NEXT WEEK

★
Sixteen-page
lift-out . . .

FOR BABY



Here are 20 new knitting designs for girls and boys up to 18 months old, including dresses, matinee jackets, a shawl, romper suit, stroller set — and more!

And:

New . . . new . . . NEW!

★ We begin the latest in our colorful and popular "Australia" series . . . and this time it will be a

House of the Week

You'll find stimulating new ideas in this feature of outstanding Australian homes: small and large, each chosen for its design, workable floor plan, use of materials, and comfort.

And:

★ We announce the . . .

FIRST AWARDS in our Teen Doll Contest

And:



*All aboard
— for
FIRST-
CLASS
FOOD*

★ Like to try the dishes most in demand by passengers on the luxury liners Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth? We have the recipes — they are delicious!

And:

★ Don't miss the complete short novel by Elizabeth Walter . . .

"THE DRUM"

. . . an eerie suspense story.

MRS. HAROLD HOLT

A gay and glamorous grandmother

● The outstanding qualities of Zara Holt, wife of Sir Robert Menzies' successor, are evident in the picture on our cover. She is attractive, plump, gay, and laughing, with great warmth and vitality.

MRS. HOLT will be an elegant and vivacious complement to her silver-haired, distinguished husband, Harold, the lawyer-politician who was formerly Federal Treasurer.

A bright and witty speaker, Mrs. Holt once opened an art show with an outrageous story about shopping in London's Fortnum and Mason's — she said she was in search of a bottle of gin — and later admitted that she had made the whole thing up.

Career woman, but the family comes first

She has always been in demand in Melbourne as a guest speaker.

She has also etched a firm place in couture circles in this country.

Mrs. Holt owns and runs Magg, fashion shops in Melbourne and Sydney.

When she was only 18 the then Zara Dickens opened her first dress shop in Little Collins Street.

Her mother later forcibly closed the shop when she considered her energetic daughter was overworking.

Still, it was profitable. Mrs. Holt says she "blew"

the takings on a round-the-world trip.

A devoted grandmother, she has three sons by a previous marriage.

They are Nicky, whose wife, Caroline, presented him with a baby daughter, Sophie, seven months ago, and twins Sam and Andy.

By JAYNE STUART

Sam's wife, Amanda, is a lawyer — like her husband, brother-in-law, and father-in-law.

Andy, a marketing executive, and his wife, Paulette, have a son, Christopher, 6.

All the boys and their families are welcome and constant guests at the Holts' Portsea home on the Werona Estate.

The "bathing box," as they call the 19-square split-level holiday house, is perched high on the cliff overlooking Fisherman's Beach, between the Portsea township and the quarantine station at Point Nepean.

In a flippant fashion you could call the Holts cliff-dwellers, for their more formal, plum-colored brick house in Toorak is in busy St. George's Road, high on the banks of the Yarra River.

Their third home is a secluded "shack," 80 miles from Cairns in northern Queensland, where they like to spend several winter weeks.

Married for 19 years, the Holts love being together, and share many interests.



MRS. HAROLD HOLT displays a groper she speared off Portsea, Victoria. A keen underwater swimmer, she mostly leaves the spearfishing to her husband.

Mr. Holt is a keen spearfisherman, and Mrs. Holt an enthusiastic underwater swimmer. He spears, but she mostly likes "to look."

They play tennis on a Portsea neighbor's court, and like to water-ski.

An enthusiastic gardener, Mrs. Holt likes formal Italian-style gardens, and vegetable gardens.

She has even been known to sneak a few brightly colored plastic flowers into the more casual garden at the beach!

Although Mrs. Holt has never taken an active part in her husband's election campaigns, she usually accompanies him to meetings when he is the guest speaker.

Paintings

She follows ballet and theatre, and, a talented artist herself, has bought many modern paintings, which hang in the three-storeyed, antique-furnished Toorak house.

Integral members of the Toorak house are two siamese cats, Cha and Cha Cha, and housekeeper "Tiny" Lawless, who has been with the family for 18 years and was originally nurse to the boys.

When Federal Parliament was in session in past years Mr. Holt stayed in Canberra during the week, flying home for weekends, while Mrs. Holt attended to her business interests in Melbourne.

The fate of the business is yet unknown, but in view of her wider commitments, a decision will have to be made soon.

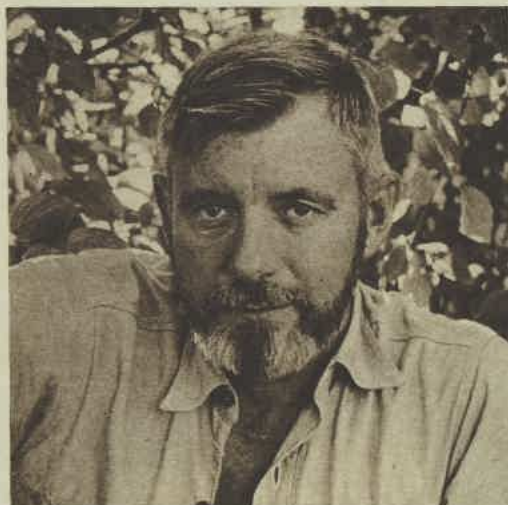
Although Mrs. Holt says she can't sew a stitch, until now she has overseen the cutting, and done most of the buying.

It seems that Mrs. Holt will have a very busy role as the Prime Minister's wife — but she is the kind of woman who will take that in her stride — and insist that her family ties remain close and constant.



MR. HOLT trims a hedge at his seaside home at Portsea. He often mows the lawn for exercise, and says he enjoys it.

Famous expatriate artist says Australian girls are "SO LOVELY, SO DULL"



SCULPTOR LINDSAY DAEN.

IN San Juan, Puerto Rico, the statue of the Fisherman plods eternally toward the sea.

He is a landmark as distinctive (says the "New York Post") as Copenhagen's Little Mermaid.

Puerto Rico has adopted him as a national symbol, prints his image on her stamps.

His creator, known in America and Europe as "a leading American sculptor," is actually an Australian, Lindsay Daen.

Late last year he flew into Sydney from his Puerto Rican home to visit his mother, Mrs. E. Izod, of Avoca Beach.

It was Lindsay Daen's first glimpse in 16 years of the country he had felt he had to leave in order to find himself as a sculptor.

Forty-two years old, with dark eyes, a grizzled beard, warm vitality, and an exuberant humor, he says:

"I'm a typical product of the Australian environment—I had to break out of it."

You ask him why.

He is very direct, and very articulate. He says:

"Well, it wasn't the money. I don't believe I even thought about money. My first wife, Betty, and I landed in the States with a summer apiece, and for the first few years we almost literally starved."

"No, it wasn't the money. It was mainly that the States seemed to be the most exciting place a sculptor could go. It was so darned big."

"A man wants to prove himself—to himself—in a big, tough arena. He wants to be in the centre of things, too, not on the perimeter."

"And there's a question of national temperament, too."

"All this sculpture is concerned with 'touching'

people, and in Australia people don't touch."

"The Americans have a warmth and spontaneity and vitality we seem to lack."

You express surprise at this judgment. And you direct Lindsay Daen's attention to the dramatic physical changes Sydney has seen since he went away.

"It's a lovely, dynamic-looking skyline," he agrees.

"But the city is muted, somehow. In the street, the people's faces lack animation. They're impassive, as if each one lives in a total isolation."

He finds this particularly true of the girls.

—By
KAY KEAVNEY

"They're so lovely to look at, our girls," he says. "Their bodies are strong, their legs are magnificent, but, somehow, vivacity is lacking. They don't carry their heads proudly."

The set of the head and the expression of the face are fundamental in the world of Lindsay Daen.

And the world he has created in his sculptures, to quote Professor Luisa Geigel de Gandia, is "a world of gentle people, who are nevertheless strong in their very acceptance of their human condition."

"His theme is bravery... characterised by the fragile, the thin, the mortified—but always standing—human form."

These qualities are what have made his Fisherman so well loved, and they infuse all his work.

Even as a child of two, he drew, always the human form, viewed as a series of elongated triangles.

He must have been a sore trial to his art-teachers.

Born in New Zealand of Australian parents and raised in Sydney, he turned to writing as a means of self-expression.

He got a newspaper job at 16, but two years later the Pacific War broke out and he enlisted in the Army.

That was when Lindsay Daen discovered painting. First he met a signwriter who painted in oils in his spare time; then he met a Wraaf, Betty, whose brother was painter John Perceval.

He married Betty when he was 21. In 1944, on discharge, he enrolled at the East Sydney Technical College to study painting, and promptly discovered sculpture.

At the end of the year he was expelled for having an "un-student-like attitude," although later he was reinstated.

He admits he was probably pretty hard to get on with, until he transferred to the Adelaide School of Arts and Crafts, who lent him their basement for an impromptu studio.

He worked happily in the basement for two years, experimenting in form and materials, and producing some of his finest portraits.

Back in Sydney in 1948, he worked with potter Guy Boyd on some beautiful ceramics, and alone on aboriginal figures, out of which partly developed the "stick figures" of his later, distinctive style.

He and Betty sailed for the United States in 1949, spent a year taking a good look at "the big tough arena," then went to Canada when their temporary visa expired.

For nine months they lived mainly on a diet of flour mixed with bacon cuttings, until they were allowed to



THE FISHERMAN, Daen's 6½-ft.-high sculpture that has become a national symbol.

THE LOVERS (below). With a broad grin, Daen said that a U.S. paper published a profile view of this sculpture with the caption, "How DARE you bring her home at this time of night and in that condition!"





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to kill this
filthy fly,**

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When you're on a good thing... stick to it! 

They're well-found now



BRUCE WOODLEY.

JUDITH DURHAM.

KEITH POTGER.

ATHOL GUY.

THE SEEKERS are ploughing toward their goals with breath-taking speed and single-mindedness. This dedication to their aims made it hard for me to get them together in London.

Finally, after taking the pictures on the opposite page, we huddled over a rushed lunch before their next recording session. It was a freezing day.

Keith had to rush off to get his fiancée's passport for her honeymoon to Australia.

Judith was saving her voice for the microphone. Bruce had retreated behind a copy of the "Musical Express." Only Athol seemed to have retained the power of speech.

After his bowl of soup he hunched enough to outline

his and Bruce's version of success.

"This business is a means to an end," he said, "not an end in itself. We came from advertising, as you know, and that training taught us how to package the goods so people will want to buy them."

"We are earning far more now than we ever looked like doing in Australia, and this will help us toward financial security later. None of us sees the group as a permanent job."

"We have our own company in England. When we get to Australia we shall set up an Australian company, too, licensed to do just about everything, including selling peanuts at the Tivoli."

"I'm not kidding. It really does include a peanut vending licence."

"Bruce and I at least want to go back to Australia eventually, because we love

to surf, play golf, and enjoy the sun."

"We miss our friends, too, and a regular social life, which is out when you're in this business."

"Of course, we don't mind that when we're so busy. This is a life in itself."

"What do you regard as your highest point of success over here?"

"The three hits at the top of the recording charts, I suppose. But there's not a lot of money to be made out of recording."

By BETTY BEST, of our London staff

"Even if you sell a million copies of a disc, the most you make is between £10,000 and £14,000, which is split among four of us."

It seemed all right to me.

"Oh, no," he said. The money is in personal appearances, concerts, and TV fees, and the top money is in the provinces."

"Have you thought of making a film yet?"

"I'm sure we could act if we wanted to, perhaps better than many people who make their living at it, but again it is a case of getting the right material."

His confidence was unshakable and breathtaking. I asked if he made the decisions for the group.

"No, it's majority rule. Temperamentally we must be four of the most differing people in the business, but we argue things out until we agree. We all want what is for the group's good."

"Would you ever go back to Australia to stay as the Seekers?"

"I don't think so," Athol said. "The business scene there interests me very much. It is still the land of opportunity, and I'd like an interest in property there or anything to do with the communications field."

"But for the group, London is the best base. We

have been to Amsterdam and Madrid, and on our way back from Australia we'll do another Ed Sullivan show in New York."

"We have South Africa lined up for June, then

cedence. He does all their vocal arrangements."

Looking back over the packed months, Keith says his two biggest thrills were the first success of "I'll Never Find Another You" and the concert they gave in Melbourne last year.

"It was the most emotional moment you can imagine, going back home and getting a reception like that," he said.

When Judith arrived she seemed much more relaxed than on our first meeting. In spite of the past year she is still, she says, terribly self-conscious.

"It's a terrific responsibility trying to look right when you do well. There is so much to think about — clothes, make-up, hair. You have to look right for fans."

Judith has her own flat outside London, in Richmond. When she first came to England she lived in a bed-sitter. Later she had a flat with girlfriends.

"I moved to Richmond when I came back to get some privacy and a chance to practise the piano or get up and make curtains in the middle of the night if I want to. You have to show some consideration, and my timetable is different from other people's," she said.

"We've been so busy I've still not got around to a new piano yet. I still have the one I bought for £23 when I first came over. It's quite good."

Judith studied piano for 11 years and had dreams of becoming either a concert pianist or an opera singer.

"I always thought I'd spend all my time here at the ballet and opera and

concerts, and I've hardly been to any," she said.

"I used to make all my own clothes, but I don't have any time for that, either. Anyway, I have to buy smart ones for this job and try to look beautiful."

She made a woe-begone face and then cheered up. "But I made a marvellous pair of curtains last night. They look terrific."

Judith is incurably domestic, cooks a lot. ("Just plain Australian cooking. My mother was sick when I was younger and I used to do a lot at home.") She has been thinking of getting married since she was about three.

"I have a regular boyfriend in London, but I shan't get married yet. It's hard to see how it would fit in with a career."

Last summer, Judith had a breakdown caused by nervous exhaustion.

"It was partly the terrific pace we had to keep up, partly the fact that I'm always worrying about my appearance."

Little mother

At 22 she has moments of almost maternal maturity in the way she handles the boys and her own domestic life. But with her mere 5ft. 3in., and chubby, smiling face, there is an endearing puppyish quality which would appeal to fans of all ages.

Perhaps of all four, Judith has changed least.

But as a group, Australia will notice a new gloss of success with an international flavor, which proves that the Seekers are well on the way to having found what they set out to look for.



GUITARIST Keith Potger and fiancée Pam Powley. They met when Keith cashed a cheque in the English bank where Pam worked, and plan to make the Seekers' tour a honeymoon.

What-to-wear with a golden skin

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FACTOR'S
3 LITTLE
BARES**



This is bareness with flair! Not too hot, not too bold . . . just three wisps of colour to wear with golden skin. Don't shy off. Go hunting today for the new(and wild!) young bares.

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New Bare hugs of Colour for Sun-warmed Faces and Fingertips



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MOCHA BARE

a warm bare-hug of toasty beige



PAPAYA BARE

a soft bare kiss of sunny coral

The "Pizza King"

*On a flattened piece of dough,
he founded a family business*

● An Italian migrant who came to Australia 14 years ago
— "without a single lira in the bank" — now has his own business with a turnover of more than £150,000 a year.

MR. JOHN BATTISTA, 46, of the Sydney suburb of Kensington, has become Australia's "Pizza King," selling up to 1000 dozen pizza pies a week.

"I sell many, yes, but I will have a long way to go for my dream — to outsell the Australian meat pie," said Mr. Battista, hero of a rags-to-riches life story.

It began with him working 20 hours a day for more than five years. Today he owns a large continental cake, biscuit, gelato, and cannoli factory, a catering service, and an Italian restaurant, the Grotto Capri, as well as the pizza plant, all on the same premises as his modern apartment.

"When I first start making pizza in Australia about nine years ago, few had heard of it and we sold maybe one every second week," Mr. Battista said. "Now my pizzas are frozen and shipped all over Australia, New Zealand, New Guinea, even to New Caledonia."

Pizza is thought to have originated around Naples,

where it has been one of the most popular family dishes for hundreds of years. The traditional Neapolitan pizza (basic dough, tomato sauce, and cheese) outsells all other flavors today.

What is a pizza?
"Basically it's a flattened piece of dough (which can be from 2in. to 3ft. in diameter and weigh from 2oz. to 2lb.), spread with pizza sauce, and sprinkled with mozzarella cheese, a few drops of oil, and dry herbs. Then the secret is to bake

it in a very hot oven (700 degrees) for six to seven minutes."

As well as the popular Neapolitan, there are anchovy, ham, seafood, eggplant, mushroom, olive, and spinach pizzas . . .

"The varieties are unlimited," said Mr. Battista. "Some people are so in love with pizza that they have them for entrees and main dishes, then order sweet ones, with apricots, peaches, and other fruits, for dessert."

"They make me happy. The more pizzas they eat, the more I sell."

One of 14 children, Mr. Battista, who comes from Taranto, began his cooking career when he left university at 18 to help support his family.

"But I was such a keen student that when I took a job as an apprentice chef on ships travelling around the Italian coastline, I tried to study my engineering course myself," he said.

"I had to give it up when I moved to Geneva as chef to a shipping magnate."

In 1950, he joined the

in order, Mr. Battista returned. He worked for three years with the Italian Consulate in Sydney and two years with the Brazilian Consul in Canberra.

"It was at diplomatic parties that I introduced pizza," he said. "It was so popular that I used to dream of how I'd like to make it for the whole of Australia."

It was always just a dream, because Mr. Battista sent every penny of his wages (he lived-in at the consulates) to his family in Italy.

"One day I realised I could go on doing that for ever and I decided to save my money, make myself a business, and bring all my family here," he said.

Ten years ago he returned to Sydney and worked as a chef at the Colony Club for a year, banking as much as he could until he had a good deposit for a one-room shop and kitchen at Kensington.

"I started making continental cakes, biscuits, and bread-sticks," he said. "I worked mostly 20 hours every day of the week for the first few years."

Starting at 2 a.m., Mr. Battista would prepare the mixtures, then bake and finish the cakes. Next he'd



THE "KING" . . .

● Australia's "Pizza King," Mr. John Battista, with a badge given to him on a visit to the U.S.

pack and deliver them round Sydney before returning to wash-up and sleep for a few hours on the floor before starting the next day's orders.

In his second year of business he met Rosa Hotzen, who had migrated from Germany, and they were married.

"Ours wasn't a very romantic courtship," she said. "I used to come to the shop at 4.30 every morning to help pack and clean the trays, then I'd serve in the little shop all day."

"Business was slow at first, but gradually it began to pick up and now it grows every day. We did not mind how hard we worked because we knew a little more work meant a little more gained."

And the more gained meant the granting of another of John Battista's wishes — to bring his family to Australia.

So contented

Mr. Battista has brought out 12 members of his family, including his Mamma, 73, Papa, 83, sisters Rosa, Tonia, Carmela, and Carmela's husband, Piconie, his brother, Pat, and wife, Bianca, and four nephews.

Although he has only five of the 12 working for him now, all have worked in Mr. Battista's businesses.

"They're the worst workers in the world," said Mr. Battista fondly. "They're so contented with their jobs that none of them want to be managers and take over from me."

Work starts at the Battista factory about 4.30 a.m. when Papa comes to "open up" after Mrs. Battista has opened up for him.

"At 83, he's very healthy and says it's because he always drinks a bottle of vino with every meal," said Mrs. Battista. "Every morning, too, he drinks two glasses of

marsala with three egg-yolks in it.

"He's always on time and I can remember only once that he didn't turn up."

Papa, who had arrived at 4.30 without his handkerchief, was hit by a taxi on the way home to get it.

"He didn't tell anyone and just went home to bed," said Mrs. Battista. "It wasn't until someone went to wake him later that we found a big bump on his head and he told us what had happened."

With the rest of the family, Papa stays until 8 p.m. Mamma comes in later in the morning, helps in the shop, and leaves earlier to watch television.

"She can't speak much English, but she knows all the TV programs," said her daughter Tonia. "She hates to miss her favorite shows."

When the factory closes, John Battista, Rosa, and his brother, Pat, open the restaurant. It's often 12 or 1 a.m. before they get to bed.

"Pat and I still only average four or five hours' sleep a night," said John Battista. "But we hope to get someone soon to help us run the businesses so we can have time to spend some of the money we make."

With businesses employing more than 50, and all his family in Australia, John Battista should be a very happy man. Instead, he says, there is something that makes him sad.

"All my life I work to bring my family together again and, although they are all in Australia, this is not so. Like Australians, they've come to want their own houses, own cars, and own lives — and so we are really still separated."

"They are happy, but I want to build a big beautiful house so that Mamma, Papa, sisters, brothers, and all the bambinos can live together — Italian-style."

... AND HIS FAMILY



● Family workers—Mrs. John Battista, holding her niece Christine, aged 4, Mr. Battista, his sister Tonia, brother Pat, Papa and Mamma Battista, and Pat's wife, Bianca.



ABOVE: Dame Pattie Menzies at the Prime Minister's Lodge, where she has lived so long. BELOW: A corner of the garden she has fallen in love with at 2 Haverbrack Avenue, Malvern, Vic., with its many tall trees and shrubs. They bought this seven-room home last October. Dame Pattie was awarded her G.B.E., equivalent to a knighthood, in 1954.



THEIR WORK



WALMER CASTLE, on the Kentish coast, where Sir Robert Menzies will be formally installed this year as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, in succession to his hero Sir Winston Churchill.

Sir Robert and Dame Pattie reach the years of ease

● Many young Australian voters can't remember any Prime Minister but Sir Robert Menzies, who is retiring from that office. He held it continuously for 16 years; and his wife, herself a Senator's daughter, has been at his side during his 31 years as M.P. (together they saw Canberra grow out of a sheep run), and for the six earlier years when he was a Victorian M.L.C., and for eight years before that. Now, for their years of ease, they have their recently bought home in a peaceful Melbourne street, and the occupancy of a castle on their visits to old England.



DAME PATTIE chats with Mrs. Harold Holt. At Malvern the retiring Prime Minister will be living in his successor's electorate, not far from their home.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 2, 1966

WELL DONE



ABOVE: Sir Robert (he was knighted in 1963) at the wedding of his only daughter, Heather, to Mr. Peter Henderson in 1955. Sir Robert and Dame Pattie have two sons, ten grandchildren. BELOW: With Cardinal Gilroy at a Sydney dinner.



AT LEFT: Sir Robert in his academic robes at the formal opening of the R. G. Menzies Library at the Australian National University, Canberra. ABOVE: He escorts the Queen at the State reception in 1963. BELOW: With Dame Pattie at the reception to Princess Marina in 1964.





"Those people think of everything!"

Until I started to talk about wills and trusts with the specialists at the Perpetual Trustee Company, I had never fully realised the problems and pitfalls of the trustee business. Of course, we've all read in the papers about court cases involving home-made wills and breaches of trust by people who often just didn't know any better. I soon found out how easy it would be for almost anybody to run into trouble without proper guidance.

I know it's a horrible thought but do you know for instance what happens when husband and wife are killed together? With all the car accidents these days, it's not so uncommon either. Well, the law says that the elder of the two died first unless it can be proved other-

wise. This is usually the husband and that means his estate must go first to his wife's estate — that is, if as often happens, she was his main beneficiary. This, in turn, means double administration costs and usually further duties must be paid before the children or anybody else gets a penny.

Now at Perpetual, they tell you how this can be avoided. Nobody likes to dwell on such things but this was just one of the many important points Perpetual cover when they're advising you. They have had a tremendous amount of experience — and this makes them think a long way ahead. It's reassuring to know you've had the best advice you can get on such matters — especially when there's a lot at stake."

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PTA3



OFFICIAL GUESTS at the swearing-in of the new Governor, Sir Roden Cutler, included his two brothers, Dr. Geoffrey Cutler (left) and Dr. Robert Cutler, who walked in the grounds of Government House with their wives, Mrs. Geoffrey Cutler (left) and Mrs. Robert Cutler after the ceremony.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

FORMER friends of Lady Wakehurst were so thrilled to see her back, and I believe the telephone at the Point Piper home of Mr. and Mrs. Jock Pagan, with whom she was staying, just didn't stop ringing.

Mrs. Pagan's mother, Lady Hoskins, came down from her lovely home, "Cardrona," at Moss Vale, for the luncheon party given by Mrs. Pagan for Lady Wakehurst the day after she arrived.

ROUND of farewell parties under way for Scilla Nisbett (who sails for Europe aboard the *Orcades* on February 10) include the dinner party her sister Caroline and husband, David Nott, will give at their home in Canberra on January 26, and the one her flat-mates, Anne Ritchie and Anne Stewart, will give at Woollahra on February 5. After meeting Sydney girls Winkie Bligh and Jude Gemes in Lisbon, Scilla plans to go on to London, where she will do a textile design course at the Chelsea School of Arts. She will be away about two years.

LUCKY Mary Ann Harnett and her fiancé, Tony Gale, have already found the "dream home" in which they will live after their marriage at St. Joseph's, Edgecliff, on April 21. The house in Randwick is rather like a London town house and Mary Ann tells me they are busy haunting antique shops searching for French period pieces. For her wedding — which will be all-white — Mary Ann will be attended by her sister, Susan, Jennifer McCloskey, and Victoria Brown. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Harnett, will entertain 200 guests at a reception at Princes.

I HEAR there will be a Fijian address for newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Winley, who were married recently at Wesley College Chapel by Bishop Moyes, who married Virginia's parents, Mr. and Mrs. V. K. Nichols, of "Renlock," Boggabri, twenty-five years ago. They expect to be in Fiji (where Vernon, a scientist, will take up an appointment with a large chemical firm) for a year.

ENVIED Mrs. Barry Brooke her cool elegant look when I spotted her shopping in town on one of the hottest days of the week. She teamed the lightest cream accessories with her slim embroidered pink linen dress and held her fair hair in place with a matching narrow headband in soft velvet.

A SHUTTLE service of launches will ferry official guests from Garden Island out to the HMAS *Yarra* on February 5 so they can watch events in the Royal Naval Sailing Association's 20th annual regatta. Commander of the *Yarra* (which is flagship for the day), Captain G. J. Willis, and the chairman of the RNSA, Commander John Bath, will welcome guests aboard. Of particular interest to guests and members will be the performance of *Roebuck*, the Association's newest boat, which will be competing for the first time in the Bluebird Class.

— By MOLLIE LYONS



THE PREMIER and Mrs. Askin waited at Government House to welcome the Governor, Sir Roden Cutler, and Lady Cutler when they arrived after driving through the city from the aerodrome.



AT RECEPTION, Mr. Justice Macfarlan and Mrs. Macfarlan were among the 150 official guests who attended the informal reception which followed the swearing-in of Sir Roden Cutler as Governor.



NEW FAMILY AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE

● The new Governor of New South Wales, Sir Roden Cutler, and Lady Cutler were photographed with their four sons (left to right), Anthony, 17, Richard, 13, Mark, 9, and David, 18, in the grounds of Government House immediately after he had been sworn in by the Chief Justice, Sir Leslie Herron. The ceremony, which was held in the ballroom, was attended by the Premier, Mr. Askin, and State Cabinet Ministers, the Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Renshaw, State and Federal Members, heads of Church, judiciary, and Services and civil organisations and their wives. A 17-gun salute was fired from Mrs. Macquarie's Point after Sir Roden had taken the Oaths of Office.

● In response to thousands of readers' requests we republish . . .

OUR BEST-EVER DIET

● In October, 1964, we published a diet telling how to lose 15-20lb. in 14 days.

JUDGED by the number of readers' letters asking for copies of it, this was our best-ever diet. For them, and for others feeling uncomfortably overweight, we publish the diet again.

EVERY DAY'S BREAKFAST

1 whole grapefruit, 2 eggs, boiled or poached, coffee.

MONDAY

LUNCH: Fruit salad, put everything in it, all kinds of fruit without restriction, eat as much as you can.

DINNER: Two eggs, combination salad (own choice), 1 piece thin dry toast, 1 whole grapefruit, coffee.

TUESDAY

LUNCH: Cold chicken (a big helping, drumstick and thigh, or whole breast and wing), 1lb. tomatoes, 1 whole grapefruit.

DINNER: Half pound lean grilled steak, tomatoes, lettuce, celery, cucumber (in whatever quantity you can eat), coffee.

WEDNESDAY

LUNCH: Two eggs, tomatoes (any quantity), coffee.

DINNER: Two grilled lamb chops, celery, cucumber, tomatoes (any quantity), coffee.

THURSDAY

LUNCH: Same as Monday.

DINNER: Same as Monday.

FRIDAY

LUNCH: Two eggs, spinach (any quantity), coffee.

DINNER: Large helping fish (grilled, steamed, or poached) or chicken, lettuce (any quantity), tomatoes (any quantity), 1 slice dry toast, 1 whole grapefruit, coffee.

SATURDAY

LUNCH: Two eggs, spinach (any quantity), coffee.

DINNER: Half pound steak, celery, cucumber, tomatoes (all in any quantity), coffee.

SUNDAY

LUNCH: Same as Monday.

DINNER: Large helping chicken, carrots, cooked cabbage, tomatoes (all in any quantity), 1 whole grapefruit, coffee.

GENERAL PRINCIPLES FOR DIET

ALCOHOL is not allowed. If this is not observed, the diet is useless.

ABSTAIN from everything not included in the diet.

REPLACE sugar with substitute.

EAT the full allowance. Don't skip a meal.

DON'T eat between meals.

EAT all vegetables without butter, salad without oil or mayonnaise, meat lean, grilled or steamed, coffee black, tea clear.

QUANTITIES: Stick to amount where stipulated.

JOSEPH LYONS
admiring the rhododendrons with Dame
Enid in their garden
at Devonport, Tas.



Grandma disapproved of the marriage and Mother was accused of social-climbing, recalls Dame Enid Lyons.

WHEN the present Dame Enid Lyons, then a junior teacher aged 17, became engaged to a senior Minister of the Tasmanian cabinet who was later to become Prime Minister of Australia, she had never once called him by his christian name.

That the engagement caused a sensation and a spate of the most unkind comment, Dame Enid frankly admits in her autobiography, "So We Take Comfort" (Heinemann).

Joseph Lyons was twice her age, and an Irish Cath-

olic. Her family were strict Methodists.

Joe Lyons had to suffer accusations of baby-snatching, while Enid's mother was charged with furthering her own worldly ambitions.

Yet this match was to produce a married life of exceptional harmony, and a family of 11 children.

"I was to get a letter every possible day whenever we were apart as long as he lived, except when, near the end of his life, pressure of work caused him to substitute a telephone call. Even then he wrote twice or three times a week."

The former Enid Burnell was to become vice-president of the Executive Council, the first and only woman to hold office as a Commonwealth Cabinet Minister.

Leading the intense feeling against the proposed marriage was Enid's grandmother, who wrote a letter disowning her daughter for supporting it.

In an atmosphere of hysterical accusations and recriminations, the person who emerges as quite remarkable is Enid's mother, Mrs. Burnell.

By AINSLIE
BAKER

Once the engagement was announced, one of the bride-to-be's first duties was to call on her future husband's two aged aunts.

"Enid, you are certain to be offered a glass of wine," her mother told her. "It is an Irish custom on occasions like this and you will deeply hurt the old ladies if you refuse. You must drink it, even if you dislike it. I intend to."

"If my mother had suddenly risen sharply in the air to continue her progress six feet above the ground I could scarcely have been more surprised," writes Dame Enid.

"In her whole life, to the best of my belief, she had never tasted wine, and I certainly had not. She regarded all alcohol with pure and unadulterated hatred, yet out of respect for the feelings of two old Irish ladies she had made this astonishing resolution."

The first of the Lyons children was born in 1916, and it was not until 40 years and ten children later that Enid learned that her pelvis

had been broken and had never properly healed.

Incredibly enough, staying in the house at the time of the baby's birth was the grandmother, "a Puritan of the most intolerant kind, in politics an unyielding conservative, and anti-Irish," who had disowned Enid's mother.

The old lady's ill health had healed the rift. She arrived before expected, in the early hours of the morning, and walked in upon an unshaven, pyjama-clad Joe Lyons, who was hoarse from campaign speaking and had had only a few hours' sleep.

"I wanted to cry for both of us, but Joe was magnificent. He was gracious, he was his normal kind self, and my grandmother announced as she went to the breakfast table, 'Well, I like him.'"

Later she was to confide to her granddaughter that she had never met a man she liked so much, and that she regarded him as a son.

Joseph Lyons was sworn in as Prime Minister of Australia in January, 1932. He was in office for seven years.

Soon after her arrival at the Lodge, Enid was called upon by a lady of some political experience. She wanted to know what Mrs. Lyons would do about Dame Mary Hughes and Lady Groom, whose husbands' politics had conflicted with those now prevailing. Would they be received at the Lodge?

"I shall receive anyone who is kind enough to call on me," Enid Lyons said.

Enid always played an active part in her husband's political campaigns, and was a first-class public speaker.

Once, as Prime Minister's wife, she made an average of



"STANLEY, have a ginger nut?" said Mrs. Baldwin (pictured with her husband, then British Prime Minister) at the coronation of King George VI in Westminster Abbey.

They called Joe "baby-snatcher"



DAME ENID LYONS (above) and (at left) with the Prime Minister and their 11 children, photographed in 1936.

were also responsible in a roundabout way for an invitation to Cliveden from the fiery Lady Astor.

She had taken a fancy to the story she had heard about the editor of "The Times" saying to Dame Enid, "I believe you have a large family." "Babies to burn," replied Enid.

As luncheon guest of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald at No. 10 Downing Street, Mrs. Lyons was introduced to Sir James Barrie as the mother of 11 children.

The creator of "Peter Pan" and "Mary Rose" replied, with admirable composure, "Until now I have always regarded six as the ideal number of a family. Now I know it is eleven."

Coronation

One of Dame Enid's best anecdotes concerns the redoubtable Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, wife of the British Prime Minister. Noel Coward has celebrated her taste in millinery with the line, "And Mrs. Baldwin's funny little hats," in one of his songs.

The Lyons were again in London in 1937, this time for the coronation of George VI. The four Prime Ministers' wives — Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Lyons, Lady Craigavon (Northern Ireland), and Mrs. Huggins (Southern Rhodesia) — were about to enter Westminster Abbey.

"Suddenly it occurred to someone — Mrs. Baldwin, I believe — that no special formula had been devised to get us to our seats. Obviously four British matrons, gloriously arrayed, and of the

first official water, could scarcely be allowed to wander haphazardly up that quarter mile of carpet."

An official escort was produced. "He marshalled us with precision, two before and two behind, Mrs. Baldwin and I the leaders. All of us were dressed in white with sweeping trains and low-cut bodices, and on each head three nodding ostrich plumes and a flowing tulle veil added a further touch of formality.

"Either Mrs. Baldwin or I, differently dressed, would have served as a model for Britannia, although Mrs. Baldwin had an undoubted advantage in height and dignity of bearing.

"In other circumstances of sex and status, she would have made an admirable sergeant-major; of imposing figure and imperious mien. With her strong feeling for military order, she immediately took control.

"Mrs. Lyons," she said to me in a whisper audible in the topmost tiers of seats, "Mrs. Lyons, left-right, left-right."

When at last the ceremony was over, Mrs. Baldwin snapped her handbag open, turned to her husband, who with the other P.M.s was sitting behind, and said:

"Stanley, have a ginger nut?"

When Joseph Lyons was dying in 1939, it was Australia's present Governor-General, Lord Casey, then the member for Corio ("diffident and much moved . . . of whom Joe was fond"), who was deputed by Cabinet to consult Dame Enid about the funeral arrangements.

three speeches a week during a five-week period, and once ten in a period of 12 hours.

Despite this, one female well-wisher was kind enough to advise her by letter: "Be a good, sensible little woman and stay at home. Don't go around speaking and making yourself ridiculous."

Her correspondence was voluminous, and on one day she wrote no less than 43 letters, 23 before lunch and 20 during the afternoon.

"No one in public life ever lacks advice, whether personal, social, or political. I always had more than my just share: advice as to what shoes I should wear, how I should sit on a platform, and what I should say to the members of this or that women's organisation."

On the question of what to wear, the Prime Minister's lady really did not have

much choice. She dressed to please her husband.

"Subconsciously, I think he disliked any emphasis on the disparity of our ages. The hats he liked me to wear infallibly added ten years to my age . . . I was, in point of fact, rather dowdy."

In England as Australia's representatives at the Silver Jubilee of King George and Queen Mary, the Lyons were invited to dinner and to stay overnight at Windsor Castle.

A small printed booklet was thoughtfully provided for the guidance of guests.

Ladies, it stated, were requested to wear white gloves whenever they left their private rooms. One did not tip at Windsor Castle.

A lady in waiting informed Mrs. Lyons that she would be sitting not on the King's right at dinner that night but on his left. He was deaf

in the right ear, and liked to hear what his guest was saying.

Mr. Lyons was informed that Queen Mary wished him to disregard the traditional rule that conversation must be always instigated by a royal person.

Queen Mary

Sitting on the edge of the sofa next to the tall and upright Queen Mary ("a figure of dedicated majesty") drinking coffee after dinner, Mrs. Lyons was invited to sit more comfortably, as was the Queen, against the sofa's back.

Had she done so, the plump, short legs of the visitor would have stuck straight out in front of her. She avoided this grotesque situation by replying very neatly, "Ma'am, I have, as you see, very little lap."

Overnight guests were expected to depart at 10 o'clock the following morning. But Mrs. Lyons and the King appear to have got on like a house on fire, and learning that the Lyons had not seen a changing of the guard, he invited them to stay on for an hour and watch it.

What is more, His Majesty turned up to watch it with them.

During their visit the Australian P.M. got a laugh from an after-dinner audience when he said, "I didn't expect that when I came to England I would have any influence on your budget, but I was in the House when Mr. Chamberlain spoke and, catching sight of me in the gallery, he immediately announced notable taxation concessions to fathers of large families."

The Lyons' eleven children



"HATS ADDED TEN YEARS"

DAME ENID always dressed to please her husband. Left: With the Archbishop of Canterbury in London, 1937. Right: With their daughters, Kathleen and Enid, 1938.





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Beginning a weekly feature

LAMB GOT OUT OF A 'STEW' ...

■ FOUR YEARS AGO Mrs. Myrtle Staniforth, of Masterton, on New Zealand's North Island, could not resist a new lamb's bleat for help as it lay beside its dead mother in a paddock.

She asked the farmer for the lamb, he gave it to her, and she took it home.

The lamb was housed in a warmly lined box and Mrs. Staniforth went out to buy a baby's bottle.

Although it lived outside the Staniforths' neat home, as it grew the lamb had quite an entertaining existence.

Housebroken, each day it was allowed to wander into the living-room and listen to the radio.

"It loved pop music," Mrs. Staniforth said, "and the classics."

And the lamb went out for outings in the car with the Staniforths.

"As soon as the car started it would rush over and climb in," said Mrs. Staniforth.

"The sight of a sheep sitting up in the back seat caused quite a few heads to turn."

"Apart from being an excellent lawnmower, the lamb became a darned good watchdog, too," said Mr. Staniforth. "It'd bunt anyone who had no business round the house."

"It chased off two prowlers one night when Mrs. Staniforth was alone."

But after two years there was no longer a lamb but a big Romney Marsh ram.

Back it went to a farm, a family friend's property near Masterton — but not as an overgrown lamb to the slaughter.

Today, it grazes with the confidence of a lamb that has discovered that Bach is no worse than bite, in a paddock filled with more sheepish youngsters.

Its happiest times, however, are the daily visits by the Staniforths to the roadside fence for a shared lunch of biscuits.



★ The "Smith Family" ... On January 29, at St. Nicholas' Church, Floreat Park, W.A., Miss Glenys Smith marries Mr. Keith Smith, of Wembley, W.A. Glenys is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Smith, of Floreat Park. Mrs. Bob Smith was Miss Gladys Smith. Glenys and Bob will live in a house formerly owned by Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Smith. And the Bob Smiths' neighbor is Mrs. Emily Smith!

Swinging in the rain!

★ In Paris, vinyl is the most "in" fabric worn by the young go-go set. On the beach short vinyl jackets are worn over bikinis, and uninhibited color mixes are seen in slick trouser suits. Vinyl is also rated high for wet-weather fashions — a trench coat worn with matching boots and matching sou'wester will set fashion high — and dry — in the rain.

...And the geese aren't 'chicken'

■ To guard their garden of prize gerberas, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Larsen, of Brisbane, don't have watch-dogs—they have watch-geese!

The Larsens started filling their backyard with gerberas ten years ago.

Now they have more than 300 varieties, in many colors.

The couple's enjoyment of the garden was marred by several thefts of their finest plants.

Then they heard that geese made good guards—a whisky distillery in Scotland has used them for

centuries—and they "engaged" a gaggle.

The strange sentries soon proved their worth—when a new dog arrived in the neighborhood and decided to explore the Larsen garden. His goose was quickly cooked by pecking, hissing, and wing-beating.

When they first came, the geese tried to help the Larsens with the weeding.

They weren't very discrimina-



● Mrs. Larsen with the geese that guard her gerberas.



ting, however, and after a few plants were "weeded" they were taken off that job.

WEB-FOOTNOTE: At Christmas the Larsens' Goose E. Gander family had their own tree, in a corner of the garden.

Hanging from the tree were presents—lettuces, a cabbage, tins of wheat, slices of bread.

★ Desk calendar's male fashion prediction: "There will be no change in men's pockets in 1966."

OFF-DUTY, POLICEMAN STAYS ON THE 'BEAT'

■ Perhaps you've tried — or, at least, heard of — the traditional English blend of stout and champagne, called Black Velvet.

Mr. W. R. O. G. Baker, managing director of the Australian branch of Guinness, the famous stout makers, recently told the interesting and romantic story of its invention, in 1861.

When Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's Consort, died that year, it plunged the whole nation into deep mourning.

The Court frowned upon the frivolous side of life, and champagne, the favorite drink of London society, was banished from the table as being too festive.

One elderly clubman who doted on his champagne stuck to the ban for six months, but his need for his favorite drink became too much for him.

One day he yielded to tempta-

tion and ordered a bottle — but when it was poured into his glass he just sat looking at the sparkling amber liquid.

Such disobedience to his Sovereign nagged at his conscience. Suddenly he sat erect, snapped his fingers at a steward, and called for a bottle of stout, adding a dash of its contents to the champagne.

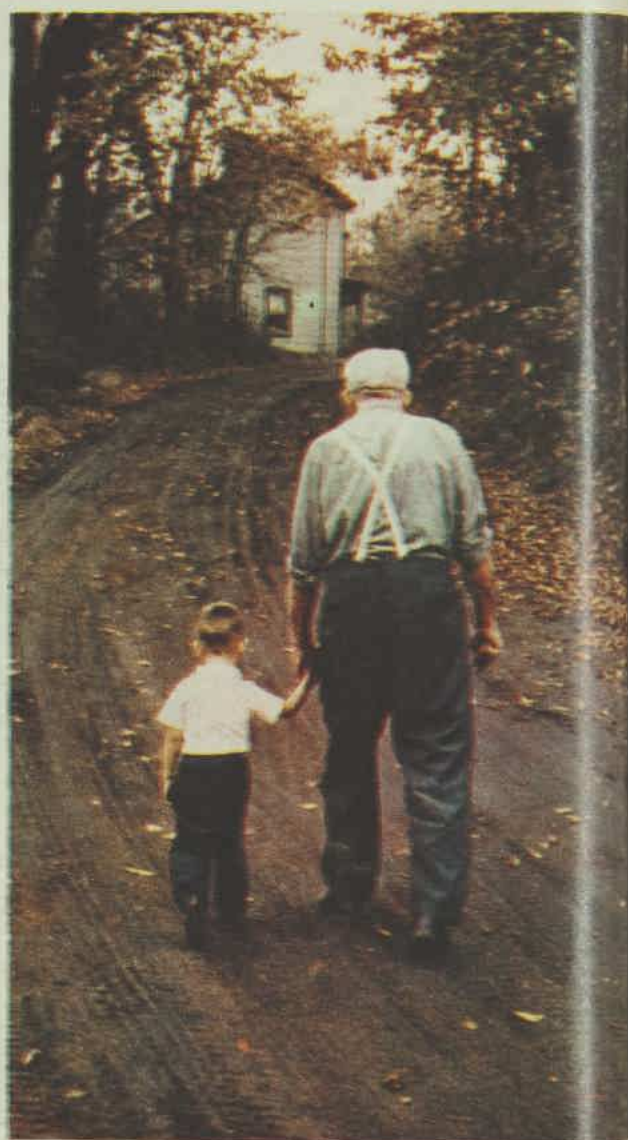
Conscience eased, he held the glass up for his fellow clubmen to inspect the rich dark brown liquid it now contained.

"It looks like black velvet," he said.

"Surely it is fit and proper to have a glass of champagne when it is served with the color of mourning!"

■ No wonder Victorian jail escapees Ryan and Walker could not lead Sydney Detective-Inspector Ray Kelly (right) a merry dance for long — he's a very polished dancer. An "informant" says: "Although he is at retiring age, he is not an old-fashioned hold-'em-tight dancing man, nor a madly twisting and watusi-ing one. He is a kind of conservative Mod!"





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Kodak Film

Man with a mission

Max Bygraves is in Sydney (1) as grandchild-escort, (2) as TV star

By GWEN CUNNINGHAM

● The great thing about being versatile and popular, as Max Bygraves undoubtedly is, is that when you have some family business to attend to you can make a working holiday out of it.

WHEN Mr. Bygraves wanted to bring his daughter's children to her in Australia, he remembered that the ABC had asked him for an option on his services should he ever return.

The result will be two heartwarming Bygraves half-hours on ABC-TV, Wednesdays, February 16 and 23.

Max doesn't really enjoy doing TV. The repetitions of rehearsal are tedious, especially the telling of jokes, and he misses the stimulus of the theatre audience.

He says he has no trouble in finding material for Australian shows, because audiences here understand jokes on an international level, possibly more so than domestic audiences might back home in Britain.

"When writers know I'm coming to Australia they trot out a lot of kangaroo jokes for me that are no use at all," he said.

Shortly after he arrived he recorded a new song which should bring tears of homesickness to expatriate Australians.

It's a rewrite of "Tumburumba," by Leslie Bricusse, the "Stop the World I Want to Get Off" man, and it simply uses the poetry of Australian place-names.

Max sings it in his easy, unselfish style. "I'm fascinated by those names," he said.

He now wants to write a musical, words and music, based on the life of the English comic Sid Fields.

Since the Bygraves family were here on a five-month tour last year, their travelling numbers have shrunk.

Ship's band

Anthony, 18, who shared his father's act at the Tivoli and on Channel 9, has just started a six-month contract with his own band on the liner Bahama Star, which plies the rich tourist route between Miami and Nassau.

Christine, 22, has settled in Australia. Her father has bought a block of flats at Bondi so she would have somewhere to live.

She came out ahead of the children to settle in, and when the time was ripe Grandma and Grandpa Bygraves brought out Louise, 3, and Michael, 1.

Also with them is Max's piano player, Bob Dixon, who has been with him for 14 years and "knows every breath I take," says Max.

Despite their reduced num-

bers on this trip — no drummer, and daughter Maxine, 14, at school at home, fares will set Bygraves back £3000.

"I wish our family was a bit smaller," Max grumbled. "We had to travel first-class air, to give the kids some room. It's a slug."

Television

The cost of flying a family about the world can give even a devoted family man like Max Bygraves, with an income rumored at thousands a week, pause to think.

"Never mind," I said. "Now you'll only have Maxine at home."

"True," he said, "and if I can only get Mum to take in a bit of washing I'll be able to take things easy."



GENE BARRY

AMOS BURKE, detective, has been called to higher service, and from now on at 7.30 p.m. on Mondays on Channel 9 it will be "Amos Burke, Secret Agent," still with the handsome Gene Barry smiling above immaculately turned collars.

Barry won fame in his "Bat Masterson" series when Westerns were the rage. He later went smoothly into the detective era, and switched to the secret agent without even a change of identity.

The first episode of the new series, on TCN9 on January 31, is about gold smuggling. Amos is in there sorting things out, the pretty girls falling like ninepins.

Burke's boss lives on a plane which seems to touch down only infrequently. To get his orders, Burke approaches the aircraft, touches a button on his cigarette lighter, and the aircraft door slides open.

He enters, and the plane once more swoops off.

The makers of this new series promise fewer (expen-

sive) great-name guest artists, hinting that the money has been spent on better stories.

LORD CASEY will be on ABC-TV at 7.30 p.m., Wednesday, January 26, to give his first Australia Day message since he became Governor-General. His ten-minute message was recorded in Canberra.

Super show at the Stadium

SOME of the biggest names in show business will be at the Stadium on February 2 to give their services free in a super-colossal show called "Superama '66," which will raise money for amenities for Australian troops in Vietnam and Malaysia.

Among those big names is Crosby — not Bing but Bob, bearing the family resemblance and the same laconic family charm. He will be one of the comperes.

Bob Crosby, who with his Bobcats stirs the memory way back to wartime days, is due in Australia at the end of January to do a series for the Channel 7 network.

He will make the first 75-minute show in Sydney at the ATN studios at 9.30 p.m. on Monday, February 7. This will go out live, and also be taped and sent to Melbourne for viewing there.

On the following day, Bob Crosby will fly to Melbourne to televise a live show which will be taped and sent to Sydney for telecast.

And so on for 13 busy weeks. After he has had a look round, he may bring his family from America to join him.

Co-comperes of "Superama" will be Wayne Newton, 22, the high-pitched tenor from the States who is also credited with plenty of the old-fashioned audience-spellbinding in an Al Jolson fashion. His "Danke Schoen" record sold a million.

He is doing a season at the Chevron, and will appear on Channel 9's newly resumed "Tonight" show.

Channel 9's Bobby Limb and Don Lane will also help with the compering, along with Lucky Starr. The rest of the cast reads like a show business "Who's Who."

NLT, the big Sydney TV and film production company which put the show together, can really promise something for everybody.

Pop fans will be catered for by performers like Dig

● The freckled-faced boy with English entertainer Max Bygraves (right) is Colin Petersen, 20 next month, who made the film "A Cry from the Streets" in London in 1958 with Max and the young Australian star of "The Shiralee," Dana Wilson. They met again at the Point Piper flat where Max has been staying.

Colin struck fame as star of the Australian film "Smiley" ten years ago. He was lionised in London at personal appearances, and later made two more films.

His parents were anxious he shouldn't slip too far in his schooling, so he came home to Ipswich Grammar.

Nothing has really been the same since for Colin. He studied art at Brisbane Tech., but found nothing as satisfying as that exultant taste of the film world.

In Brisbane he was drummer in a group called "Steve and the Board" — "Board, as in Egg Board," he says.

The Board are now in Sydney, with one record and many club engagements in the bag, but are thinking of moving to Melbourne, where there are 90 dances in constant progress.

Somewhat wistfully, Colin looks toward London and plans to go back soon, if call-up doesn't intervene.

"I don't expect miracles," he says. "I'd be content with bit parts and drumming engagements, and hope for the best."

Richards and Digger Revell and many pop groups.

Among the other lists of singers and general entertainers are Bill Newman, from TCN9's "Sound of Music," Dawn Lake, Lorraine Desmond, Barry Creyton, Gita Rivera, Dita Cobb . . . and so on. The show will be videotaped in color, too, for later TV release.

With 12,000 Stadium seats at 10/-, 17/6, and £2 ring-side, NLT hopes amenities funds will get "thousands" from this big night.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Momma once said, "Well, holidays are nearly over. It always seems funny to me to see our nextdoor neighbor, a tent and camping equipment on the roof of his car, and inside no room to move . . . suitcases, kids, radios, groceries, ice chest, portable stove, fishing tackle. One child is already car sick, the dog won't sit still, and the baby is crying. This is known as 'getting away from it all.' But with the price of things now, it seems . . ."

MOMMA'S MORAL: A family holiday is two to four weeks on the sand, and the next 48 to 50 weeks on the rocks.



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| ORONSAY June 4 | ORSOVA Dec. 18 | \$2,260 |
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 2, 1966

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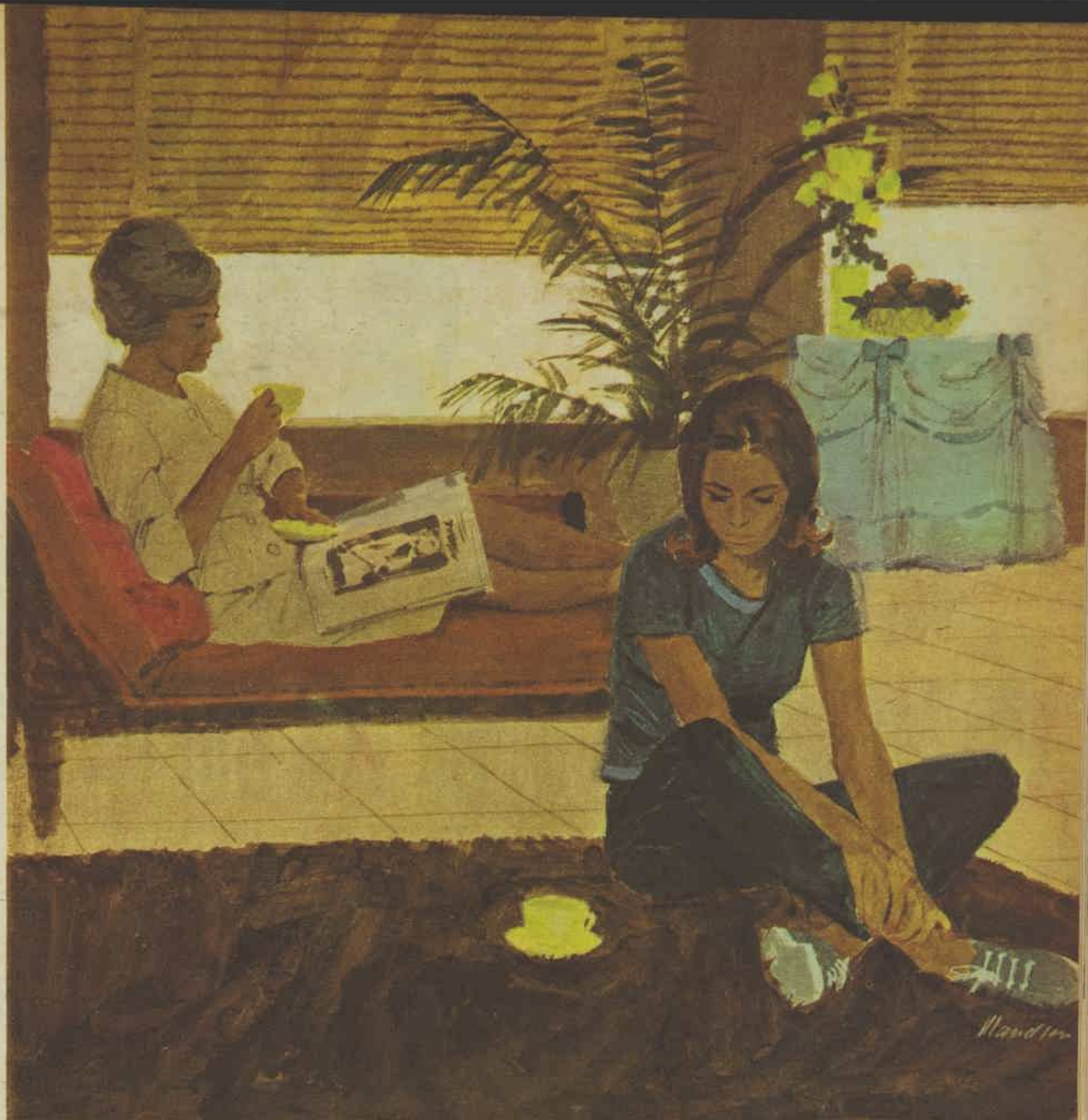
Lipton — Ten merchants to the world for almost a century

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 2, 1966

They were mother
and daughter,
but their sense of
values differed
... a short story

LIFE WITH STYLE

By **ETHEL
EDISON
GORDON**



THE partitions in their handsome glass-and-concrete apartment house were thin as paper. Charlotte lay in her bed on this night before her wedding, trying to read, hearing every word and sigh of her mother's conversations on her bedside telephone. Every one of her mother's relatives and friends now knew almost everything about the wedding.

"It's plain to see why Charlotte adores Kenneth," said her mother. "There's something about those heavy-rimmed glasses on a bony, serious face, isn't there, but—"

Charlotte turned the last page unread. This was the third conversation tonight, and in each one there had been the but, followed by the explanation.

"—she can't possibly realise the difficulties she's letting herself in for. She's never known what it's like to be without anything she's wanted. Even though I have been a working mother, I must say I have done nicely for her. At least when I married Paul I knew what I was letting myself in for. I went into marriage with my eyes open. But I couldn't resist Paul. He had such style."

Mama was talking now to her father's cousin, with whom she had maintained a telephone relationship even after the divorce and father's death. Charlotte wondered if her father's cousin enjoyed these conversations. She was in her late fifties, like Mama, and had never married: perhaps she enjoyed these disclosures of family life, having had no family of her own.

"Didn't he have style, though! He never raised his voice and, unless I insisted that

he buy himself something new, he would let himself get positively shabby, yet somehow he always commanded attention from headwaiters in the most expensive places. Didn't you notice the attention he always commanded from headwaiters?"

Poor Paul. Poor Father. Charlotte closed her eyes and her book. She had not really known him: he had simply left Mama when she was only seven, and gone out to Hawaii, where a friend had offered him a job. Mama had divorced him shortly after; Charlotte had seen him only once before his death when he had paid for her trip to Hawaii to visit him. Had Mama had anything to do with it, she would have had engraved on his tombstone: "He had style."

Kenneth had no style. If he had been a professor at one of the Ivy League colleges where they would live on a campus where there were old elms and old brick buildings, where she might even conceivably be invited to tea at the Chancellor's house once a year, Mama might concede some style to Kenneth.

But Elmwood College, fine institution with high standards that it was, had no style. Not only did it start its instructors at fifty-six hundred a year, raising it pittance by pittance every five years, but it was housed in a new yellow skyscraper, and it was impossible to imagine it would ever have about it the breath of tradition. Kenneth was teaching chemistry at Elmwood College because it had a marvellously equipped laboratory where he could do some original research. Kenneth was hopeless.

For that matter, it was the disappointment of Mama's life that she, her only daughter, had no style, either. Mama had done the best she could with her: she had sent her to Vassar and dressed her in marked-down models' dresses from Aldo Trevi, where Mama worked. Only Charlotte never really wore them well: she was a small, wholesome girl with trusting brown eyes and a great deal of love in her, waiting to be bestowed on someone, but style she had not.

Perhaps style was such an important word to Mama because she had worked most of her life in a high-fashion house like Aldo Trevi, where wholesale prices started at three hundred dollars. Charlotte was never quite sure what the nature of her mother's job was: she knew only that on her visits to the establishment she always saw her mother talking to clients, checking on dresses, tweaking off a model's earrings, looking competent and arrogantly serene.

Whatever she was, she must have been important to Aldo Trevi, because on these visits Mr. Trevi himself always came out of his office to shake hands with her and promise her an Aldo Trevi trousseau when she married. Mama had flair.

She was not pretty, and even her early pictures did not show her as pretty. As she had grown older her features had jelled, heavy-lidded eyes and hawk nose and wide thin mouth, and she had become a type. With her angular, flawless figure, she showed off Trevi dresses to advantage: you were not distracted by her face.

That was unkind. But Mama would have

been the first to admit it, and Mama would not have traded her style for the prettiest face in the world—

"Charlotte?"

She opened her eyes to her mother, bending over her.

"I was going to take away your book and turn out your light," said her mother.

"I wasn't sleeping," Charlotte said, glancing at her clock. Eleven o'clock, too late to call even the closest friends.

"I'm glad you're up. I did want to talk to you. Do you think it was a mistake having lobster instead of chicken? Everybody would have eaten chicken, I know, whereas some might not like lobster, but then people would have said I was trying to cut corners. Not that they won't say it, anyway, having the wedding in our apartment."

"I don't think anyone would think that, Mother. And lobster is very elegant."

"It is, isn't it?" said her mother. "It's one of those constants you can't overdo. I hope I ordered enough champagne."

"I think you're spending too much money. When Kenneth said to keep it small and at home, I don't think he visualised lobster and champagne."

"Charlotte, that's another thing that I wanted very much to talk to you about. I don't know what kind of life Kenneth is used to, but I think it will be up to you to guide him in such matters from now on. That's a wife's job, to elevate her husband's standards, if necessary."

Charlotte was silent.

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LOVE AND SIR LANCELOT

Pat waited for the car to approach, while Sir Lancelot stepped out to thumb a ride.

Final instalment of our serial
By **RICHARD GORDON**

RETURNING to St. Swithin's Medical College after his retirement, SIR LANCELOT SPRATT has the temporary position of Warden, but is hoping to be voted into it permanently. PROFESSOR HINDEHEAD, the head of the College, however, has other ideas and hopes his registrar, PAUL IVORS-SMITH, will win the vote.

Sir Lancelot's nephew, RANDOLPH NIGHTRIDER, a young student, is interested in SUSAN GRANT-CHESTER, who is staying with the Spratts, but when he is commissioned to sell Sir Lancelot's Rolls, his interest wanes as he meets the glamorous DEBBIE DIXON. He takes Debbie to a reception at the House of Lords and is disgraced by Debbie's notoriety, especially as his father, a Member of Parliament, is present.

In the meantime, SIMON SPARROW, a struggling young doctor, has been having his own troubles since

attending the famous film star ANN BEVERLEY. Circumstances have been misconstrued and gossip has reached Simon's wife, NIKKI, that he is having an affair with the film star. He is also being sued for ten thousand pounds by ANGUS DEFOE, whom he has accused of being a fraud and charlatan.

Working on a small grant in research, DR. CLIVE MONEYPENNY is about the only person at St. Swithin's not afraid of the film star. He is also being sued for ten thousand pounds by ANGUS DEFOE, whom he has accused of being a fraud and charlatan.

As Christmas approaches, LADY MAUD asks Sir Lancelot to let her take a child from a poor home into their own for the festive season. This, as well as a sermon on The Family by the college padre, inspires Sir Lancelot to browse through the college records and to learn everything about rules on appointing a permanent Warden. NOW READ ON:

CHRISTMAS EVE started as one of those cold, grey, uncertain sort of English winter days, when the sky might be full of snow, sleet, hail, or rain, but whatever it is seems likely to drop on you at any moment. Sir Lancelot Spratt, stepping briskly across the road to the hospital after breakfast, made his way through Out Patients' to the Almoner's office radiating midsummer sunshine.

"Good morning, Mrs. Armitage," he boomed to the pleasant-looking woman behind the desk. "You have acquired a young lady for me, I hope?"

"Oh, good morning, Sir Lancelot." The Almoner smiled back. "Yes, she's playing happily in the creche at this moment." She pressed a button. "It was very generous of you, Sir Lancelot, to participate in the Child for Christmas scheme personally."

"One must express the spirit of the season," he explained grandly. "The girl is, I trust, quite clean?"

"Oh, yes, Sir Lancelot!"

"No nit, impetigo, measles, scabies, and all that sort of thing?"

"I assure you she comes from a perfectly sanitary home. It's simply that her father must be away on business a good deal, and the domestic atmosphere doesn't seem very satisfactory."

"Honest, I hope?" he added. "These days they seem to start burglary from the cradle."

"Of course she's honest, Sir Lancelot," returned the Almoner more briefly.

"Quiet in her demeanor, I trust? Respectful? I cannot stand uppish children, Obedient? And her table manners? I expect the rudiments, as I have to eat my own Christmas dinner watching them."

"You will find Marylin Shufflewell an extremely polite, honest, shy, well-mannered little girl," the Almoner told him rather wearily, as a nurse brought in a dark-haired, large-eyed child of about six in a green velvet dress.

"Well, Marylin, are you looking forward to Christmas?" Sir Lancelot began heartily.

"Yes, thank you."

"You won't miss your own daddy?"

"No, thank you."

"Do you wash your face and say your prayers before going to bed?"

"Yes, thank you."

"You're not frightened of me, are you?"

"No, thank you."

"Perfectly satisfactory," declared Santa Spratt. "Send her over to Mrs. Chuffey at the College. I've got an appointment."

With elastic steps he crossed the courtyard to the surgical block and took the lift to the Professor's room on the roof.

"Come in!" The Professor looked up testily from his desk, where he was dictating letters into a machine. "Oh, it's you."

"Hindehead, will you spare me a minute?"

"I do happen to be rather busy, you know. Arranging a year's absence from the hospital involves an enormous amount of paper work."

"I will be brief." Sir Lancelot made himself comfortable in an armchair. "And I think I would advise you to turn that tape-recorder off. You are not starting your

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 2, 1966

School lunches pack lots of energy when they start with ETA Table Margarine.

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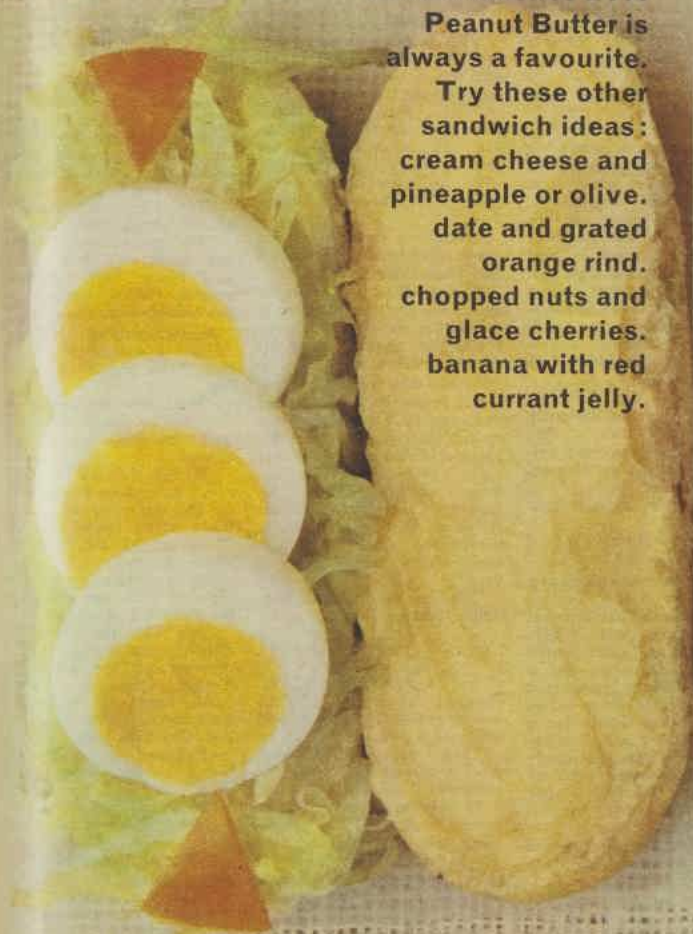
Peanut Butter is always a favourite.

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date and grated orange rind.

chopped nuts and glace cherries.

banana with red currant jelly.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 2, 1966

Page 23

BAD TIMING

An amusing short story complete on this page

By
GRAHAM PAYNE



"I'd have made a declaration if I had anything to declare," I heard auntie tell the officer.

As we approached the Customs hall at the airport, my aunt said: "Just relax. You look awful. Anyone would think you were trying to smuggle something instead of me. If I'm not worried, why should you be?"

She was right. Apart from the usual cigarettes and a bottle of wine, I had nothing to show for our two-week stay in Switzerland.

It had been a sudden impulse on auntie's part to travel. She had discovered I was on three weeks' leave from the office and insisted on taking me with her as an escort and companion.

As I had already tried to double my holiday pay, but disastrously lost the lot, I couldn't be blamed for accepting her offer of a free holiday, even though her company would not normally have been my choice.

She was the one with the valuable antique clock, and here she was, large as life, striding up to the Customs man.

"How do you do," she said with her sweetest smile, hurling her two suitcases on to the counter under his nose. He did not say anything — just held out the official card which told us all about the Customs regulations.

"Have you read this, madam?" he asked.

My aunt put on a little act of pulling out her wire specs, drawing the outstretched card nearer, then nodding. "Yes, I understand it perfectly," she replied.

Next he looked straight at me.

"Are you together?"

I said yes and placed my small travelling bag on the counter.

"Have you anything to declare, sir?"

I felt the warm, red glow starting under my tight collar. I hoped my sunburn would not reveal the embarrassment and guilt I was experiencing.

"As a matter of fact, I haven't," I said in a voice that was strangely high-pitched and a little too casual.

I spotted a faint smile on auntie's face. The more suspicious they were of me, the

more chance she had of getting away with her smuggled clock.

The Customs man asked politely: "Nothing at all, sir? What about cigarettes, wine, and, oh, may I see your wristwatch, please?"

"Well, of course, I do have the usual permitted items," I explained, holding out my left wrist for his inspection. He studied the cheap British watch I was wearing, then pointed to my bag.

"Would you open it, please?" he asked.

There was a tiny group of people waiting behind me by now. The way they craned forward you would think they had never seen a chap open his bag for inspection before.

They had a good look at my dirty socks, my grubby towel, and far from white underwear. I felt they were all a little disappointed when the official magnified to unearth only 200 cigarettes and a bottle of popular white wine.

What now, I thought. Would I have to undress in some little back room and be subjected to a thorough search?

But he simply closed my bag with a snap, scribbled a mark on it with chalk and thanked me.

Then he turned to auntie and stared at the massive hat she was wearing. "Would you remove your hat, please?" he asked.

She adopted a painful expression, then slowly drew out the long pin and took off her wildly feathered creation.

It was empty. I could see auntie was put out by this move.

The Customs man was in a lingering mood. "Now your two bags, please."

Auntie sighed, and opened up.

Without expression, he rummaged through both — but there was nothing.

This is it, I said to myself grimly. You can't fool these Customs chaps. They are up to all the old tricks.

"I would have made a declaration if I had had anything to declare," auntie was saying. "I'm afraid that on this trip we spent all our spare cash long before we could possibly go souvenir-hunting."

Which was true, in a way. Auntie had spent a small fortune on that clock.

She had fallen in love with it the moment she spotted it.

It was not a big clock, but it was the work of an obvious craftsman. Some of the carvings on it had to be seen to be believed.

No doubt about it, it would have looked a treat on her living-room wall or in her hall.

Amazingly, the Customs man seemed satisfied. He made his chalk marks on auntie's two suitcases and, with a look of disappointment on his face, thanked us.

The ordeal was over.

Auntie looked pleased and I was more relieved than I had been since we left Basle Airport. But she had barely swept her cases off the counter and turned to go when it happened.

Her chest seemed to grow under the soft woollen suit top she was wearing.

It bulged two inches and a bird's face poked out in the gap between the top and second buttons.

"Cuckoo!" it said loudly.

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" "Four o'clock, madam," said the Customs man with renewed interest.

"Must you leave us so soon...?"

(Copyright)

LOVE AND SIR LANCELOT

Continued from page 22

sabbatical year until after the consultants' meeting appointing the new Warden?"

The Professor gave a nod. "Then I can afford you a few extra days' holiday. The meeting will not now be necessary."

He looked up. "What, you mean you're withdrawing your application?"

Sir Lancelot placed his fingertips together. "Precisely."

A smile spread across the Professor's smooth features. "My dear Lancelot, this is a Christmas present indeed. Of course, I realised that with your natural sagacity and reasonableness you'd reach that conclusion sooner or later. I only ask you," he added kindly, "not to think of it in any way as a personal victory for myself."

"I mean no meeting will be necessary as I have already been appointed." He threw a letter on the desk. "It's from old Lady Turtle."

The Professor's smile went off at the mains.

"But Lady Turtle has refused to see a soul since her husband died years ago. That's why the hospital administers the entire Turtle Bequest."

"She didn't refuse to see me," returned Sir Lancelot sticking out his legs. "You may not be aware that the deeds founding the college specifically leave the appointment of Warden in the hands of the Turtle family. After all the take-over bids, she's the only one left."

"Lancelot!" The Professor leapt up. "This is a dastardly and unworthy trick. You merely went behind your colleagues' back and got this old lady to appoint you."

"She didn't appoint me. Charlie did."

Professor Hindehead frowned. "Charlie?"

"Yes, I was mystified during my visit to Lady Turtle's country house by her constant references to Charlie. He seemed to be an Indian gentleman. An odd name for a Hindu, possibly. I suspected some affaire de coeur — after all, even rather elderly ladies can still have fun. Particularly if they are extremely rich. All decisions were referred to Charlie. After dinner, I was invited to meet him."

"Lancelot, I don't know if this is some sort of elaborate joke."

"A table was prepared. The butler was summoned — a funny little man, like a monkey in a tail coat. The lights were lowered: I held hands with the pair of them across the table. Lady Turtle went into a trance and started bellowing for Charlie. It was very weird, I assure you."

"You must be out of your mind to imagine this trickery."

"Charlie eventually came on the line, and I was approved. There's the letter to confirm it," he added, rising.

"The gift of the Wardenship is entirely in my hands. Personally, I think the old trout was gratified that anyone from the hospital which spends so much of her money should take the trouble to come down and see her. Good morning. And—" Sir Lancelot remembered at the door, "Merry Christmas."

He strode delightedly along the top floor corridor. On the day of the Varsity match he had really been indifferent about the Wardenship, which would complicate his life with idiots like Randolph Night- rider and play the devil with his fishing in summer. But, once he foresaw it snatched away by Professor Hindehead,

he applied to his election the same determination that performed abdominal operations of a scope still whispered about awesomely in the wards of St. Swithin's.

Sir Lancelot spent the whole day spreading sweetness round the hospital from the Air Pollution Unit on the roof to the X-ray department in the basement. His ebullience simmered down only as he crossed the road again, after tea in the refectory, and found a car outside the College emitting Mr. and Mrs. George Nightrider.

"Good grief," he muttered. "I'd completely forgotten those leeches were anchoring themselves for Christmas."

"Merry Christmas," called Mr. Nightrider, with a quickly manufactured smile. "How gratifying it is, Lancelot, to find our families coming together at this time of the year."

"H'm," said Sir Lancelot.

"Ah, Randolph, there you are," he added, spotting his son trying to slip past from the College doorway.

"Hello, Dad." Randolph stood on one leg. "Hello, Ma." He stood on the other one. It was his first meeting with his parents since the reception. "Merry Christmas."

"What on earth have you got in your hand?" demanded Mr. Nightrider severely.

"This? Oh, it's a blunt instrument. For the play we're doing, I'm the prop manager. I was just nipping across for the dress rehearsal."

"You will not nip anywhere before you have carried our cases in. I am glad I was spared referring to your disgraceful behaviour the other night," he continued, as Randolph obliged, "after Sir Lancelot's assurance on the telephone that he had administered the lecture of a lifetime and gated you for a year."

"Oh, has he?" asked Randolph, looking puzzled.

SIR LANCELOT changed the subject. "Your son is now the proud possessor of a new car."

"Yes, lovely little MG with discs and modified carb," he announced, brightening up.

"I only hope you saved the money honestly," Mr. Nightrider told him bleakly. "I should not like to think you were indulging in selling second-hand cars on commission, or anything like that."

"Of course not," concurred Sir Lancelot.

"You must behave yourself now, you know, Randolph, as I am so shortly to be given the Min—minimum of latitude," he added, mysteriously. "I am delighted my sister kindly afforded us this invitation," he continued, accompanying Sir Lancelot toward the study, while his wife followed their son upstairs with the cases.

"The hospital background, you know, particularly at Christmas. It will so create the right 'image,' as they say, when I take over the Ministry of Health in a week or so. I have asked a young man to come along on Christmas Day and take photographs for the newspapers. Doubtless there are a few bedridden old ladies in the hospital who would quite enjoy my calling to shake hands with them."

"You can kiss 'em under the mistletoe as far as I'm concerned."

"By the way, I learnt the Ministry had an inquiry about that rude young fellow Moneypenny. Do you know Colonel Lexington? He was at that reception."

"Colonel RAMG? Yes, very well. Asks me to guest nights at Millbank."

"He wanted to get in touch with the man again rather urgently, and I said I would arrange a meeting just as soon as I took over."

"Old Etonian dinner or something, I suppose," murmured Sir Lancelot, opening the door and revealing Marilyn Shufflewell sucking a lollipop in the middle of the carpet.

"My dear young lady, you can't suck lollipops in here," the surgeon declared. "Our guest under the Christmas Child scheme," he introduced her to his brother-in-law.

"Excellent, excellent!" Mr. Nightrider gave the child a saintly smile. "It will certainly not detract from the 'image.' Are you enjoying your sweet, my dear?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Here is a penny," he added, with the air of a saint issuing haloes to the new intake.

"Who the devil's that?" demanded Sir Lancelot, noticing a youth, in narrow trousers, pointed boots, and an elaborate hairdo, asleep in the big armchair by the fire.

"My bruvver Arnold," Marilyn enlightened him.

"Well your bruvver Arnold can damn well find another doss house. Hey, you!" he roared. "What's the hell do you think you're doing here?"

Arnold rubbed his eyes. "Ullo. I came to see my sister," he explained, yawning.

"Well, now you've seen her you can go home again. She isn't travelling on a party ticket."

"That's the trouble, Guv'nor," he announced, standing up and adjusting the piece of black string round his neck. "You see, I ain't got nowhere to go."

Sir Lancelot glared. "A child of your age could fend for himself, I should imagine."

"It's like this, Guv'nor," Arnold explained. "I'm a member of the League of Young Christian Soldiers. Look, here's me badge. We goes round doing good, you see. Old folk, sick, crippled, 'andicapped — all that lot. Takes all my spare time, it does."

"That must be most rewarding," beamed Mr. Nightrider.

"Oh, no," Arnold contradicted him. "We don't take a penny for it. All voluntary. I was staying with our Vicar over Christmas. To be right handy for the job, like. He looked solemnly at his pointed toes. "But the poor gentleman passed away. This very morning."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mr. Nightrider. "It must have been a terrible shock."

"No, it was nat'ral causes," Arnold assured him. "Old age, and that. 'Course, it put the stopper on our Christmas program. We was going to cheer up the local incurables."

"But my dear young man, you must stay here," declared Mr. Nightrider. "Surely you can fit him in somewhere, Lancelot? These days it is a pleasure to award such virtue in our youth."

"Oh, all right, all right," declared the host impatiently. "The little girl can take him down to Mrs. Chuffey. I now ask for a little time alone. I have a great deal of important work to finish before the holiday."

Once by himself, Sir Lancelot settled in the big armchair and reached for G.E.M. Skues' "Minor Tactics of the Chalk Stream." The grey

To page 32

THE EARLY HOURS

*She longed to be a perfect mother . . .
a short story complete on this page*

**By FLORENCE
ENGEL RANDALL**



"Hey," Pete said to Jane, as he appeared in the doorway, "what have you been doing all this time?"

IN her sleep Jane picked up the sobbing baby and crooned to him. Then, moving jerkily like a character in an old-time movie, she fed, burped, and changed him. Satisfied, he cooed happily to himself.

Why is he crying then? thought Jane, and was amazed to find she was still in bed.

Is it possible I didn't feed him? she wondered. The dream had been so real that she felt disoriented—as if, somehow, she had floated out of her body into some strange limbo where fantasies came true.

It must have happened when I first heard him cry, she thought, reaching for her robe. It was then that I indulged in wishful thinking. Some part of me, still separate, still not a mother, resented this cry that would take me from the warm cocoon of my bed. This lazy part of me imagined it all.

That cry, thought Jane, belting her robe, was more demanding, more insistent than any alarm clock. Ruefully she tiptoed across the room.

She stood in the doorway for a moment, staring at her sleeping husband. Why didn't he wake up? He had been alert enough while the nurse was still there.

"I hear him," Pete would say at the slightest sound from the nursery.

"Miss Nelson is taking care of him," Jane would murmur, yawning and stretching luxuriously before she curled up again. "He'll be all right."

In that faraway time (but it was only last night, thought Jane, amazed) this awakening in the dark had been rather pleasant, a momentary pause in sleep so that she could consciously enjoy the comfort of her bed. The cry itself was pleasant, too, reminding her that the crib was filled at last.

But that, thought Jane as she went down to the kitchen for the bottle, was when the baby was Miss Nelson's responsibility, not hers. For two marvellous weeks all she had had to do was stand by and admire. She and Pete had been like visitors in the nursery, tiptoeing in, feeling self-conscious and somehow greatly privileged.

What a life that had been! Jane thought wistfully.

"I'll probably be a marvellous grandmother," she told her hysterical son, draping him over one shoulder while the bottle heated in the warmer. "Grandmothers have all the fun." She thought of her own mother bending over the baby's crib, her face glowing.

"Jane," her mother had said, "he's adorable. I'm sorry I have to run now—I have a beauty-parlor appointment."

I need a haircut, too, thought Jane now. But I'll have to wait until Saturday, when Pete's home to baby-sit.

She sat in the blue chair and tested the bottle on her wrist. The baby opened his mouth for one more desperate scream, and Jane popped the bottle into the gap. He

gasped with surprise, clenched his fists, and settled down to the business of sucking.

Two in the morning! It would take at least half an hour to feed, change, and burp him. With any luck, Jane thought, yawning, I can be asleep again by a quarter to three.

Was she the same woman who had climbed the stairs only a few hours ago and sat next to the crib, brooding over her sleeping baby?

"What in the world are you doing?" Pete had wanted to know.

"Ssh," Jane had said. "I'm watching him."

"Why?"

"Because Miss Nelson left two hours ago and now no one can keep him from me," said Jane triumphantly. "This is our baby and I shall take marvellous care of him."

"Of course you will," Pete agreed, kissing the top of her head. "But he's sleeping now. There's nothing for you to do."

"I'm not going to leave his side," said Jane. "You go downstairs and watch television, or something."

"You can't just sit here all evening," said Pete. "Even Miss Nelson used to leave him alone."

"That was Miss Nelson," said Jane. "I'm his mother."

Dedicated, she had thought—I shall be completely dedicated to this new life that has been entrusted to me. Anything can happen to a human being this small. He's so helpless, she marvelled as she sat in the soft glow of the night light—so little and helpless and dependent on me.

She had stayed with him, daydreaming, until Pete called up the stairs that a movie they both had wanted to see was about to be shown on television. Then she had gone downstairs and sat on the couch with Pete to watch it, until the baby began to cry.

She would never know how the movie had worked out, even though Pete later had explained the plot. Pete had a tendency to skip details. And it isn't the ending that's important, thought Jane; it's the way they get to the ending that's so much fun.

When will I get to the end of this feeding? she wondered, reheating the bottle. When Miss Nelson fed him, he had gobbled his milk in fifteen minutes, performing with the precision of a well-oiled machine. But he's not a machine, he's a baby, she told herself, and perhaps he feels the difference in my touch, in my voice. Perhaps he's bewildered because the arms around him have changed.

At a quarter to three—when, according to her timetable, she should have been back in bed again—he was still draped across her shoulder.

"Come on, darling," she encouraged him, rubbing his back. "You can do it."

"Be sure to bring up all the little gas bubbles," Miss Nelson had warned.

"Especially that last one, my dear, if you want him to fall asleep again."

But he is asleep, thought Jane, feeling the small head lolling on her shoulder. Why can't I put him down? What awful thing will happen if I put him back in the crib before he burps? What a dreadful word, she told herself—and yet that's exactly what babies do, and everyone thinks it's cute.

What would Miss Nelson do? she wondered. Miss Nelson had an answer to every problem. There was a right way and a wrong way, Miss Nelson had said, and consequently Jane had memorised all the directions, from the printed formula to the verbal instructions on how to bathe the baby, change him, and hold the bottle.

It was easy for Miss Nelson, thought Jane—she only had to take care of the baby. But I will have the laundry, the dishes, the cooking, the cleaning. What am I going to do if I can't get some sleep? How am I going to get up tomorrow morning and start this mad cycle all over again? She glared at the silk fuzz on the back of the baby's head. He will probably wake up at six full of ginger, she told herself. And then I must give Pete breakfast. I must never let Pete feel neglected . . .

"Hey," said Pete, standing in the doorway, his hair rumpled, his feet bare, "what are you doing?"

"What does it look like?" she said patiently.

"It looks like you're holding him while he's sleeping. Don't you think you're carrying this dedicated-mother a bit too far? You'll be pretty tired in the morning."

"I'm pretty tired now," she said, trying to keep her voice light, "but I can't put him down."

"Why not?"

Jane sighed. "He has to burp."

"I don't understand."

"If you put a baby down without that last burp, he's likely to get a stomach-ache, and you know what that means."

"Nonsense," said Pete. "Put him down and try it."

"Do you really think I should?" asked Jane, relieved that Pete was standing by for all emergencies.

"Try it," Pete urged.

Gently, slowly she handed Pete the baby, and then Pete tiptoed across the room and lowered him into his crib. The small face puckered for a moment and Jane held her breath.

"See?" she said in a stage whisper. "What did I tell you?"

"He looks fine to me," said Pete. "Hey, he's smiling."

"Gas," said Jane darkly. "They always smile when they have gas."

Pete turned out the light but left the small night light glowing. "Let's pretend it's a real smile," he said, "and go to sleep."

"Are you sure it's all right to leave him?"

Unaccountably, tears stung her eyes. "Pete," she said, "it's been an awful day. How in the world am I ever going to get through tomorrow? I never dreamed it would be so difficult to take care of a baby."

"He's fine," said Pete, taking her by the arm and leading her from the room. "He's clean and he's fed and he's going to sleep, which is just what you're going to do."

"He scares me, Pete," she confessed as they got back into bed. "I never thought it would be quite like this. In the beginning all you think is that you want a baby, and you imagine how much fun it's going to be and how good it will feel to have him in your arms. But there's so much involved in just watching them grow up. He frightens me because he's so new."

"That's because you're new, too," said Pete.

I'm new, too, thought Jane. I have a job ahead of me that can be learned only through trial and error, through actual experience. Each woman goes through it for herself with each child. Every day that goes by will teach me something—just as it will teach the baby something.

She lay rigid in the dark, straining, listening for some sound from the room across the hall. And then it came. It was a small, faint hiccup, and Jane smiled, relieved. Bravo, darling! she applauded silently, and realised she had just learned something.

Her son could burp by himself if he had to. Her son had just taken his first step toward independence.

(Copyright)

Plenty more
where this
one



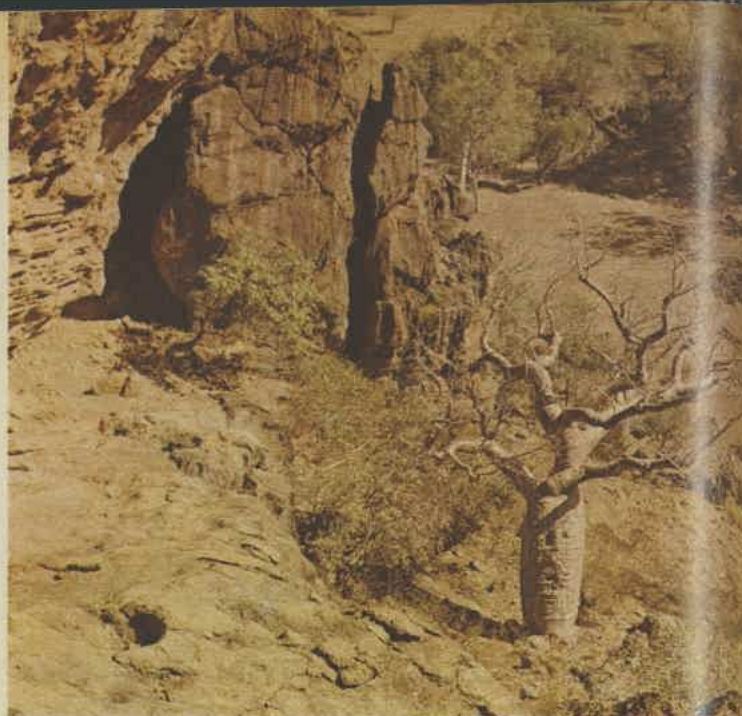
One of the nicest things about a cold glass of Duet, is that there are twenty more glasses where the first one came from.

Duet is the Orange and Lemon Fruit Juice Cordial by Schweppes. It's made

with real oranges and lemons, so it's true to the fruit. There isn't a simpler way to flatten a big thirst . . . or twenty-one big thirsts.

All you need is a tap, a glass, and a bottle of Schweppes Duet.

came from.



IN THE LEOPOLD RANGES, in north-western Australia, a typical baobab (or boob, or bottle tree). Their leaves fall in the "dry."

DANCE OF

By VINCENT SERVENTY

SURELY Nature never designed a more grotesque, warty tree than the baobab. Here must have sheltered every kind of gnome and hobgoblin since time began.

Baobabs are found only in tropical Africa and northern Australia. In Australia they do not grow far from the rivers or the coast, as they need ample water.

The boob, as the locals call it, is fascinating at first sight, and its charm grows. It is held in affectionate regard by black and white alike.

For the old-time aborigines it pro-

vided food and drink. They ate the nourishing seeds and pulp in its gourds and used its gum to flavor a refreshing drink. Water in the bottle-shaped trunks was sometimes a lifesaver, and

bats sheltering in the hollow were caught by hand for the tuckerbag. Rope was made from the tree's fibres.

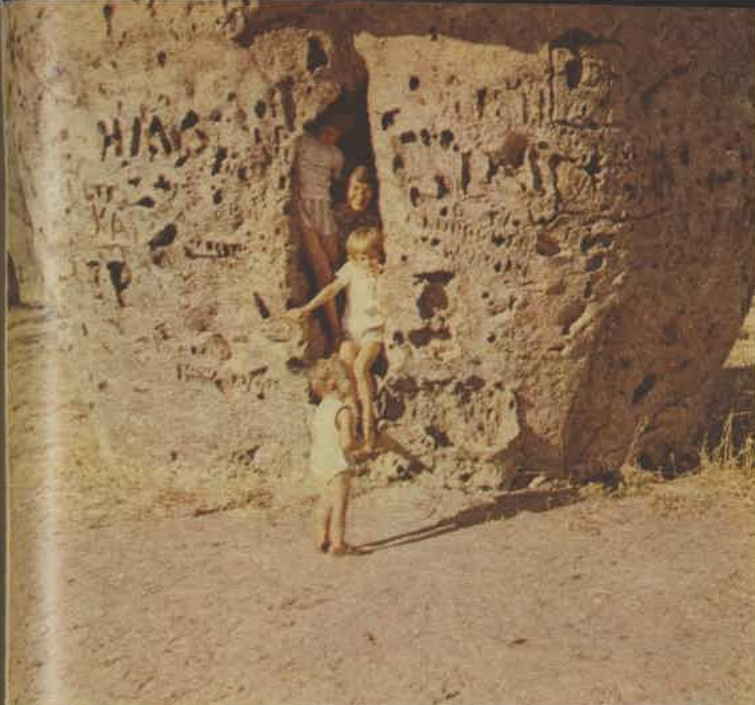
Baobab nuts were carved for tourists from the cities.

Today these trees are prized for their appearance; since they transplant well, many are being grown as shade and garden trees at far northern towns and cattle stations.

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

BELOW: This patriarch on the Derby-Broome road has access to underground water and holds its leaves in the dry season.



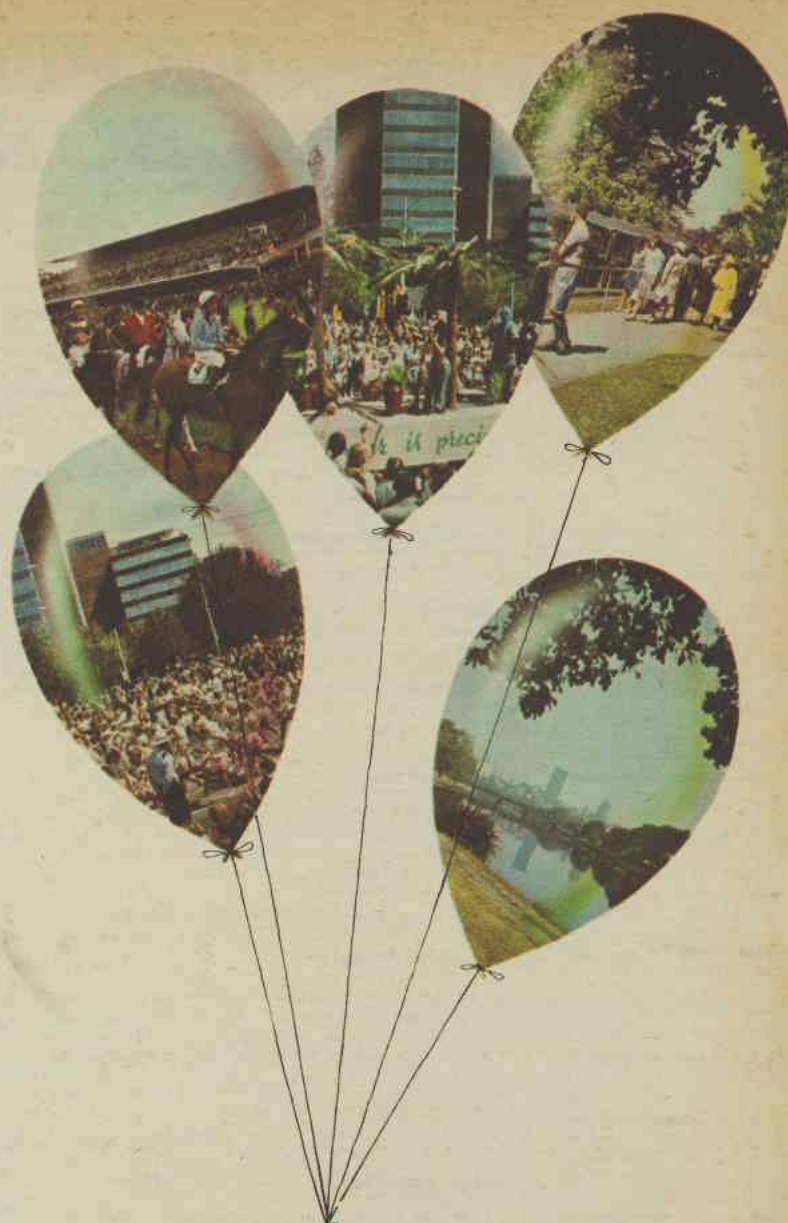


"PRISON TREE" at Derby was probably never used as a prison—unlike the other well-known hollow baobab at Wyndham.

THE BOAB



ABOVE: A baobab makes its angular gesture in silhouette against a tropical dawn sky. BELOW: A "family." The bottle trees in and around Derby are so well known that the annual civic celebrations are called the Boab Festival. Pictures by Vincent Serventy.



Autumn is festival time in Melbourne

Decked with flowers—gay with music—a whirl with a variety of entertainment from aeroplane to foot-racing, art to water-ballet, indoor theatre to outdoor carnival—that's MOOMBA in MELBOURNE. A special Autumn Festival for her people and her guests, when everyone's invited to get-together and have fun! Be in Melbourne for this year's Moomba Festival—March 4-14. Book now at your VICTOUR BUREAU

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... Margaret Merril

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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Thoughtful spouse

ONE day when I was about to polish the kitchen floor by hand, my husband was at home. With gratitude I accepted his offer to do it for me. Becoming aware of distressed breathing issuing from the kitchen, I investigated, to find my husband, very red in the face, with his shirt off, looking all in. Now that he knew how hard polishing was, I was hoping for a polisher. Imagine my chagrin when, next day, he showed me an advertisement for an instant-shine polish.

£1/1/- to "Still Polishing" (name supplied), Wentworthville, N.S.W.

Nostalgic cicadas

OFTEN I hear people comment that they cannot stand the noisy cicadas. As a child I loved the summer, and when they started their shrilling I really felt the hot weather with its delights of swimming, Christmas, and Santa had arrived at last. Even now in my staid middle age cicadas bring back memories of those rapturous times, and I mentally dance a jig—as I surely did in actuality when a seven- and eight-year-old.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. E. Hill, Ourimbah, N.S.W.

Weatherman

THERE are probably a lot of old rhymes and riddles concerning weather ("A red sky at morning," etc.), but readers may not be familiar with this one: "Welcome the sound of crackling hair—It tells of weather clear and fair."

£1/1/- to Miss Anne Barca, Glen Iris, Vic.

Feminine logic

ANOTHER story about hanging out the clothes: One very wet morning in June I spotted my neighbor through my kitchen window. In pouring rain she was hanging out a large wash, clad in outsize raincoat, gum boots, and a sou'wester. When I commented on the strange sight she explained, "Well, I didn't want to get wet hanging the wash out to dry."

£1/1/- to "Jonquil" (name supplied), Croydon, Vic.

Silly questions

AMONG my pet hates are people who make very obvious statements or ask stupid questions. But the limit came when one day I had a burnt hand and someone said to me, "Now, why would you want to go and burn it." I counted up to ten.

£1/1/- to "Pet Hate" (name supplied), Magill, S.A.

SO MUCH, TOO LATE



• Henry Lawson is one of the six famous Australians portrayed on the new dollar notes.

In some celestial hostelry he smiles
(A wry, shy smile), to think of fate's odd quirks.
Not for the first time, either. After death
Those statues, festivals, collected works!
The underdog who wrote of underdogs
Immortal on a banknote! There's no doubt
This is the crowning touch. Old mates applaud
As Lawson gravely says, "My turn to shout."

—Dorothy Drain

Facing facts

AMONG the most helpful maxims I know is this one: "It's not so much what happens to you that matters, it's your attitude toward it." I wonder what other sayings have helped readers face difficult situations?

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Cole, Orchard Hills, N.S.W.

Cobbler's child

AS my three-year-old daughter wanted to go outside to play, I told her to put her shoes on. This did not meet with her approval, so I handed her her thongs. Reaching the door, she turned round and said, pleadingly, "I don't want to wear my thongs, I want to wear my feet."

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Lumby, Yerra, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE dress was too big in the middle.

My wife had made it for our second daughter, aged 12, and she was disappointed with the result.

"I don't know what could have gone wrong," she said, frowning at the pattern. Then she gave a cry of annoyance. She had noticed in small print on the envelope the words: "Suitable for Chubbies."

The girl the dress was made for is not a Chubby. She laughed, but was rather downcast at what had happened.

Who are these Chubbies that cause confusion in the pattern world?

They are under 14 (you do not hear of grown-up Chubbies) and a bit fat.

But fat is a taboo word in the garment business. People who make and sell clothes have other ways of putting it.

A friend of mine, aged about 50, was told by a tailor that he was a Portly. It upset him for days. He went about muttering: "Me—a Portly!" Yet the tailor had meant

FATTIPUFFS

no harm. He was trying to be polite.

The trade term for an overweight woman used to be a Stylish Stout. But this was never really popular. It was too much of a back-handed compliment. A woman appreciates being called stylish; stout, no.



Today she is described as "the Not-So-Slim woman," or as having a "mature figure," or, more coolly, as in the OS range.

There are many ways of calling people fat, depending whether you want to be polite or not.

At the nasty end of the scale are

words like obese, bloated, dumpy, and pot-bellied.

Somewhere mid-way are stout, plump, chubby, and portly.

If you want to go out of your way to be flattering, you say "in good condition," "lusty," "strapping," or "a fine figure of a woman."

For example: "I am well-built. You are plump. She is fat."

On the underweight side, it is courteous to call someone slim, slender, slight, spare, or small-boned. More candidly you may say lean or thin.

If you wish to be rude, you can say the person is weedy, scrawny, or skinny.

But these last-named terms are not used by people in the clothing trade. They are more discreet about the human shape.

They follow a girl's development from Junior Miss to Small Women to Not-So-Slim. They look after a male while he progresses from Youth to XXXOS.

And when a woman of mature figure is married to a well-built man, what kind of children do they have? Chubbies.

Music lovers—and critics

ANNE WARR'S cat, who likes recorder music, is not unique. My cat always comes running when she hears the recorder. She sits on my lap and rubs her face against mine—(making it very difficult to play correctly). Recently we acquired another cat, and he shows the same love for recorder music.

£1/1/- to Miss Jean Rolls, Forest Lodge, N.S.W.

WHEN I took singing lessons my teacher was an ex-operative star who owned a large old tabby. Puss was never seen until my lesson, when he would come into the room and jump on to a chair from which he would stare, as though fascinated, into my face. I found it unnerving until my teacher told me it was because I was a contralto. Most of her students were sopranos, in whom he showed not a scrap of interest.

£1/1/- to "Cat Call" (name supplied), Elwood, Vic.

I AM amazed at the reaction of the cat to recorder playing. A friend of mine owned several cats. All loathed the recorder. She had only to open the drawer where she kept her recorder, and there would be a loud wail of protest from her siamese. The other cat fled to the garden, where the ginger tom invariably registered his disgust by digging holes furiously.

£1/1/- to "Felix" (name supplied), Toorak, Vic.

OUR dog, a corgi, "sings" every morning at 7 o'clock when he hears the signature tune on the ABC. He really wails, and sometimes reaches a high soprano note. He never "sings" to any other tune.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Joan White, Petersham, N.S.W.

OUR cat was very different.

Claude abhorred music, either piano or violin. When anybody played our piano he would leap and walk up and down the keys, completely ruining their efforts. Also, when Dad started playing his violin (which he did quite well), Claude would jump on to the chair nearest Dad and hit at him with his paws. No music-lover, our Claude!

£1/1/- to Mrs. Dorothy Meers, Clovelly, N.S.W.

WE have a common green budgerigar who, as well as being musical, is a dancer. He talks and whistles in imitation of us, but if a member of the family whistles "Pop Goes the Weasel," he dances up and down the perch for the delight of his audience, bowing so low he almost loses his balance.

£1/1/- to Miss J. A. Jackson, Red Hill, Qld.



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HOW TO HELP BABIES LEARN

● Correcting a child every time he mispronounces a word is almost certain to slow down his speech. It may even help him develop a stammer.

● ● ● ● ● By JOHN HOLT ● ● ● ● ●

● There is a world of difference between a child's way of learning and the way he is "taught," says John Holt, educationist and author of the book "How Children Fail" (published by Pitman Publishing Co., 1964). He warns: The child's method of learning works best.

MUCH has been written recently about teaching pre-school children at home. The newest idea is: "Little children are smarter than you think. You don't have to wait till they get to school. You can start teaching them as soon as they are out of the crib — or sooner."

Such words find a ready market. People are worried about their children doing well in school, and many of them will jump at the idea of starting their child's education at the age of two instead of five, thus giving him a three-year head start.

But if they are not careful, they are almost sure to do more harm than good. Even the most expert teaching tends to slow down the learning of young children.

As a friend of mine put it after years of teaching and watching young children, "If we 'taught' children to speak the way we try to 'teach' them everything else in school they'd never learn how."

What are the differences between teaching and a young child's learning?

First of all, the teacher breaks down what he wants to teach into parts arranged in some logical order, so that A leads to B, B to C, and so on. Then he breaks down these parts into many steps and tries to get the child to take these steps. He holds out the promise of some reward—maybe no more than a smile or a word of praise—if the child does what is wanted. He also holds out the threat of some penalty—perhaps only disappointment or disapproval—if the child does not. So with carrot before and stick behind, the child starts out.

Anyone who has watched an infant or young child knows this is not at all how he learns. He does not take one thing at a time and get it down pat before going on to the next. Instead he tries a great many different things and gradually gets better at all of them.

In learning to talk, for example, he does not learn to pronounce one word perfectly before trying another. He says many words, all of them badly, and by practice gradually improves them all.

His method works extremely well. Psychologists and educators are beginning to notice what has been under their noses for a long time—that infants, with little apparent effort and almost no instruction, learn languages faster than almost any adult can learn them.

Some experts conclude that this great learning ability is a mysterious and accidental knack that will soon wear off. From this, experts go on to say that "teaching" children should start much earlier or the best chance will be lost. But they have missed the point. The reason the young child learns faster than an adult does is not because of some "transitory condition" of his nervous system, but because his way of learning is better.

Each learner has to make sense out of things in his own way, but even if there were a single best path into the unknown it still would be better to let a child explore freely for himself.

When he is following his own interest and curiosity he is going a hundred times faster than an adult could lead him. He sees more; he is able to pick out the information he needs and leave the rest until he is ready for it. And

because he comes at things from many directions, he is more likely to see the way they fit together.

A child learns because he wants to make sense out of things. The risk when you start "teaching" him is that he may start learning in order to please you. You destroy a good motive and put a bad one in its place.

I believe that this, more than any other single factor, slows down the very rapid learning of the very young child. When he is pleasing himself he goes at top speed into the unknown, not worrying for a second about being wrong. When he starts learning to please others, mistakes become crimes to be avoided or covered up at all costs. This fear of failing can cripple his thinking.

What can you do to help the learning of children?

A child's mind, like a flower, is a living thing. You can't make it grow by sticking things into it any more than you can make a flower grow by gluing on leaves and petals. All you can do is surround the growing mind with what it needs for growing, and have faith that it will take what it needs and will grow.

Don't attempt to "motivate" the child with praise or blame. Your job is not to get him to learn what you want, but to help him learn what he wants.

Take the two subjects parents are most likely to try to teach their children at home: talking and reading.

TALKING

From the very beginning, talk to your baby in a normal voice. Don't talk baby talk and don't use the singsong voice that many adults use when talking to babies.

Don't use a special, easy vocabulary at this stage. Use the words you would in talking to an adult. At first your baby will not understand anything you say, but that is not important. The point of talking to him is to show him that people do talk, and to fill his mind with the sounds, tones, and rhythms of speech.

Talking about what is really on your mind will give your voice a naturalness and variety of expression that it would not have if you just made small talk. Babies are sensitive to emotion and feeling. If what you say is so dull and trivial that it bores you to say it he will sense some part of your boredom. In some small degree he will lose the feeling that people like to talk and that they talk to say what is important to them.

For some time your baby's own "talk" will be just sound-making and sound-inventing. He will hardly be aware of the first noises he makes. But as time goes on he will begin to make sounds not only for the fun of making them but also for the fun of hearing them.

You will sometimes hear him making a succession of sounds, sometimes making the same sound over and over again—signs that he is striving for variety and control.

When your baby is beginning to make deliberate experiments with sounds, there are some good games to play with him. Be casual about it, don't worry if he doesn't like it.

One game is for you to imitate a sound the baby makes, especially one he is repeating. Imitate his tone of voice, too — this will make it easier for him to realise that you are imitating him. He will discover gradually that there is a connection between what he does and what you do.

A slightly more advanced game may be begun after he seems to get the hang of the first game. Now, when the baby makes a sound you make a different sound. Make this sound in a different tone of voice from his to make it easier for him to discover that this is a game of variation instead of imitation.

Another more advanced game is for you to make a sound for him to imitate. Use only sounds you have heard him

make; the point of this game is not to get your baby to make new sounds. He will do that in his own good time.

Don't think that when the baby imitates your sound he has given a right answer and when he does not he has given a wrong one. For a long while your baby will be able to hear and know the difference between sounds before he has enough control to make the difference.

Gradually your baby will move into the world of real talk—sounds made in order to communicate something. Now you will have to talk in different ways.

There will be times when you will be trying to get something across to him or you will see that he very much wants to understand you. Then it is helpful to speak more slowly and carefully, to use somewhat shorter words and sentences and, if need be, to repeat what you say. But in all cases keep a natural tone of voice.

You can tell when your baby is really trying to say something to you by his expression, the insistent tone of his voice and the way he repeats his sounds. Make every effort to understand him.

Resist the impulse to give up after one or two unsuccessful tries. Your baby is discovering that sounds can be used to convey ideas, wishes, and so on. He does not know that this is so; he only suspects it. Every time he tries to say something to you he is testing his belief and hope that this talking business really works. Every time he fails to get his idea across he is discouraged. Every time he gets an idea across he is encouraged to try again.

Courtesy is also a good reason for trying hard to understand the talk of infants. The parents of one of the nicest children I have known told me that when he was very little they tried to think of him as a distinguished visitor from a foreign country. If such a visitor tried to say something that you failed to understand you would not turn brusquely away. You would apologise and try again. You would ask, "Do you mean this? Do you mean that?"

If in spite of your efforts you can't understand your baby, ask the next youngest child in the family. Very often one little child can understand another.

If this fails, then say, "Can you show me?" Move in one direction, saying, "Is it this way? Is it in here?" This may give him a way to make clear what he wants to say.

When you do finally understand his messages, say in your language what he was trying to say in his.

Suppose, for example, he was trying to tell you that his teddy bear was stuck between the bars of his cot. Having found the trouble, you may say, "Oh, I see. Your teddy bear is stuck in the cot. Here, we'll pull him out." He will hear your way of saying it, and will also be reassured that it is possible to talk about such things.

Much of the time when a baby is starting to talk you should use his language. He is not just imitating language; he is inventing it. By using his way of saying things you encourage him to feel that his invention really works.

Once I knew a baby whose name for cookies was "zee." His parents were wise and courteous enough to use it. Gradually, without correcting him, they introduced the word "cookies" into their talk. When he felt sure that "cookies" meant what he meant by "zee" he was willing to make the switch.

Without teaching them

It is not necessary to criticise or correct to make a child want to talk your way. He already wants to. Criticising his efforts may make him decide not to talk at all.

Eventually your child will start to name things. This is more of a mental feat than you think. When you call a certain object a "book" you mean that it is one of a class of objects having important things in common, all of them called "books." When you name something you classify it.

A very young baby does not see the world this way. At first he sees only a mass of shifting shapes and colors. A chair, for example, is an integral part of the room he sees. As he gets older, however, he begins to see the room as a collection of things that are separate. The chair can be thought about by itself.

He must, however, make one more step before he is ready to start naming things. He has to see that the chair is like certain other objects in the room and in other rooms: that this object is more like that object than either of them is like a lamp or a table. In short, before he is ready to call any of these similar objects a "chair" he has to create a whole class in his mind.

I knew a child who grew up on a cattle station. All round her she saw cows and heard them talked about. Gradually she established in her mind a class of objects—large four-legged animals living out in fields—that seemed, from the way people talked, to be called "cow."

It was soon discovered that her classification included such other four-legged field animals as horses and sheep. She did not call the family dog or cats "cows," because they came into the house and thus did not fit into the cow class.

Her parents might have thought, "We must correct her or she will go through life calling horses 'cows'." But they did not. They realised she had done a powerful and important piece of thinking, and they did not want her to doubt the value of what she had done or to discourage her from thinking other such thoughts.

There was no need to correct her. By keeping her eyes and ears open (which children are good at) and by thinking about what she saw and heard she soon straightened out the classes and the names.

By the time a child is old enough to think in this way he has figured out that everything must have a name and he wants to know what it is.

I recall the day a baby first got this across to me. He suddenly began to look very intently at things, indicating them to me. I thought at first he was asking me to give him the things or do something with them, but he showed me that was not what he wanted. On a hunch I tried telling him its name. Instantly he showed by his expression that this was what he wanted, and he began to point to many other objects.

It may be helpful to a child if, when he points to something, to say, "What's that called? That's called a vase." In time he will learn to say, "What's that called?" But he must, when you name an object, not to say the name as if it were a lesson—something he has to remember.

Above all, don't test him by asking, "What's this? What's that?" If he says the wrong thing he will feel that he has done wrong. This scares many children and drives them into the bluffing, guessing, and playing for hints which happens so much in school. It makes them think that guessing does not mean figuring out how this world works but giving answers that please grown-ups.

When a child asks to hear the names of a lot of things, don't assume that he will, or even wants to, remember them all. He is probably doing several things: he is hearing names, some of which he will probably remember; he may be testing his hunch that all things have names; finally, he is playing a game in which he is the one who makes things happen. He points; you say something. This kind of game is very good for his feeling for himself as a person—as one who does things, not just has things done to him.

You can help him with names by talking to him about what you do as you do it. Thus, getting him ready to go out: "Now we'll tie up this shoe. Now we'll button up your shirt." From such talk a little child learns not just so many words, but the kind of phrases they fit into.

Some adults try to teach a child names by pointing to things and saying just the names, nothing else. This is usually not very helpful. If a child does not know the name "book" and one day you point to one, saying "book" in urgent tones, he may think you are asking him to do something with the object you are pointing at. He has no way of telling what you want him to do. But if you say "Here is a book" or "Will you give me that book, please?" the child will easily figure out that the object talked about in all these sentences must be named "book."

Adults tend to assume that a child will never correct a mistake until it is pointed out. That is not so. A healthy child is eager to do things right, but unlike most adults he is not held back by fear of doing them wrong.

This is particularly true of pronunciation. Do not assume that because he pronounces a word incorrectly he thinks he is doing it correctly. An infant knows more about the sounds of words and the differences between sounds than he is able to say. If you correct him every time you will almost certainly slow down his speech. If you work hard enough at it you may even help him become a stutterer or stammerer.

Once a child is beginning to make real talk, how can you help him become more fluent?

Listen. Pay attention. The more you try to understand what he is saying, the more you respond to it, the more he will be encouraged to keep trying and experimenting. The more he hears you talk, the easier it will be for him to talk like you.

READING

How soon should you start trying to teach your child to read? When he speaks well enough to grasp the connection between written letters and spoken sounds.

One modern method of "teaching" reading to babies is by mother holding up a sign saying "toes" in front of baby when he is playing with his toes.

There are many things wrong with this device. First, it puts the child in a right-wrong situation; if he makes the wrong move he will disappoint the adult. Second, this approach diverts the child from his natural way of learning. Finally, the child is not learning to read. He is learning to make certain conditioned responses to certain signs.

A written word stands for the name of a thing, and a child who has not made the mental jump of naming things cannot possibly learn to read.

Don't be too eager for your children to begin reading early. A child who is surrounded by written language and by people who can read that language will learn to read, if he is not pushed and harassed and frightened, in his own good time. Except in rare cases, a child who does not learn to read is afraid or resisting or fighting back.

If you read a lot and enjoy it your child will want to read, too, because he wants to do what big people do and because he sees that you enjoy it.

Another thing you can do to help is to read aloud to your child.

It is important to do some reading from books with few or no pictures. The trouble with most of today's profusely illustrated children's books is that when a child hears them read aloud he is not sure whether the story is coming from the words or the pictures. But if the page has nothing on it but print he knows that the words must be coming from the print.

Once with a group of three-year-olds I read aloud from a book with no pictures. Quite a number of them pointed

to a word on the page and asked, "What does that say?" I would tell them. They all grasped the vital idea—new to them—that in some magic way those strange black marks on the page said something.

Don't begin to teach a child to read by trying to teach him the names of letters.

Knowing the names of letters may be useful when he wants to know how to write, but at that time learning them will be easy and natural for him. All you have to do then is name the letters each time you write a word for him. Knowing names of letters has nothing to do with reading.

Don't try to teach your child "phonetics" or the sounds of letters. A child should learn to read what he hears people say, which are words and syllables.

The difficulty with phonetics is that in English many letters and groups of letters make more than one sound. If you "teach" a child that "A" says the sound of "cat" and then later "teach" him that it also says the sounds of "wall," "father," and "cake," you run a risk of confusing him.

On the other hand, when you tell him that cat says "cat," ball says "ball," father says "father," you are telling him what is always true. From this he can figure out for himself that "A" says some things some of the time and other things at other times, that the sound of a letter depends on what others are near it.

What would be the best words for a child's beginning reading vocabulary? I can think of three kinds.

First would be words that illustrate the commonest sounds, like bat, cat, pot, hot, pin, step, jam, etc.

Second would be the basic building words, like this, that, there, here, is, are, were, she, he, they.

Third would be exciting words, like those that Sylvia Ashton-Warner taught to her Maori pupils. Each day she asked her beginning readers what words they most wanted to have her write out for them; they turned out to be words like blood, ghost, knife, jail.

Parents trying to help their children learn to read are very likely to meet a problem that will puzzle and perhaps annoy them, as it puzzles and annoys many teachers. Only recently did I begin to feel I was understanding it.

I was working with a five-year-old on a reading book for beginners. She would figure out a word on one page and then, meeting the same word on the next page, would say something quite different. Had she forgotten already?

It takes a child time to get used to the shapes of letters and words to the point where he can see that this word is just like that one, and this other word is almost like it, and this other word is entirely different.

A child's desire to have things make sense is strong. Encourage it by giving it time to work. The more he uses his sense of things fitting together to find and correct his own errors, the more he will feel that this way of using his mind works and the better he will become at it. He will grow confident that he can figure out for himself which answers make sense and which do not. But if he is corrected all the time he may come to think that the only way to tell when you are right is to ask an expert.

Be careful not to work too hard at making a child want to read. A perfectly bright and curious child may not want to read at the age of five or six.

I know a child, bright and with intelligent and literate parents, who did not read, except for a few words, until she was nine years old. Because she was so bright in all other ways, the head of her school was wise enough to let her stay with her own grade in spite of her non-reading. She suddenly began to read, and in only a few months read as well as any of her classmates.

The moral is that you should not panic just because a child's plan for figuring out the world does not match the plan you have made for him. If his schedule calls for putting off learning to read for a while, just relax and wait. If he learns to read when he wants to because he wants to, he will do it faster and better than you could ever make him.

LOVE AND SIR LANCELOT

Continued from page 24



TRANSFER

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skies cleared away outside as he drifted gently into that bewitching land of softly gurgling water, buttercup-spotted meadows, trees cooling their fingers in the lazy current, contentedly ruminating cows, swooping birds, and plopping trout, which materialises for the magic rod of the fisherman.

Perhaps he drifted even further into a light doze, because he suddenly looked up to find another young man and a girl of about eighteen eyeing him from the doorway.

"Get out," Sir Lancelot greeted them.

"Sorry, mate," apologised the young man. "But we was looking for the Warder."

"I am, thank Providence, not your mate. And I can't imagine why you could possibly want to see me."

"The thin gentleman sent us in," explained the girl. "Him with the forehead. I've come to see my little sister."

"Good grief, not another," he muttered. "I expect you'll find her in the kitchen eating something."

"Yeah . . ." The young man looked hesitant. "But it's like this, you see, mister. Me and me wife ain't got nowhere to go."

"I am not running a hotel," roared Sir Lancelot, rising. "I am extremely sorry if you are homeless,

but we are fully booked. Good afternoon."

"We was evicted, mister." The young man looked pitiful. "On Christmas Eve."

"I have had the pleasure of your acquaintance for only ten seconds, but I feel assured it was fully justified."

"Artless, it was. Dead artless." "Just because I'm going to have a baby," added the wife, starting to sob.

Sir Lancelot shot her a keen glance. "You don't look as though you're going to have a baby to me." "Be a bit o'time yet, o' course," the man explained. "But our landlord was very particular."

"The gentleman with the forehead said we could stay," appealed the wife tearfully. "And we've brought in the luggage."

"All right, all right!" snapped Sir Lancelot. "Move in for life if you like, but don't you damn well get in my hair. Who's that?" he demanded shortly as a middle-aged lady in a red hat appeared behind them.

"Why, it's Ma!" exclaimed the wife, brightening up. "Hello, Ma."

"Hello, Milly, Hello, Greg. Why, there's little Marylin and Arnold," she exclaimed, as the other two appeared with Mr. Nightrider. "Isn't that nice now? All together, just at Christmas."

"My dear Lancelot," beamed the future Minister of Health. "Surely you will seize this wonderful chance of bringing happiness to so many lives? Mrs. Shufflewell here found herself quite inconsolable without her little girl over Christmas. Do you realise she made the sacrifice of sending dear Marylin from their own little home so the child could enjoy the delights of your more opulent household? Obviously you must let the mother stay, too. As for the dastardly treatment meted out to this young couple by their landlord, I can only say that I will certainly take the strongest action once I am installed in the Min — the miniver," he ended obscurely.

SIR LANCELOT

bellowed. "Let them all in. I'm going to spend Christmas alone at the club."

"Really Lancelot, I should expect you to be rather more charitable," his brother-in-law admonished him. "Surely it does your eyes good to see this little group radiant with happiness?"

"Not in the slightest. How do you imagine there'll be enough bath water?"

"Wouldn't it be lovely," suggested Mrs. Shufflewell, while little Marylin was being passed round and kissed, "if only we could have Pop with us?"

"Oh, wouldn't it!" cried everyone at once.

"He has to be away so much," she explained in Mr. Nightrider's direction.

"My dear lady, someone must bear the burden of our commercial enterprises or our country would perish."

"Now, isn't that nice?" asked Mrs. Shufflewell in general. "Yes, bear the burden, that's what poor Pop does. Still, we'll think of him."

Everyone agreed they'd think of him.

"I'm sure we shall have an excellent Christmas," continued Mr. Nightrider. "Perhaps tomorrow you will all have your photographs taken with me? Good! They might even be in the newspapers, you know, the day I move into the Min — minstrels' gallery. Where are you going, Lancelot?"

"The Thames," said the surgeon, and slammed the door.

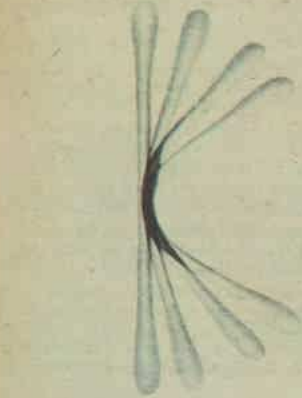
Sir Lancelot did not go into the Thames. He went into the King George public house next door.

"A large whisky, if you please, Pat," he grunted. "I shall probably be spending the entire Christmas in here."

"Something the matter, Sir Lancelot?" she asked solicitously. "You should be allowed to enjoy Christmas in your own home."

"I could enjoy Christmas in any other Salvation Army hostel, but not if I were footing the bill as well."

To page 33



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LET'S MAKE FACES

"There isn't a woman alive who couldn't be more attractive through the subtle use of make-up," says Candy Jones, former cover girl, beauty consultant, radio and television personality, and director of the Candy Jones Career Girl School. In this practical, illustrated guide Candy Jones takes the mystery out of make-up and brings you all the beauty tricks-of-the-trade you need to be the attractive person you want to be — and can be if you try.

by
*Candy
Jones*





YOUR SKIN

Find out its type, then treat
it with tender loving care

EVEN with all the best-researched information available in magazines and newspapers, only a small percentage of women know how to define their skin type.

Oh, yes, they know whether it is generally troubled or good, and they may admit to crow's feet and large clogged pores. But getting right down to specifics, most women are hard-pressed to classify their skin as one of the three general categories—dry, oily, or combination.

Not knowing her exact skin type, how can a woman bestow the tender loving care all complexions need to hold back in the hands of time?

Why a cream works seeming miracles on your friend's face and ignores your needs and desires is not too difficult to understand when you accept the fact that skins are as different as handwriting.

Although the majority of women think they have dry skin all over their facial surface, it is estimated that only about ten percent of all women over 21 have truly dry skin; another ten percent have truly oily skin; whereas 80 percent have "combination" complexions—with both dry and oily areas.

Obviously, it is necessary to care for a combination skin with more than one type of cream or lotion.

It is also essential to know exactly which portions are dry and which are oily, and to care for both conditions accordingly.

Basically, the oily areas will be found where the oil glands are centralised—along the forehead hair-

line, between the brows, around the nostrils, and on the nose tip, and on the chin.

As skins grow older, they dry out over and under the eyes, at the eye corners, at the lip outlines, and on the cheeks.

The drying comes from less moisture in the layers beneath the skin. The skin feels tight and shows scaly patches under make-up.

All-over oily skin is generally coarse-looking with an oily shine around the nose and forehead, and is an easy prey to enlarged pores, blackheads, and blemishes.

While it takes time, patience, and money to discover the creams and lotions to which your skin responds, the results are worth your efforts. To find the right creams for you, be sure to read the labels to discover the contents as well as to understand the directions for the product's use; and give them a fair trial.

Improvements should be visible within three weeks of faithful use. Of course, this also means that your physical condition must be good.

Worries and tensions must be cast aside; your food intake must be high in nutrition and low in calories; rest and fresh air must be ample; your habits of cleanliness must be precise and above reproach.

On the opposite page are given the four basic cream types which, while not new, still are with us: cleansing cream, cold cream, vanishing cream, tissue cream.

THE FOUR BASIC FACE CREAMS

● These four creams are the old stand-by basics. Not too many years ago the woman familiar with the four basic cream types knew just about all there was to know about the products available for enhancing or helping her skin. Today that certainly is not true, as witness the range of new cosmetics on the market, but the basic four still continue to hold their place in day-to-day modern skin care. One of the major benefits of using a cream is the massage, which stimulates and circulates the underlying blood and consequently helps to nourish the skin.

TISSUE CREAM: This may be familiar to you also under the term nourishing cream. Its purpose is to feed the skin with a substance similar to the skin's own fats. Years ago, goose grease (with its unpleasant odor camouflaged) was the main component of tissue cream. Today lanolin (rich in fat and light in weight) and cetyl alcohol are usually employed in the non-complex formulas of tissue cream.

VANISHING CREAM: My mother once reminded me of the time when I was just beginning to understand words and their meanings, and when I learned that her jar of cream was known as "vanishing" cream I pleaded with her never to use it. Such cream melts immediately upon contact with the skin and vanishes. The purpose is to give the skin a dewy, youthful surface. There are various forms of vanishing creams, including some of today's moisturisers which contain moisture additives, and not all have the ordinary oil-in-water emulsion. The ingredients are generally salts of sodium, potassium ammonium, stearic acid, and a fragrance. Usually oily skins react best to emulsified creams; dry skins respond better to the liquefying creams.

COLD CREAM: Cold cream is the best-known of the skin creams because it has been around for what seems like forever. Its main benefit is to soften the skin. Even the modern face creams retain the basic ingredients of the time-honored formula: beeswax, a mixture of oils, an emulsifying (thickening) agent, rose water, and perhaps a distinctive scent. The oils, by the way, may vary from peanut to almond to peach-kernel. Some women shun cold cream because their favorite soothsayer has whispered that it will grow hair on the face. Of course, this is a foolish myth. Another old-time fallacy about cold cream is that it will produce skin problems because it "plugs up the pores." A pore becomes clogged with sebum from within the skin, not from a product like cold cream used on the skin's surface.

CLEANSING CREAM: Cleansing cream comes in lotion, liquid, and cream forms, and care should be taken to use the one that is best for your complexion. A cleansing cream is not a substitute for soap and water, unless you are one of the rare women who have been medically advised to avoid soap. The usual procedure for using cleansing cream is to apply it to soiled (made-up) skin, remove the surface grime, wash with soap and water according to your skin type, and—after thorough rinsing—to use more cleansing cream, or another skin softener, for lubrication and protection. Cleansing cream for dry skin usually is a combination of glycerine and oil with milk of magnesia and a perborate (which gives oxygen). Cleansing cream for oily skin usually contains alcohol, acetone, cologne water (combined with rose water), and some form of benzoin and resorcin.

BEAUTY-WASH YOUR FACE

according to your skin type

The correct way to wash
your face is first to wash
your hands and scrub
your fingernails. I
mean with plenty of rich
lather and warm water.



Page 4—LET'S MAKE FACES

MOST women find that morning and night, in their own bathrooms, are the times they seriously cleanse their complexions. Often teenagers tell me they wash at night thoroughly, and the next morning just splash their faces with water, their reasoning being, "How can your face get dirty while you're sleeping?"

Especially for girls or women with oily complexions, this is inviting skin problems. It's not a matter of faces becoming dusty or dirty during dreams. The point is to remove the excess oil that has been secreted by the skin glands during the night, and a splashing of water will not do that.

There seems to be widespread confusion about whether or not to wash the face with soap and water. I can understand why many women are perplexed. Some sources suggest that their soap is beneficial for all skins. Others tell you that the modern way of cleansing is without soap.

Just as there are some people who can't eat seafood or strawberries without getting hives, there are those whose skins cannot tolerate soap. Fortunately, they are in the minority.

There are medicated soaps (for troubled skins), soaps with cold-cream bases (for dry skins), hypo-allergenic soap (for those with allergies), as well as glycerine soaps (for rough skins), perfumed soaps (for skin fragrance), and deodorant soaps (for protection against skin odors).

If soap-and-water cleansing hasn't dried your complexion (and it's how you use soap AND rinse it away that counts), there's no reason in the world to change your face-washing habits.

Generally speaking, girls under 25 will not be troubled by dried-out throats and faces if they have normal or oily skins and wash their faces with soap several times daily.

Young girls, especially adolescents, tend to have oily rather than dry skins, which makes washing with soap (medicated or regular) a real aid.

The correct way to beauty-wash your face with soap is according to your skin type. It's easy, once you remember these simple pointers:

OILY COMPLEXION: You may use any popular name-brand facial soap or a medicated soap. The purpose is to create thick lather and to use almost hot water. To work up rich, bubbly lather, use only a small amount of water and scrub-a-dub from the soap directly on to your washcloth, complexion brush, or facial sponge. Allow the lather to remain on the oiliest portions of your face for a full minute. Even though your skin is oily, don't take the risk of drying out the skin beneath your eyes with the soapy lather. Skip this area. After your skin has been gently massaged with the lather, rinse your face with warm water, then with a pore-closing rinse of cold water.

DRY COMPLEXION: Use a lot of lukewarm water to work up a lather of fluffy bubbles. Quickly and gently smooth the lather on to your face, staying away from those areas that are exceptionally dry or wrinkled. Certainly by-pass the skin beneath your eyes and at the corners of your eyes. Your procedure should be a quick putting on and taking off of the soap bubbles. Don't let the lather stay on your throat and face. Unless your face is very dirty, once round throat and face should make you clean as a fresh sheet. Rinse twice with cool (not icy) water.

COMBINATION COMPLEXION (dry and oily): Refer to the preceding two paragraphs, and beauty-wash your face and throat according to its needs. The thick lather (made with a small amount of water) belongs only on the oiliest portions, the bubbly lather (made with a lot of water) on the dry areas. If you're fearful of lines or dryness around eyes or lips, use no soapsuds there. Rinse with cold and/or cool water on respective dry areas.

NOTE: If you have consulted a dermatologist, follow his advice exactly.

TRY A FACIAL

FROM the kitchen bin — a cucumber beauty mask. Its purpose is to act as a mild astringent and to refine the skin.

Into your electric blender put a cut-up cucumber. Add three ounces of skim milk and turn the switch to high until the mixture has become a liquid pulp (3 minutes).

Put it on your freshly washed throat and face — and on your hands and shoulders, too, if you wish.

It will feel cooling and refreshing against your skin.

Relax for 15 minutes, then rinse it off with cool water.

IF your complexion is muddy and looks in need of perking up, try this kitchen facial:

Use two ounces of freshly squeezed orange and lemon juice. Fold the beaten white of one egg into the juices.

Pin your hair away from your face and place a towel over your pillowcase to catch any drippings while you stretch out for 15 minutes with the mask on your relaxed, quiet face.

Rinse off with cool water.

Eat your way to a pretty complexion

A REVIEW of what you eat is an excellent lead toward gaining a better complexion.

For example, if the dry portions of your face have a tendency to become extra dry or splotchy, check to see if you eat enough fish, butter, liver, green vegetables, and yellow fruits. Those foods all contain the necessary vitamin A.

Itchiness or sluggish-looking complexion can be helped by including in your diet foods abundant in vitamin B. (There's a whole family of B vitamins ranging from B1, which is also called thiamine, and B2, also called riboflavin-niacin, and other B complex vitamins.)

Some of these foods that are especially beneficial to skins are eggs, whole-grain cereals and breads, dried beans and peas, and fresh fruits.

Vitamin C helps keep your skin firm and smooth. Some sources of this vitamin are citrus fruits, tomatoes, berries, melons, and cabbage.

Keep these ABCs of vitamins in mind when you plan your meals, but don't become overly concerned with vitamin checking.

Eating regularly, particularly a substantial breakfast, and eating an intelligently balanced variety of foods should be sufficient.

Commonsense says that sensitive skins and the oily portions of faces will not tolerate an abundance of foods known to be blemish-inducers, such as french fries, carbonated soft drinks, chocolate, peanut butter, shellfish, and iodised salt.

Drinking plenty of water (six to eight glasses daily) aids elimination and helps wash away inner impurities, and is important to having a better-than-average complexion.

Some women should never drink alcohol. Not because they over-indulge or because it is unladylike but because their skins absolutely reject hard liquor.

If you discover a blemish within 48 hours after you have had a drink, you may very well find it wise to stop drinking altogether if you prize a pretty complexion.



• When you consider the calories you're pouring down your throat, a drink loses its charm. For example:

| 2oz. | Calories |
|-------------------------|----------|
| Old-fashioned | 200 |
| Manhattan | 175 |
| Whisky sour | 175 |
| Martini | 150 |
| Daiquiri | 150 |
| Beer (12oz.) | 170 |
| Ale (12oz.) | 225 |
| Cuba libre | 200 |
| Whisky and soda (14oz.) | 125 |
| Whisky and ginger ale | 175 |

Depressing? For the sake of your skin and your slim figure, substitute fruit juice or tomato juice or bouillon on the rocks—while mentally pinning a gold star on your shoulder.

MAKE-UP VEIL

Have you ever worn a protective veil? This colorless facial protective veil, or subfoundation, is put on before a tinted foundation base as a first layer to help prettify and protect.

You select your subfoundation base (veil), which comes in cream, lotion, or liquid form, according to your complexion type—dry, oily, or normal. It should be put on a completely clean face and should cover the whole region you will coat with your foundation base.

To get the best results for dry skin areas, use a warm to hot washcloth (or tissue soaked in hot water) to help open pores. Blot well, dry quickly, and then apply the veil. For oily areas reverse the procedure: apply cold water to them.

Allow the veil to dry. Regardless of the type you use, a minute or two should pass before beginning your foundation application. Also, the veiled skin should not feel greasy, slimy, or masklike when dry. The best surface to work on is of soft, moist-dry texture.

MOISTURISERS

Every girl and woman intent upon having lovely skin knows that besides a fine texture and a complexion free of blemishes, the most important quality her skin possesses is moisture. A moisturiser is indeed a form of protective veil.

The more moisture your skin has, the smoother, softer, and younger it will be. And, too, your make-up will really do its duty in enhancing your natural beauty assets. Acquiring or sustaining moisture in your skin is simple: use products containing a moisturiser.

Moisturisers are available in a variety of cosmetics and toiletries today. Lipsticks, creams, suntan products, tinted foundation bases, masks, and untinted complexion veils have built-in moisturisers.

Check the label to learn whether the product you are considering buying has it. (Some cosmetic makers refer to moisturisers as humectants.)

The modern look is natural

FOUNDATION: The base. A foundation base can enhance the texture of your skin, conceal flaws, and add a flattering tone to your skin. It may be colorless or it may add color. For color, match or use one shade darker than your own skin tone, depending on your basic complexion shade.

There are various types of foundations to choose from.

LIQUID BASES are packaged in a bottle or tube and are dotted, then spread evenly, all over the skin (see illustration at right). Liquid foundation base is easy to blend and flattering to all skins. Loose face powder adheres naturally to the liquid base and gives a semi-dull surface. Of all the bases made, this would get my vote for providing the most unmade-up looking skin tone.

CREAM (and soft cream) BASE is a semi-solid that comes in a tube or container. This one needs to be applied carefully and evenly. Although it may be put on with the fingertips, it is best smoothed on to the skin with a damp artificial or dry foam latex sponge. The cream foundation should be streaked directly on to the skin from the container and smoothed over until just a thin film remains. For a nearly natural effect, very little powder should be used over it. As with (nearly) all bases, it can be worn with the prettiest effect on young skin and by those with normal complexions.

ALL-IN-ONE FOUNDATION means that the base and the powder are blended into a product requiring one application. It may be a solid-type cake (often called compressed powder) or a semi-liquid in a tube, which is applied with the fingers (often called matte finish). Either of these works best on skins that are or tend to be oily, and that are free of lines or wrinkles.

CAKE BASE (made with and without a softening lanolin ingredient), applied with a dampened sponge and allowed to dry on the skin, produces a matte finish. To be avoided by women with dry skin.

If you are still uncertain as to what type of foundation base will best suit your complexion (for list of skin colors, see page 13), here's a general reminder:

FOR OILY SKIN: Choose an all-in-one foundation or compressed powder or a cake-type foundation or a liquid.

FOR DRY SKIN: Choose a liquid or a cream or a soft cream base.

FOR NORMAL SKIN (combination dry and oily): Choose a liquid or a cake-type (with a softener.)



TO APPLY BASE:

If it's a liquid or liquid matte-finish base, apply it in threepenny-size dots, upward to within an inch of your hairline and outward toward your temples. Using a light touch and always the same amount of pressure, smooth over the dots; join one to the other while blending the color evenly and quickly all over the forehead. You would follow the same procedure with a cream-type base, although working with speed is not so essential. Cake-type foundation applied with a dampened sponge is smoothed on in strokes of about 2 in. long and is worked up and out on the forehead. Travel foundation down your nose, blending it well on to the nose bridge and around the nostrils and down over your upper lip. Cover your lower lip, the area beneath it, and over your chin. Now, working on one side of your face, carry the foundation from the chin along the jaw and up to the earlobe. From the edge of the upper lip, blend up and outward on your cheek until you reach your ear. Move up to the outer edge of the nostril and on up to your cheekbone and smooth the base outward — all the way out.

If you plan to use an eye lightener, now is the time to do so. Wash your fingers or change your sponge, according to the base you're using. Otherwise, fingerprint the foundation (or sponge it gently) under and over the eyelid.

At this point you have finished your forehead and one half of your face. Return to your chin and do exactly the same thing on the other side of your face. Now "do" your throat in three sections; apply base to the outer areas by smoothing it upward and outward so that it reaches just beneath the earlobes. Make sure the tinted base covers the entire area beneath the chin and blends with the base on the chin and jawline. Don't be afraid to put enough on. An uneven base can result just as easily from trying to cover too much territory with too little foundation as from applying too much foundation.

Rouge for a flattering glow

SOME COSMETIC firms feature a dozen or more shades of rouge, many bearing fancy names that give only a hint of the actual color. Actually, there are only four basic color tones necessary to provide the shade of rouge needed for any skin tone. The four shades are pink, rose, coral, and red.

Pink and coral are becoming to those with delicate coloring and to the young or elderly. Pink rouge is decidedly flattering to those with any shade of blonde hair, silver-to-grey hair, and dark brunette or black hair.

Coral is complimentary to those with a good suntan but is seldom attractive on sallown skin. It is a good choice for all shades of red hair and for brunettes with fair skin.

Rose and red shades of rouge usually look best on those with vivid coloring. Rose (which has blue in it) is becoming to medium blondes through brunettes, particularly those with blue eyes.

Red—a clear, true red—looks well on those with sallown or dark skin and dark hair, such as deep chestnut, auburn, and black. The young young and the elderly with delicate hair color and skin tones should avoid it.

Cream or liquid rouge is applied OVER foundation base and UNDER face powder. Cake rouge is put on OVER powder.

For adding warmth to a finished make-up a light dusting of cake rouge in a pastel tone (pink or coral) can be spread on to the forehead, at the temples, and over the chin and throat.

If you share my belief that strong make-up usually looks awful in bright sunlight, you'll quickly understand why I say you should use only a pastel rouge shade, sparingly, for out-of-door occasions.

The shape of your face dictates the pattern of rouge color, especially its width and length. If you are doubtful of the shape of yours, study the three little sketches (right) of an average, wide, and narrow face and note how rouge is placed. Then follow these pointers:

- Regardless of facial shape, keep rouge well away from the nose if this is not an especially attractive feature.
- Use the lowest point of the nostrils as a guide. Rouge should never be placed lower than the nostrils.
- Unless you want to play-up hollows in your cheeks, don't place rouge over hollows.
- Don't place rouge closer to your eye than on the cheekbone.
- To locate the highpoints of your cheekbones, smile at yourself in your mirror. The highest ridges of your cheeks are your guide. Generally speaking, don't wear rouge higher than at this point.
- Avoid rouging over lines or wrinkles. If you have to, blend in well.
- If the chin is receding, don't travel the rouge upward into too high an angle, which would accentuate the problem.
- Don't rouge over a blemish. Powdered or cake rouge, for example, will make a skin eruption appear worse. In some cases of marred complexions, it is better to avoid rouge altogether.
- A faint blending of rouge directly above the pupil of the eye and under the eyebrow will add sparkle to the eyes. A faint dab of rouge at the outer-under corner of the eyebrows will add width to the eyes.

Finally, never be guilty of wearing too much rouge—you want others to think it's your own natural color.



COSMETIC MAGIC: Highlighting and shading are forms of illusion that take practice. Both terms refer to a shade of foundation base used to increase or decrease the apparent size of features or facial proportions. A highlight is a base shade three or four times lighter than the overall foundation base color used on the rest of the face; shading is three or four times darker than the base. These lighter and darker shades are most effective under bright lights (not sunlight), but are too contrasting in everyday business or social lighting.

A brush is excellent for these tricks. The one pictured at left is used to camouflage circles under the eyes with a lighter tone. Here are some other ways with specific problems:

Long nose: Use a darker foundation on the tip, and/or if the end is too full, blend the dark well into ordinary foundation.

Broad nose: Shade the sides to the end of the nostrils and highlight down the bridge so that there is no color variation anywhere.

Deep-set eyes: Bring eyes "forward" by using highlight on the lids and up to the fold of the upper eye.

Close-set eyes: Widen eyes by highlighting the inner area of the eye sockets and the start of the nose between the eyebrows.

Double chin and full throat: Shade under the chin. Slim the throat by shading both outer (front) sides and highlighting a centre panel.

Nose-to-mouth grooves: Highlight them with lighter foundation base.

Points to bear in mind: Blend the edges of all shading or highlighting carefully. Concentrate the lightest or darkest tones directly on the point or area most in need of help. Don't apply highlight and shading to the same area.



MAKE-UP . . . continued

Face powder

POWDER is not used just to touch up a shiny nose; the perfect loose powder helps to hold and smooth make-up and refines the skin texture.

If you are trying to overcome sallowness, you need a powder with a decided pink cast. The florid skin tone needs a powder with no hint of pink in it.

Look for a powder approximately the same shade as your foundation base — but never darker.

You can buy loose face powder in a variety of blending shades. For instance, you could get a box of green or lavender powder to add to your regular powder to help tone down a complexion with too much red in it. Or a box of pure pink or rose to add color to sallow or drab skin tones.

When mixing a blending powder with other face powder, the proportion is generally two to seven. That means two spoonfuls of blending powder to seven spoonfuls of regular powder.

Don't use face powder straight out of a box, because you will change the characteristic of loose powder — fluffiness; by constant pressings with a powder-puff or pad of cottonwool, it will become packed down into a near-solid lump.

I recommend that you remove just enough from the box to fill an ordinary salt-shaker and keep it in that.

To use it, shake the powder loosely on to your puff.



Best way to apply powder

POWDER is sprinkled on to the applicator — a moderate amount, not too little and not too thick a layer. (Watch what you're doing in your make-up mirror; this is not the time to check the shopping list!)

Start at the forehead and press powder on to your skin. Work outward toward the temples, covering all the surface you've coated with foundation base.

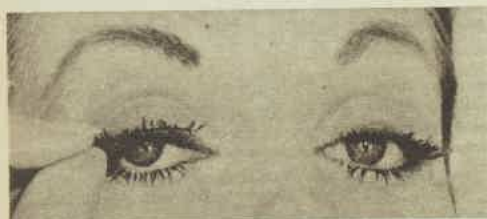
Press the powder close to your hairline, but not into it. Powder over your eyebrows.

When the whole forehead is covered, gently buff the entire area (i.e., brush over the surface of the skin lightly).

Proceed to press powder on to your face down over nose, lips, and chin. Press it on and then buff it. Move to your jawline and then up your cheeks. And don't forget your throat. Face powder is used down to your neckline.

Return to your eyes and press powder over the lids, covering the skin at the roots of the lashes. One exception: in the event of dry skin and lines beneath the eyes, the skin texture will look better without powder.

To disperse any remaining powder, some women like a soft-bristle brush as shown at left.



FALSE EYELASHES —they're fabulous

• The purpose of lashes added to your own is to create a thicker fringe than nature gave most of us, and they are applied for eye proportioning and eye-size alterations in the same way you choose to use mascara.

You can go to a beauty salon for their application, or you can buy a pair of lashes attached to a strip to glue on to your lids after the lashes have been altered to accommodate your lids. They can be made of human hair, a synthetic (nylon, for example), or even fur — such as mink — and at mink prices.

All lashes made on a strip — and the strip itself may be a thicker version of the lashes or a colored or colorless band of plastic — must be cut to fit the individual's eyes. Many girls find that one strip cut in halves will provide a pair of lashes. Others, who wear a partial strip — say, at the outer edge of each eye — can make four sets from one strip.

Generally, a large eye can use a longer strip than an average-size eye. The not-small but not-large eye usually takes half to three-quarters of a regular strip.

After it has been cut, each strip should be trimmed on an opposite diagonal. Don't trim all your lashes to fit one eye. In other words, false lashes have a right and a left. Wearing the wrong lashes is like wearing your right shoe on your left foot. The longer end of the lash belongs on the outer edge of the lid.

To put lashes on, hold the lash ends in one hand, run a fine thin line of glue along the edge of the strip,

EYE GLAMOR

● Today it's fashionable to dramatise your eyes, but subtly, so that the effect is natural.

WELL-GROOMED eyebrows are the setting for the whole picture. The width of an eye should fit easily between the brows. The brows should curve into a suitable arch, and, if pale, can be darkened with eyebrow pencil in short, light strokes.

Another eye-framing cosmetic is eye-liner (it makes eyes seem larger, wider apart) which comes in three types: (a) Sharply pointed pencil for framing the eyes at the roots of the lashes. (Don't confuse an eye-lining pencil with eyebrow pencil.) (b) Liquid eye-liner, which is painted on the lids with a tiny brush. Within a few seconds it dries to a flat surface. (c) Solid cake liner, which is stroked on to the lid with a damp brush tip.

As with mascara, the two most popular eye-liner shades are black or brown.

Eye-shadow, which brightens the color of the eyes and helps to enlarge and shape them, comes next. Eye-shadows are made in cream (applied with the finger or a small brush), liquid (applied with a brush), and cake (applied with the fingertip or with a cotton-tipped stick).

The cream or liquid types are kinder to dry or wrinkled eyelids; the cake can be used by those with normal to oily skin. To my way of thinking, crepey or wrinkled eyelids look much better without any attention-drawing shadow on them.

Mascara is for eye allure. Before using mascara the eyelashes should be slightly powdered to make them dry. Keep in mind that the drier the applicator is, the thinner the coating will be. The mascara coating should be thin and feathery. Additional coatings, which will thicken the lashes and darken the color, should be added with a "just damp" brush. Don't use mascara on the lower lashes.



wave it in the air for a few seconds to let it get tacky, and move in close to your magnifying mirror. Close one eye and hold your head as though you were looking down your nose.

Start with the inner corner of the strip at a position above the start of where you normally apply your mascara or eye-liner. Press the strip along the lid as close to the roots of your own lashes as possible. At the other edge, allow the strip to extend slightly upward (see picture at left, opposite page).

Use a matchstick or the end of a lip brush and press over the strip. Inspect your work closely, and, if need be, take lashes off and clip them. Inner corners should be quite short. To remove, slip the tip of your fingernail beneath the inner edge and lift the strip up and off.

"Falsie" eyelashes come in black and medium and dark brown. Except for very blonde or grey-haired women, black lashes do the most for the eyes for evening wear. During the day, brown looks more natural.

Your own lashes should be treated with mascara before attaching your falsies. Don't add mascara to the false lashes. Don't forget to comb through them with your eyelash comb after they have been placed on.

For assurance that they will stay in place when you comb them, hold a forefinger along the strip, and comb up (from underneath).

Last, cover the base of the strip with the same shaped and positioned eye-liner you use normally.

FOUR STEPS
in applying eye-
shadow, liner
(cream and pen-
cil), and mas-
cara are shown
above and right.

MAKE-UP . . . continued: **LIPSTICK adds zest**

● A few years ago, a woman would be complimented on the shade of her lipstick and asked what it was. Today, the answer might be: It's a blend of three.

USING more than one shade of lipstick with flattering results requires experimentation. A lovely blend of two or more colors worn by a friend may look quite different when applied by you in exactly the same manner. This difference is caused by the natural tone of your lip tissue and the chemistry of your skin.

The most important blending color is white. When you can't find a lipstick in a corresponding lighter shade, the addition of white lipstick will do the trick. Blend it smoothly by using a lip brush and stay within the darker lip outline.

To make the lower lip fuller, blot the regular shade worn and add a vertical streak of white over it on the centre of the lower lip.

Avoid using white over a dark or deep-toned lipstick unless you carry the shade directly to the lip edges and cover the entire mouth. Otherwise, the lips — if coated only in the centre or on the lower lip — will look as though the intended shade has been "eaten" off.

Regardless of the natural shape of your lips, you can outline your mouth to balance the lower portion of your face.

Lip outlining is done with a brush, with a lip pencil, or with a lipstick end sharpened to a 45-degree angle.

If you never have used a brush before, get one with a handle or stem at least two to three inches long, so that you can balance it easily. You can extend the life of a favorite brush by cleaning it after each use.

A lip pencil is similar to an eyebrow pencil, except the lead is creamier and it comes in an assortment of red shades. Some girls prefer a lip pencil for drawing a clean, sharp mouth outline.

A sharpened lipstick is best used by a girl who has not learned the knack of outlining with a brush or pencil.

If you learn to outline your lips with a brush, a pencil will never seem to work for you quite so well. (NOTE: At the foot of this and the opposite page are detailed directions for using a lip brush.)

Before tracing an outline, you must determine exactly how your lip shape will influence your other features. Not all lips need alterations. Many women are blessed with perfectly shaped lips — then the job is just to make the mouth that much more appealing with lovely color.



Page 10 — LET'S MAKE FACES

COAT the brush by rubbing it back and forth on the lipstick. (Practise with your brush by making lip outlines on the inner side of your wrist until you get the feel of the bristles. You'll find that you don't use the brush pointed at the area to be lined; instead, that you hold the brush at an angle to the skin.)

First, try outlining your natural lip-line. (Alterations to shape can be attempted when you can confidently trace a smooth outline.) Steady your hand by resting your little finger lightly on your chin. Allow your wrist to pivot naturally as you "paint."

There are many methods of drawing the lip-line. This is how we teach beauty beginners in my school:

EXPERTISE WITH

Outline the lower lip. Fill in the unpainted area with lipstick directly from the tube, using an inward motion (not from side to side). Press the lips together. A light coating from your lower lip will now be on your upper lip, but the cupid's bow — the centre arch — will be missing.

Start at the outer corner of the upper lip and draw the line up to and curved over the cupid's bow. Repeat on the other side of your lip, also working in toward the centre, where the arches will meet in a gentle curve.

Using downward, inward strokes, fill in the upper lip with color from the lipstick. Avoid putting too much at the outer corners.

The Australian Women's Weekly — February 2, 1966

HOW TO REMOVE MAKE-UP

It's a beauty sin to go to bed without cleaning your face thoroughly.

WHETHER you have worn cosmetics during the day or not, your complexion needs an ample cleansing at bedtime with a lubricant chosen for your skin type. Surface soil and cosmetics, if any, should first be removed with a lubricant: then, and only then, the face is beauty-washed with soap and water. When cleansing your face with a lubricant, take off your eye make-up first.

Start with the brows, then work down on to your eyelids, next remove the eye-liner, and then the mascara. Avoid dabbing fingers full of cream or lotion over your eyelids and smearing the ugly mess all round your eyes and down on your cheeks.

Eye-liner comes off easily without scrubbing along the delicate tissue over the eyes. Dip the end of a cottonwool-tipped stick into a lubricant and run it across the liner several times. Holding the flesh at the outer edge of the eye taut (to prevent unnecessary stretching), run the stick along the liner from the inner edge of the lid to the outer corner.

Mascara comes off quite easily, too. But this is the messiest part of removing make-up, and if you smudge it all over your face, you will look depressingly like a clown.

Take this model's tip for easing off mascara: tear a face tissue into a strip two inches wide and wrap it around your index finger from the knuckle to the tip.

Now, gently stretch the edge of the lid outward with the other hand, roll your eye heavenward, and blink on to the tissue-wrapped finger. Blink and blink, and turn the tissue around until no more comes off.

While you remove your lipstick, put some lubricant under your eyes to soften the skin. Don't smear lipstick all over your chin and cheeks. Firmly, but with light pressure, rub it off with facial tissue.

Now, put lubricant on your lips, and tissue off the remainder. At the lip corners, smooth off the lipstick with inward movements. On the top lip, use downward movements; on the lower lip use upward strokes.

The balance of your make-up should be removed as follows: Without getting it in your hairline, cover your forehead with lubricant. Using the pads of your clean — remember? — fingers, gently skim it in directions opposite to any lines you may have. Because most forehead lines run horizontally, that would mean to work over the skin in an upward, vertical direction. Smooth it up and out toward the temples.

With tissues wrapped around your fingers (almost like a mitt) repeat the same movements and remove the lubricant.

Start now between the eyebrows. Here, lines are inclined to run vertically; therefore, your motions should be in a horizontal direction. Work down the nose in circular motions, and travel to the base of the nose and alongside the nostrils. With the same movements, remove the lubricant with tissue.

Beneath your eyes, be oh-so-delicate. Again, holding the skin at the outer corner of each eye, in turn gently (my favorite word for facial handling) smooth off the lubricant, using an inward-to-the-nose motion.

Next, go down below the lower lip. Apply lubricant to the chin and beneath it, and remove it. From the outer corner of the lips to along the jawline, add more lubricant and remove it with an upward movement. Add a bit more lubricant beneath your cheekbones and out to your ears. Cream the throat last and remove it with upward strokes.

These, then, are the seven steps for make-up removal. Remove all make-up from: 1, eyes; 2, lips; 3, forehead; 4, nose and nostrils; 5, chin, jaw, and beneath; 6, cheeks; 7, throat.

A LIP BRUSH

Let's assume you have tried tracing on your lip line with a brush (or lip pencil) before, and the result wasn't as good as it looked when you spread your lips and rubbed on color directly from the tube.

Trying a new method of outlining once or twice — or even three or four times — without expert success is not surprising.

I have noticed that girls with small upper lips or with naturally crooked lip outlines find it more difficult to make an outline than do girls whose upper lips are full or even.

One thing you can do is practise. Sit before your mirror and study your lips minus lipstick.

Cover your lips with color as you normally do, but put a lot of lipstick on both lips. Make an imprint of your mouth by blotting your lips firmly on a sheet of white paper.

With your brush, trace around the outline of the paper imprint of your mouth. Directly beneath this "mouth" on the paper, and using the brush, duplicate the outline of your lips.

Add some more lipstick to your mouth and kiss the inside of your left wrist. (Right wrist if you're left-handed.) Using your brush, again trace your lip outline, this time on your wrist.

Below or next to that imprint, duplicate the outline just made of your lips. Don't bother to fill it in with color. You are more concerned with getting used to working with the brush on your skin.

Now remove all your lipstick with a lubricant, and powder the lips lightly with talcum or face powder. Starting from the outer edge, trace the upper lip to the highest point of the cupid's bow. Move to the other side and work upward to the centre. Join the centres of the bow.

The lower lip is seldom hard to outline, unless it is extremely full and needs to be made smaller. Begin outlining at the outer edge of the lower lip and stop when you reach the centre curve. Repeat the movement from the other side and join the lines at the centre.

If the lip-line you have painted on with your brush wavers, the fault may be with the brush. The bristles should not be more than 3 in. long. All bristles must be the same length. Too long or uneven bristles should be clipped with manicure scissors.

CHERISH YOUR THROAT

EVERY woman's throat will respond to frequent at-home massage, and mature skin will appear fresher and younger from faithful throat treatments.

Before you start, clip your hair up and away from your throat and neck. Your beauty equipment will consist of your two clean hands and your richest lubricant or oil. Your skin should be free from cosmetics, and beauty-washed ten to fifteen minutes before you start.

Start with the back of your neck. Place the fingers of both hands along the sides of the spinal column at the top of the shoulders. The fingertips will be pointed downward and slightly inward toward the spine. Tilt your head forward. With a firm grasp, pull your hands right up to your hairline, and repeat this upward movement until you have worked across the back of your neck. As the lubricant disappears into the skin, add more until the whole area is covered.

Now massage the sides of your throat, starting from the shoulders to up under the ear lobes. You'll find it easier to use your left-hand fingertips on the right side of your neck, and your right-hand fingertips on the left side. Be generous with the amount of lubricant used, but do not use a strong or too firm stroke. Your head should be in a back-tilted position. Again the direction is upward.

For the front of your neck you'll use an even lighter touch. Start at the throat base and use the tips of the middle fingers for smoothing the lubricant upward beneath your chin as described in the above paragraph.

Once weekly it's advisable to give your throat—front and sides—a steam massage, which is especially good for dry skin, crepey throats, and lines. There's no need to do the back of the neck.

The procedure is the same, except you apply a hot, damp washcloth to the skin to open the pores, then pat it dry quickly before applying the rich lubrication. For very dry skin, after the lubrication is on, press the hot, damp cloth to that area of skin for a few seconds, ensuring the penetration of the lubricant.

BLOW AWAY THOSE LINES

If you have definite lines from the nostrils down to the outer edges of your smile, puffing out your cheeks when applying lubrication or foundation base or powder is a good exercise for "blowing away" these lines.

Laugh lines around your eyes are not funny. Lines at the outer corners of the eyes that aim themselves at your hairline need an UP-massage movement. Use one hand to hold the skin taut along the hairline between the lower portion of the eye and at a point parallel with the outer tip of your brow. Use your other hand (with lubrication on the skin and on your index and middle fingertips) to massage upward over the lines.

Forehead wrinkles can travel a vertical and horizontal network. Between the brows, most often they point toward your hairline and down toward the chin. On the forehead, they seem to like to run the gamut horizontally. All you need to remember is to massage in the direction opposite to that in which the line is going. Between the brows, this means across—parallel with the eyebrows. On the forehead, the movement for the lines extending the distance of the brows is upward. Use the middle finger to massage them.

Time is well spent when, say, once weekly, you press a wrung-out hot washcloth to areas where you suspect or see lines or wrinkles, before coating them with lubricant and finger-massaging them.

To close the pores and firm the flesh, cold water or a cool astringent pad should follow this treatment.



EAR GUISES AND DISGUISES

THE position and size of your ears will have some bearing on whether you can style your hair to reveal them. The top of the ear, ideally, is placed so that a straight line could be drawn to the outer-end of your eyebrow. The earlobe is well-positioned if you can draw a straight line from it to the outer edge of your upper lip.

Earlobes vary in size and shape. Some people seem to have been cheated when the lobes were handed out and seemingly have none — at least, not enough to use for attaching ear-bobs. Others have fleshy lobes that dangle. Ideally, the lobe is gently rounded, neither too small nor too large.

It is a more usual thing to hear a woman wail about large ears rather than that hers are tiny. Loads of women limit themselves to ear-covering hairstyles around the clock — and the calendar. I wonder if they have ever tried making up their ears in much the same way as one camouflages an outsize facial feature.

Try this if you consider your ears too generously sized:

Choose a shading base in a cake or compressed powder or matte finish in order to give a flat-dull surface to the skin. Starting at the front top of the ear (where the cartilage folds over), travel the shading round the outer edge of the ear down to the earlobe. If the lobe is too full, cover that with foundation, too. If it is too small in proportion to the rest of the ear, use a highlighting shade — the one you use beneath your eyes, perhaps?

The shading or highlighting will give an optical illusion of a better shape.

A favorite models' trick to add width to the face and draw attention to prettily shaped ears is to rouge the earlobes. Certainly two flame-red blobs are not the answer. Use a gentle-flush tone in a brush-on (dry cake) or liquid or cream.

You can narrow the face while exposing the ears by using the same placement of make-up, but in a shading (darker) foundation. You'll want a dull, flat surface; therefore, it is best to use a cake, compressed powder, or matte-finish foundation.

N.B.: Be careful never to leave traces of make-up in the crevices of the ear.



More make-up lore

WHAT IS YOUR BASIC COMPLEXION SHADE? Have you ever categorised it into the sallow, fair, or ruddy ranges? Your skin is bound to be one of these three, or perhaps a slight mixture of two or more shades.

With a bare-naked face — a creamless, absolutely clean one, of course — study your complexion in a hand mirror. What you are looking for are your natural skin tones.

You are entitled to consider your complexion sallow if hints, tones, or hues of yellow, green, or grey can be seen. In this event, look for a foundation base in a rosy shade.

You label yourself fair-skinned if there's an overcast of blue or white or faint — not rosy, mind you — pink. You will want the foundation to add a bit more color. Try for a light beige tone with a pinkish tint.

You are ruddy if you have red or rose in your skin, or even a brownish-reddish tone. Here you can do nicely without adding roses. Depending on the depth of the ruddiness, you will want to use a base in the pure shades of beige to tan.

PICK-ME-UP: Here's a special-occasion pick-me-up that works wonders, especially when your skin seems down in the dumps: it's easy to concoct, too. All you need is one egg and one teaspoon of honey. The white of the egg is beaten into peaks, and the honey is mixed into the egg. Put it on to your face and throat, but not directly under the eyes or on the eyelids.

When you begin to feel it set (in about five minutes), wash it off with cool water. Two things will have been accomplished; the egg has stringent properties and will stimulate and make your skin glow; the honey will act as a moisturiser and impart a dewy look.

Before applying your foundation base, put on a coat of moisturising cream or lotion.

ARM CAMOUFLAGE: Although women with heavy upper arms should not wear sleeveless dresses, shading (darkening) will make them look less fleshy. For this, use a cake-type base — no undercoat is necessary — and coat the skin, especially at the outer and back areas of the arms. After it has dried, buff the arms gently with a velours puff.

FACTS

ABOUT

FACELIFTS

NOT everyone benefits from plastic surgery on the face. It is said that improvement will be only temporary if the skin is very dry, and that the patient runs the risk of looking almost waxen. When the skin is lumpy because of fat deposits, the benefits are also only temporary.

Dr. Theodore R. Van Dellan, whose column, "The Family Doctor," appears in the New York Daily News, has this to say about facelifting:

"The best candidates are vigorous, well-adjusted men and women in their forties or fifties who have aged prematurely. Cosmetics no longer can camouflage their wrinkles, flabby and sagging jowls. Basically, they have good skin with only slight changes in the underlying framework or connective tissue. They have neither too much nor too little subcutaneous fat."

The good facelift (done by a skilled plastic surgeon on a patient with healthy skin) can make a woman appear ten or even 15 years younger. Needless to say, this is a remarkable rejuvenation. While it may boost one's spirits to the sky, lengthen a career, or sustain romance a while longer, it is only of a surface nature.

How pitiful it is to observe a woman with a youngish face trying futilely to conceal her age-revealing hands or throat!

Getting back to facts about facelifts. For the first year, the results are the best. They're still good 24 months later, but from the third year on the results deteriorate.

After the operation, wrinkles and lines and sagging will recur gradually, depending on the overall body weight, the speed with which the skin loses its elasticity, the age, career, and living habits of the individual. Generally speaking, five years after the operation it is time to consult the plastic surgeon again.

An over-simplified description of a facelift goes like this: An incision is made along the side of the face behind the hair-line. It reaches from above and below the ears. The skin must be separated from its underlying tissue, and it is pulled up and back ("lifting" the face). The excess skin is removed. Hair covers the incision so no scars are apparent.

The patient is usually able to face the world again within two weeks (or less) after the operation.

A facelift will not even temporarily eliminate wrinkles on the forehead, drooping skin above the eyes, puffy bags beneath the eyes, or deeply etched (vertical) cheek-folds, usually caused by smiling. But these can be temporarily corrected through other special procedures done by a plastic surgeon.

Plastic surgery is costly, as you know. But to some women the results, if only for a few years, are worth every cent of their life savings.

PUCKERED LIPS—those tiny vertical lines that extend from the upper lip—are unattractive and suggest old age and a prim or grim personality.

These lines make applying a clearly defined lip-line difficult and often seem to act as troughs into which lipstick settles.

You don't need to be old to acquire this condition. Girls and women who smoke a great deal force their lips into a pursed position, and if their skins are dry the puckering lines develop.

Here are two facial exercises to help overcome this problem: 1. With the lips closed and relaxed, blow air through your lips rapidly. You'll sound as though you're blubbering, but it's effective. 2. With lips closed force air under your upper lip until it is distended. Hold until the silent count of ten. Repeat ten times.

During the day, beneath your foundation base, use an undercover agent in the form of a moisturiser. Don't extend your lip-line into the puckers. Blot the outline of your mouth to prevent the lipstick from running into the lines. Don't use any powder (or cake or matt-finish base) on this area.

Powders and dry-type bases accentuate the lines and draw more attention to them.

"Let's Make Faces," by Candy Jones, published by Harper and Row, Publishers Inc., 49 East 33rd Street, New York 16.

Sunbake in moderation

ALTHOUGH I'm all for the beautifying effects that fresh air and moderate exposure to sunshine produce, I'm obliged to warn you about the bad effects too much sun has on your face.

You must have learned that excess sun can produce skin cancer.

Sunshine can be helpful or harmful to your complexion. Those with oily skins who are prone to blemishes find that their complexions improve with sensible doses of the sun's ultraviolet rays on their faces. Those with dry skins find they must step up their routine of skin nourishment with creams and lotions, even after modest sunbaths, if they want to keep their faces soft and unwrinkled.

A deep tan is seldom harmful to the skin of a girl under 21, because her youth has built-in skin oils that lubricate and keep her skin soft. But as the natural oils of the skin tend to decrease after a woman is 30, caution must be exercised in soaking up too much sun, especially on the face. Otherwise she hastens her own aging process by scorching her skin.

Suntan encouragers and discouragers as well as sunburn preventives and products to put or keep moisture in the skin when facing the sun are readily available. Whether you choose an expensive or inexpensive product, it is worth a hundred times its purchase price because it helps your precious skin remain supple and undamaged.

The dry areas of your skin should be frequently covered with sun lotion, cream, or oil. Thick applications belong on the sensitive area around and under the eyes.

Following your shower or bath, and after you've been in the direct or indirect rays of the sun for more than an hour, it is wise to apply a moisturiser to dry areas of the face and throat, whether or not you intend to wear make-up.

Women with dry skin absolutely **should** wear sun glasses to avoid the bake-in squint lines that bright sunlight can cause. Lips need frequent coatings of lipstick or lotion to prevent painful and disfiguring burns.

A girl looks physically fit and usually more radiant with a tan on her face and body — but not with a tan that leaves the skin (and eventually its texture) resembling tree bark.

What about FRECKLES?

WHEN someone else has freckles, women say, "How charming!" On their own faces it's a different story.

Well, think of Doris Day, Katie Hepburn, and Debbie Reynolds. A blonde, a redhead, and a brownette — all with many freckles to conceal, at least when they're professionally working.

Fortunately, as women grow past their mid-twenties, freckles have a kind way of fading, except when exposed constantly to the sun without a screening lotion on the skin.

Choose one of the three basic skin-tone types (peep between the freckles, Mary!) and select the desired shade of your foundation in a cream, cake-type, or all-in-one base. If you're trying to conceal the freckles, don't expect a thin base, such as a wet liquid or a liquid, to do the job.

For really hard-to-cover freckles, a complete second coating of foundation may be necessary.



CLEANLINESS

Let me remind you of the importance of bathing yourself in a spick-and-span basin. There probably are those who prefer the rain-in-the-face feeling of face-washing in the shower. This, however, is not the surest way to wash your face with any thought for your skin.

You need that freshly cleaned basin. And a clean soap dish, facecloth, and face towel, too. Need I remind you that these must be strictly your own private properties?

Ideally, a facecloth and face towel should be changed every other day. Blemished complexions need fresh washcloth and towel daily. Besides that, they need fresh pillowcases as often as possible, and not less often than every third day.

Keep this thought in mind: Bacteria multiplies on washcloths, damp towels, sponges, or complexion brushes left to dry in dark places. If you're not replacing it with a clean one for your next beauty-washing, wring or shake it out and allow it to dry in sunlight, or at least in fresh air.

As you soak and clean your combs and brushes before each shampoo, give your complexion brush or facial sponge a thorough refreshing, too.

If there are young children in the house, educate them early to understand that your combs, brushes, facecloths, and towels are for your personal use only.

Each member of the family is entitled to his and her own personal grooming and cleansing tools.

HIDE THAT BLEMISH

Now, about trying to hide a blemish—the kind word for a pimple. Naturally, you've been treating it sensibly without any squeezing or picking or other possibly scarring or infecting treatment.

If the blemish is open and draining, BE CAREFUL of what you cover it with. Actually, it is a small wound, and I am sure you wouldn't put a foundation base or any other type of cosmetic directly on or into an open sore or wound.

Before you apply anything—and here I mean after you have cleaned your face, and before applying base, stipple a medicated foundation in the correct shade over the blemish with a sterile, cotton-tipped swab. Allow it to dry thoroughly before applying anything else to your face.

In other words, you are medically coating it and, to some extent, sealing and concealing it. Proceed as usual with your make-up, going gently, of course, over the troubled spot.

Acne scars are a more difficult proposition to deal with. Each pitted spot must be treated individually to bring up each depressed area so that it is flush with the rest of the skin surface.

Like this: after the face has been prepared with foundation, take a dampened water-color brush and coat over the pit with cake-type foundation. Allow it to dry and stipple over it again—and—again—and, possibly, again. Thorough drying from one coating to the next is essential. Finally, buff around the edges of the pits with a clean cotton-tipped swab to remove traces of the base.

Do-it-yourself massage

● Here's the way we teach massage in my school.

The face is absolutely clean. Begin at the chinline. Pat the lubricant on the chin up to the lower lipline, along the jawline, and up to the earlobes. Place both thumbs touching under the chinbone and the three middle fingers of each hand on top of the chin. Open your mouth and draw the lower lip over the lower teeth, and tilt your head back. As you check your position in the mirror, you'll look as though you're peering down your nose.

Put more lubricant on the tips of your middle fingers and rub upwards and over your chin (up to your lip) in a semi-circle. Use a slightly firmer pressure with the thumbs and rub outward along the underside of the chinbone.

With mouth closed, move your thumbs (still beneath the jawbone) to a point a bit beyond the outer corners of your lips. Working with the three middle fingers low on the jawbone (they're bent, with the knuckles slightly out), straighten the fingers and press upward and outward toward the outer jaw and under the earlobes. *Don't pull on the flesh.* Hold middle fingers stationary on your jaw and trace under the jawbone out with the thumbs.

Add more lubricant to your index and middle fingers. Gently smooth over the space between upper lip and nose base, using outward motions. Now you're using just two fingers of each hand. When working at the outer nostrils, open your mouth and draw the upper lip down over the upper teeth to provide a smooth surface. Draw upward and outward half-circles. Continue the movement across the cheeks; move upward until you reach the top of the ears. Along the nose bones use only the middle finger in upward half-circles.

Put both thumbs under the chinline at the jaw hinges, straighten your fingers, and they should extend higher than your eyes. Add some lubricant and position your middle and index fingers at the outer hairline. Because you're massaging over the most delicate facial area, use the lightest touch possible. Keep the thumbs in place and move the entire hand inward as you skim the middle and index fingers across under the eyes and up on to the nose bridge, at the inner eye. Continue around the eye with the middle fingers.

Put more lubrication on your middle fingers to work above the eyes. Start where you just stopped, using only the middle fingers, over each eye. Keep the thumbs in position (on jaw hinges), turning the wrists outward as you gently smooth the middle fingers across the lids, to the outer eyes and over to the hairline. Return to the starting position, and this time move the middle fingers to smooth along the upper lid and beneath the arch of the brows outward—all the way to the hairline.

You have only the forehead left to do. Remove your thumbs from under the jawbone and place your middle fingers (the tips should touch) between your eyebrows. With three fingers, trace an upward outward arc across the forehead to your hairline. Work across and up until you have covered the whole forehead and have reached your hairline and temples.

Repeat the motions at least 10 times in each section of your face, adding lubrication as needed. Remember always to lift upward—never stretching.



LOVE AND SIR LANCELOT

He picked up an evening paper from the bar.

"If those blasted Associated Mutual shares have been bounding since the takeover. Pity I didn't get out. Aren't you and that young man of yours off for a gay time somewhere?" he asked suddenly. "Getting married next week, I should have thought you'd be up to the ears in muslin and orange blossoms and that sort of thing."

"I've got to help out over Christmas," explained Pat, polishing a glass. "I can't let the boss down, can I?"

Sir Lancelot sipped his whisky. "Besides," she added, arranging a dish of crisps, "I think Clive wants to work over the holidays. He says everything's coming to a climax in the lab."

Sir Lancelot felt for his pipe. "And, anyway," Pat ended, wiping a splash from the counter, "it's all off."

"Off?" demanded Sir Lancelot. "It was a crazy idea, really, I suppose." She went on wiping. "One of Clive's real mad ones. It could never have worked out."

"Rubbish," said Sir Lancelot. "His friends couldn't take me," Pat continued, wiping away. "Not that I cared. Oh, not a bit. It was water off a duck's back. Honest, it was, Sir Lancelot. But I'd only just held up Clive's career at the hospital. So I told him this morning we'd best go our own ways."

"But damn it, girl!" complained the surgeon. "He'll be in an absolutely pitiful state without you. How about his laundry?"

"It's all for the best," declared Pat, transferring the wiping operations to her eye.

"Have a drink," offered Sir Lancelot shortly.

THEY were interrupted by the entire male cast of the College play, arriving to fortify themselves for the performance. This was in defiance of their producer's orders, McWhittle having called everyone on stage after the dress rehearsal and announced, "Don't forget, ladies and gentlemen, that you have lines to remember tonight. I've no wish to sound a spoilsport, but I don't want any of you sneaking out to the pub before we ring up the curtain. We're putting this show on for the enjoyment of the audience, not of ourselves. If you're feeling a bit nervous, remember that pros never touch a drop before going on. It's in their contracts," he added knowingly.

"Ah, the hempen homespuns," quoted Sir Lancelot, transferring his attention to the students. "Gentlemen, I am in the chair."

His offer was received with more than usual enthusiasm, most of the players being in fact highly nervous indeed, particularly Filthy Fred. Shortly after Fred assumed Randolph's part, his colleague, LaSage, who had an eye for these things, dismissed Susan as an uphill struggle. Joining aside his advantages as her lover for three hours solidly, with intervals, LaSage concentrated instead on the pretty snub-nosed

speech therapist who had been co-opted to play the maid.

With McWhittle burning slowly with passion like a Scottish joss-stick safely beyond the footlights, Filthy Fred was left a free run with the leading lady on stage. By Christmas Eve he was desperately in love with her. As her murdered husband, he was determined to give the performance of his life until his death. He had already downed several vodkas, a drink to which he was not usually given, but he didn't want to smell when he kissed her.

"You will have a good house in the stalls, anyway," Sir Lancelot assured the players as Pat silently distributed the drinks. "Apart from the Nightriders, I shall be bringing

a peculiar family who seem to have confused me with Father Christmas. Where is young Randolph, by the way?" he inquired, looking round. "It's unlike him to miss a free drink."

"Checking his props, sir," explained Filthy Fred, reaching for another vodka. "He says he doesn't care for supper in College this evening."

"That makes two of us," nodded Sir Lancelot.

Randolph was in fact sitting alone on a property sofa on the dimly lit stage adding up his overtime on the wages of sin.

"Five hundred quid commish from Sir L," he was calculating

with a pencil on the back of his property plot. "Less a hundred to old Clingy for the intro, and two hundred in the post office for a rainy day . . ." He scratched his head. "Two hundred nicker on Hullabaloo at Uttoxeter at twenty to one, plus stake money, four thousand two hundred . . . less six hundred for the MG . . . three thousand quid in Associated Metals standing at thirty-five bob, capital gain to date, fifteen hundred smackers . . . By golly!"

His mind reeled at the prospect of such riches. But he stuffed the paper back in his pocket with a sigh. Like many men before, he asked himself the use of wealth when the only object he wanted was

beyond money to buy. It was galling the way Filthy Fred had taken up with Susan Grantchester.

Randolph got up and wandered below the stage to the cubby hole where he kept his properties. He found McWhittle inside sitting on a wicker hamper with a bottle of whisky.

"Hello," exclaimed Randolph. "What's up? Sort of second-hand stage fright?"

"That swine Filthy Fred," the producer growled. "I've half a mind to bash his ruddy face in just as soon as we don't need it any more for the show."

"Go on?" Randolph asked, trying to look innocent. "What's the trouble? Isn't he giving an adequate performance?"

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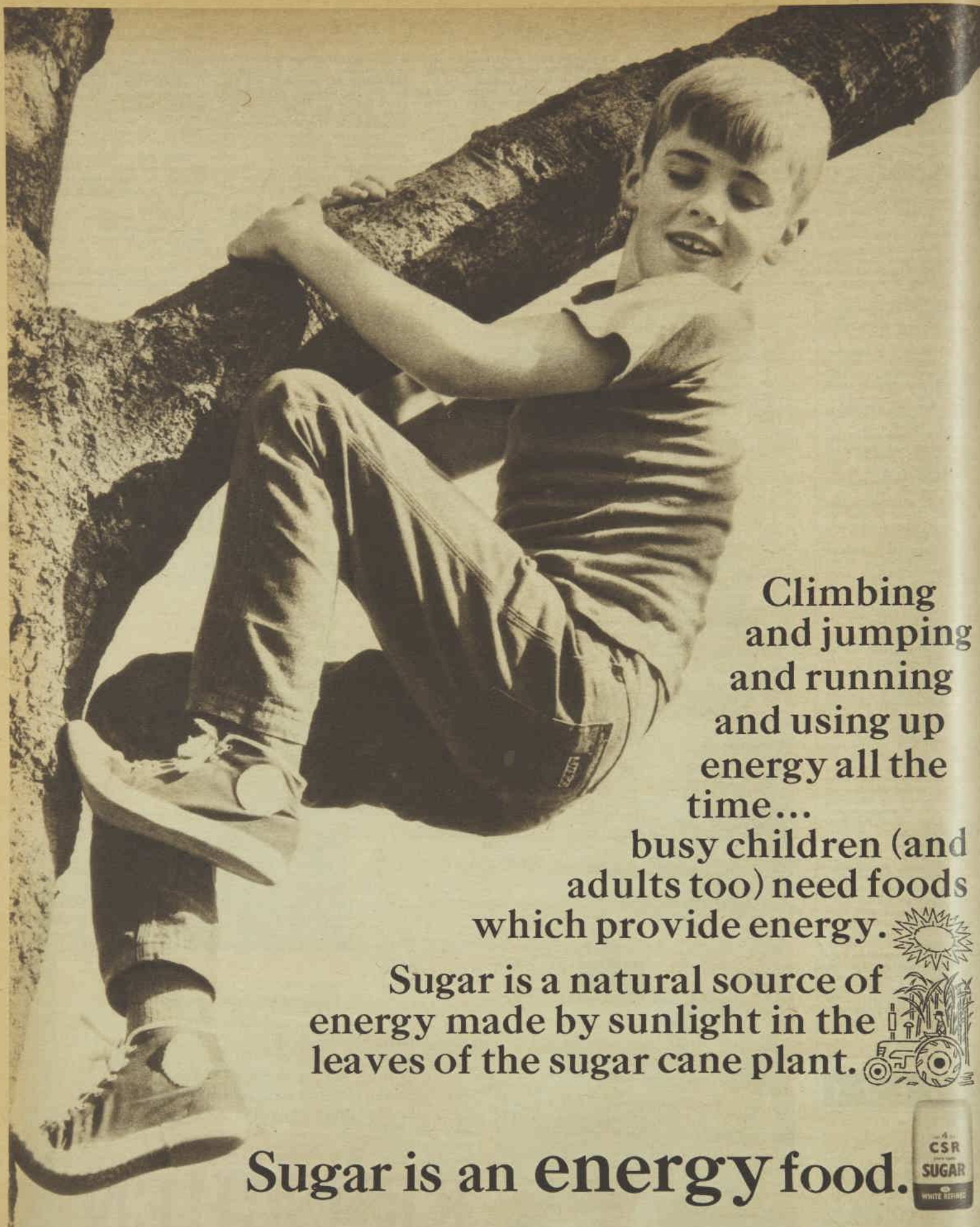
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uses for building new tissues.

Energy foods

Foods such as bread, butter, rice,
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and provide energy.

Protective foods

Protective foods like fresh fruit
and vegetables are rich in the
vitamins and minerals necessary
to your body for good health.

CSR 718

Everywhere in the world you find them jaunting happily from one romantic place to another. They are neither rich nor odd, nor of any particular group or nationality.

The Travelling Women

IN every airport in the world, in the bus stations, changing trains, waiting in a hotel lounge in Milan, London, Sydney, San Francisco, Bangkok, Beirut, and points north, west, east, and south are seen the members of what used to be a small, eccentric minority and has become a great, globe-straddling group.

They are the travelling women. They usually speak only one tongue (their own), but are oddly able to carry on conversations with travelling companions with a wealth of culture or a remnant of bilingual French, German, Italian.

Many of them are married

They travel alone or in pairs and enjoy it that way. They are not always spinners or widows or secretaries who have been saving for five years for the great adventure.

Many married women are in the group. Husbands are at home, being busy at the office; families have grown or there is a daughter married to a man in Montreal, a son engaged to a girl in Glasgow.

Any of these things can be the trigger which fires the visit to the travel agency. The folders with ex-

citing pictures and lists of wonderful places to be seen so easily prompt a decision.

A job for a year, a little legitimate juggling with the bank book, an unexpected legacy, or just an irresistible "bonnet over the windmill" mood has set the travelling women in motion.

So they arrive at Nandi, en route for Suva, at 1.30 a.m., stopping over in Tahiti, Mexico City, and New York.

They leave Boston at 8.15 p.m. and are walking around Westminster Abbey the next afternoon; fly in to Paris at lunch time and take off for Athens four days later.

On the way to all the places for which they are headed, they encounter others of their kind, form a brief intense friendship, and depart, having added another international address to the Christmas-card list.

There are difficulties and disappointments and moments of acute depression when homesickness sweeps in, and the impulse to take the next plane back has to be firmly discarded.

The will to move on suffers occasional paralysis.

Things go wrong. The accommodation arranged weeks before appears to be non-existent, and London in August is solidly booked for bed-and-breakfast.

The old friend who offered hospitality in Devon has to cancel the offer. The car which was going to Florence is headed in the opposite direction.

An essential piece of luggage vanishes. Inter-

national situations cause plans to be changed.

Such things darken the transient's life, but compensations occur regularly.

There are blissful compensations

There is, after all, a spare booking for the trip to Scandinavia, and the seat companion, another lone female, is a matching soul.

The coat left at Mexico City Airport appears miraculously in New York. The Frenchwoman who issued an invitation really meant it.

The first sight of the floodlit Parthenon floating against a dark sky is as completely satisfying as was the thought, now accomplished, of lunching on Mount Par-nassus.

By NANCE DONKIN

As one of these travelling women, now domestic again, back with the drip-dry shirts and the constant meals, I have forgotten the bad moments and the times of panic, the desire that somebody large and male would carry the suitcase, buy the tickets, arrange the booking, pick up the overnight bag, and lead me on.

There are no regrets, but there is a feeling of solid enrichment from the places seen, the new experiences, and the great pleasures to be found in new people.

Much of the satisfaction stems from the women, the other travelling women encountered on the way.

In Singapore, it was a Frenchwoman, whose English was worse than my French. We met at a hotel, went shopping, sightseeing, and, with occasional recourse to a small dictionary, communicated with reasonable efficiency.

She went on to Africa; I continued to Australia.

A Persian girl with an English degree and a dedication toward spreading knowledge within her own country watched with me the lights of Tehran blaze up toward the down-dropping aeroplane at 2 a.m.

In a bus in England an Indian, so lovely to look at she made the wet countryside seem sunny, confessed that three months ago she had cried all the way from Bombay to Beirut because she could not imagine how to manage without her hus-

band, whose business required him to stay at home.

She laughed at her early concern with the problems of cooking or of drying a six-yard sari in a bedsitter.

A New Zealand nurse in Athens, a retired American secretary in Cornwall, an American teacher at the Edinburgh Festival, the delightful sisters from South Africa with whom I explored Istanbul, a Japanese student in Cambridge, the exquisite Thai girl in Bangkok, the fat, funny, enormously entertaining Scots-woman on an overnight train to London, a man from Chile who told me her life story from Mexico City

to New York, these and all the other travelling women who shared seats and meals and rugs provided a large share of my enjoyment.

The travelling woman, naturally, meets the travelling man, and her attitude determines the treatment she will receive.

The lone woman need not, necessarily, be lorn.

If she sits in stiff-necked apprehension of a conversational approach, makes no effort toward alleviating the sameness of ten shared hours in a plane, she deserves her isolation.

A man is not trying to make a pass because he offers a glass of wine with the meal tray.

When he carries her suitcase, he is not also carrying a torch.

A cup of coffee on a train, a glass of beer accepted at steamy midnight in the noisy lounge of a tropical airport while a plane refuels, is not the cup or glass of guilt.

Good companions come in both male and female dress.

Finally, she's a true cosmopolitan

Air travel has shrunk the world to the cliché acceptance of a small place and the planes which whoosh in and out of every big airport carry coincidence on the passenger list.

It is astounding that an Australian far from home should encounter in Istanbul an English acquaintance; meet, in a waiting-room in Rome, a daughter's former swain; be greeted in a packed pavilion at the New York World Fair by the man from the local suburban bookshop; share a cafe table in Paris with an American couple last seen in Stockholm; see the Acropolis in company with two Abyssinian students who had lived in Melbourne; see the crowds part in a London foyer to show the beaming face of somebody's cousin from Sydney.

Such coincidences, at first received with wide-eyed disbelief, are soon accepted. The familiar face seen some thousand miles off orbit seems inevitable in a world where population movement appears continuous. And, to the travelling woman, such coincidences seem, finally, a delicious endorsement of her cosmopolitan stature.

Hints to keep your home free of insect pests



To protect children and food from disease-carrying flies spray with "Safe" Pea-Beu liquid insecticide. The powerful wide-spreading action of non-poisonous Pea-Beu quickly kills off all flies and other insect pests, does not contaminate food and can be used in the presence of children and pets. It is pleasantly perfumed and is recommended for the nursery or kiddie's bedroom.



As mosquitoes prefer shadowed and darkened areas always spray toward pelmets, curtains, the shadow side of furniture and dark room corners. "Wide" umbrella-spreading action Pea-Beu kills with amazing rapidity yet is "Safe" and non-poisonous and can be used even when children are present without harming or irritating the lungs.



Powerful high-potency Pea-Beu insecticide should be regularly sprayed into dog blankets and kennels to kill off all harbouring fleas. "Safe" umbrella-spreading action Pea-Beu penetrates every crack and crevice and can be used in the presence of animals. The powerful "Safe" easy to use Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide comes as a boon to the Australian housewife and is now available mainly through chemists and stores.

ART CONTEST FOR CHILDREN

Attention, boys and girls under 12! Paint or draw a picture of your mother and win a cash prize.

First prize — £50 (100 dollars).

Second prize — £25 (50 dollars).

Third prize — £10 (20 dollars).

Fourth prize — £5 (10 dollars).

Plus 100 prizes of (2 dollars) each.

Your picture can be a head and shoulders, full-length. Choose any pose. Perhaps you would like to show Mother sewing, gardening, cooking, driving a car, going to work.

You may use any method, colour or black-and-white, for your picture—crayons, pencils, oils, watercolors,

poster colors, or drawing in ink or pencil.

The picture can be as small as you like, but it must be no bigger than a page of The Australian Women's Weekly.

You may send any number of entries, but each entry must have attached to the back of it a coupon from The Australian Women's Weekly (see one at right).

The contest is open to boys and girls whose 12th birthday is after February 4.

The picture must be your own unaided work.

(Children or brothers and sisters of employees of Australian Consolidated Press are not eligible.)

All entries must reach us on or before Friday, February 4. Address them to Mother's Picture Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Winning entries will be

chosen by a panel of judges including our Editor and Art director and Arthur Boothroyd, who is well known to readers for his fiction illustrations.

We cannot return any entries. Do not send postage on return envelopes.

MOTHER'S PICTURE CONTEST

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

DATE OF BIRTH



Australian Gouda—firm and smooth.



Australian Samsøe—rich and mellow.



Australian Romano—full of sharp.

discover the fun of discovering Australian Cheese...

No need to tell this happy party to say 'cheese' for the camera! You can see they're having a barrel of fun finding out which of the more than thirty kinds of Australian cheeses they like best.

See how attractive, how appetising a table of cheeses looks? Not everyone will like the same cheese but—not to worry—there are as many different cheese tastes as there are different shapes and textures. Flavour runs from very mild to very sharp and tasty.

There are smooth cheeses, crumbly cheeses . . . soft, firm, and hard cheeses . . . 'holey' cheeses and cheeses with 'built-in' pepper-

corns! And cheese can come in almost any shape it seems—ball-shaped, square, round, loaf-shaped—even pear-shaped!

Speaking of shape, you couldn't name a food that helps to keep you in better shape than Australian cheese. It's just chock-full of health-making, body-building proteins and concentrated energy that on-the-go young people need.

Get to know Australian cheeses—gather the gang . . . let 'em loose on a 'cheese discovery' party. There's a most useful folder that's yours for the asking.* It will help you to show off a little, by being something of an expert on Australian cheese types. Or you can let the people

at your local cheese counter be the experts.

Taste an Australian cheese today—it's so right at any time, for any meal.

**discover how little it costs
to discover Australian Cheese**



* Write to Dairy Foods Services, Australian Dairy Produce Board, 406 Lonsdale Street, Melbourne, C.I. Victoria.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 2, 1968

AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● Are you sure your daughters are getting all the extras they need at school — all those little refinements of education that will fit them to take their place in the world?

FOR instance, what have they been taught about diamonds? Final-year students at Cygnet House, one of London's most exclusive girls' schools, were taken recently to Cartiers to attend a lecture by the head of the firm, Mr. Harjes Cartier.

"Frightfully important schooling for girls approaching engageable age," the headmistress said.

The girls, the lecturer, and the headmistress who accompanied the nine girls, all took the matter with deadly seriousness. "Never be dazzled by the shimmering sparkle of a diamond, particularly if you're on holiday in the Far East," they were told. "The stone could be found to have a yellow streak, and that's not good."

How about the young men these engageable girls are likely to become engaged to? I should think they might quite easily show a yellow streak themselves, faced by a brand-new fiancée who whipped out a jeweller's glass and made an expert appraisal of the tenderly offered ring!

But more cheering news for the fiancées — the girls were told not to develop a yearning for rock-sized rings.

"Don't go for size — go for quality," Mr. Cartier told them. "A small stone without a flaw is infinitely superior to a large stone with a flaw. Diamonds never depreciate. They keep pace with the cost of living . . . and that always goes up and up."

Well, he might have something there. My engagement ring finally wore out and ended up on the council tip. Those were less affluent days, and I decided that I didn't really want an engagement ring when what we were going to need much more desperately was furniture.

Armchairs, unlike diamonds, don't last for ever, nor does their cost go up and up in line with the cost of living!

Walking on one foot made of cotton-wool

TALKING of furniture, there has been some interesting research done by the furniture review committee of the N.S.W. Department of Education. Almost all students and office workers, they found, are using furniture which is the wrong height for them, and is likely to lead in time to swollen legs and ankles, circulatory troubles, and sciatic pains.

For centuries, manufacturers have gone on making tables too high and chairs 18in. high, regardless of the different heights of people using them.

At this point I broke off, went and turned over the piles of holiday junk accumulated in Mike's room, found a ruler, and measured the desk and chair I'm using. Sure enough, thirty inches, and eighteen, so that my elbows are below the level of the table-top.

Now this, perhaps, explains my ingrained habit of sitting on one foot while I'm using a typewriter.

It's not ideal, because the foot goes to sleep after a while, and when the telephone suddenly rings and I hop up quickly to answer it, it's like walking on one good foot and one made from cotton-wool.

Women using typewriters, according to these investigations, need 25in. tables and 16in. chairs.

Desk workers should use a footrest

IF you're not game to start sawing bits off the legs of your furniture (and you'd better not, unless you're an expert woodworker, or they'll end up, Japanese-style, about 6in. from the floor) what you should do is this:

Raise the height of the chair seat with a hard cushion until the elbows are level with the table-top. Measure the distance from the top of the newly adjusted chair seat to the floor. Subtract from this figure the length of the lower leg, measured with your shoes off. The final sum will equal the height to which your footrest should be adjusted.

According to the experts, footrests are a must for people who sit working at desks for long periods. You should, they say, sit on your seat, not support your weight on the

soft part of your thighs. One typist, the investigators claim, increased her speed by 15 words a minute in 10 days, simply by raising her chair seat $\frac{1}{4}$ in. till her elbows were level with the table-top and using a footrest adjusted to the right height.

These posture problems, they say, can have a marked effect on the progress of schoolchildren. If they have to use furniture of the wrong height, so that their legs dangle and their elbows are at the incorrect height, they suffer from indolence and the inability to absorb knowledge.

Was that my trouble? I can remember sitting day after day and week after week with my legs twisted round the

legs of the Austrian bentwood-type chairs we had at school, and the back of my heels resting at a peculiar angle on the outside edge of the cross-bars.

How much kinder it would have been if teachers, instead of writing rude remarks about my lack of concentration and application, had simply said, "We cannot expect intellectual brilliance from Margaret until such time as her legs grow enough to reach the ground."

I think schools pay a lot more attention now to proper seating, though the great variations in sizes of the children in any class must make it hard.

It'd be a good idea for parents to see that tables and chairs for doing homework are the right height, but how do you make the little brutes use them?

Our children have always elected to work on the floor, as near as possible to some source of entertainment and as far as possible from what Hugh and I regard as a decent working light.



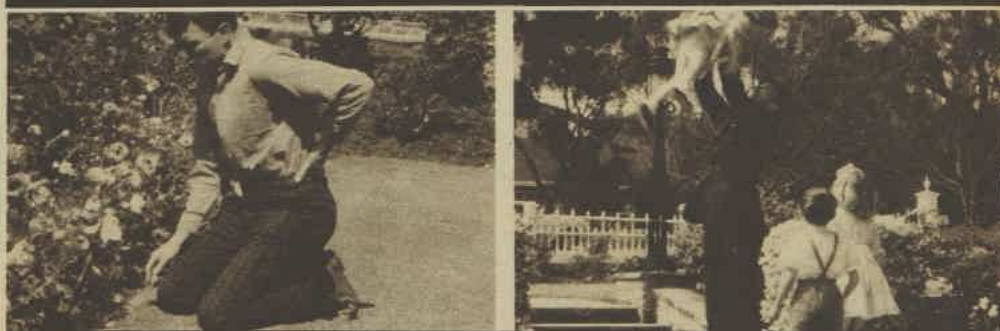
Suffering rheumatic or muscular pains?

Time to take Mackenzie's Menthoids



Hampered by unhealthy overweight?

Time to take Mackenzie's Menthoids



For energy and vitality

Time to take Mackenzie's Menthoids



Regain your energy and vitality . . .

If you are weary, headachy or overweight start a course of Mackenzie's Menthoids today. Begin taking one or two Menthoids each night and follow the "way of living" chart. See how your rheumatic aches, pains and headaches are relieved as you regain your healthy normal weight.

Mackenzie's Menthoids help cleanse your system of toxins, help your kidneys and supply essential trace elements to restore your energy.

There are no side effects with Mackenzie's Menthoids—they are completely safe for the most delicate persons.

Send a stamped addressed envelope for your copy of the Mackenzie's Menthoids "way of living" chart to Mackenzie's Menthoids Department, P.O. Box 31, Arncliffe, N.S.W.

M.M.I.

LOVE AND SIR LANCELOT

McWhittle produced a laugh like something jamming in a piece of heavy machinery. "His performance is too damn adequate, that's what. Have a drink," he offered thickly. Like many blustery young men, alcohol produced an effect on him with enviable economy.

"Disgusting, that's the only word," McWhittle continued as Randolph poured whisky into one of the property glasses. "Playing up to Susan." "Perhaps you're just imagining it, old man?" Randolph tried to console him.

"Imagining? That blasted man doesn't leave anything to the imagination." The producer stuck out a hand. "Shake, old man. After all, you were once after her, too."

"How on earth did you suspect?" demanded Randolph.

McWhittle took another gulp. "Can't imagine what Susan sees in a neolithic specimen like Fred," speculated Randolph. "Perhaps it's the way his ears stick out."

"The way they nuzzle on that sofa before my very eyes!" McWhittle continued bitterly. "It's a wonder the audience don't lose the thread of the plot. I'd like to take the blunt instrument to him and no mistake."

"Look, old man," Randolph pointed out handsomely. "Why don't you have a go at the speech therapist and make Susan jealous?"

He shook his head sadly. "There is only one Susan. And, anyway,

the other girl's voice gives me the willies."

Sir Lancelot dined that night off a tray in his study, explaining that he was overwhelmed with work. Just before eight he gathered Mr. and Mrs. Nightrider, Lady Spratt, and the Shufflewell family in the Lodge hall.

"I'm sure we're going to amuse ourselves immensely," smiled Mr. Nightrider to Ma, taking charge of proceedings as usual. "Are you fond of the theatre, Mrs. Shufflewell?"

"Many's a lovely cry I've had when Pop used to take me in the old days. He does enjoy a theatre so, does Pop. What a pity he can't be here tonight."

The others agreed it was a real shame.

"Enjoying your lollipop, little girl?" beamed Mr. Nightrider.

"Yes, thank you."

"I'm really quite glad to see Randolph taking an interest in amateur theatricals, Lancelot," he added, as his brother-in-law opened the street door. "I was always most keen on them myself. But, of course, such activities are out of the question now I am to become a Min — mince-pie consumer."

"Why," cried Ma, as a fat, sporty-looking man in a check waistcoat came hurrying up the steps. "There's Pop."

"Hello, Pop!" cried the Shufflewells.

"So you got away," exclaimed Ma as he gave kisses all round. "How nice!"

"I'm absolutely delighted you could be reunited with your family over Christmas," announced Mr. Nightrider, warmly introducing himself. "This is Sir Lancelot Spratt, a distinguished medical gentleman."

"Great honor to meet you, sir," asserted Mr. Shufflewell. "I have the greatest respect for the medical profession, sir. It has given me a very great deal in the past, sir."

"I think we should get out of the cold," was all Sir Lancelot could manage to mutter. "Unless, Mr. Shufflewell, you happen to have another busload of relatives round the corner?"

"This is the lot, sir. Just one happy family."

"A happy family indeed!" smiled Mr. Nightrider.

"How nice!" concurred Ma. "What is this exacting business of yours, Mr. Shufflewell?" added Mr. Nightrider as they crossed the street.

"I am a dealer, sir."

"Oh, really? What sort of dealer?"

"You might say a general dealer, sir."

"How interesting," murmured Mr. Nightrider. "And now the play's the thing," he declared, as they entered the crowded Founden Hall.

ABOUT two-thirds of the audience were staff and patients and the rest local inhabitants, who were staring at the fantastic contraptions round sufferers from the orthopaedic wards and feeling anything on the stage would be an anticlimax. The students in the auditorium were already singing "Why Are We Waiting?" and broke into ironical cheers, smilingly acknowledged by Mr. Nightrider, as Sir Lancelot led in his party. The surgeon took a seat in the middle of the front row next to his brother-in-law and lit a cigar in a thoroughly bad temper.

The slow handclap broke out as the secretary of the St. Swithin's Musical Society, who backstage had already played records of the overture from "Orpheus In the Underworld" and "William Tell" three times each, gave them a fourth offering.

There was a flash from the footlights in front of Sir Lancelot's nose as a bulb blew out. Shivering of the curtain announced somebody peering anxiously at the opposition. A roar acclaimed the dimming of the house-lights, but immediately they went up again. Nobody in the audience was particularly disturbed by all this. It was exactly the same every year.

"There would seem to be some hitch backstage," murmured Mr. Nightrider, looking at his watch.

Nobody could find Filthy Fred. "Have you looked in his room?" demanded McWhittle wildly to Randolph. "I suppose he couldn't possibly be in the King George or somewhere drinking?"

"Absolutely sunk without trace, old man."

"Not a word to Susan," he enjoined urgently. "She's a very sensitive performer."

After ten minutes they had a phone call to say Fred was being sick in Casualty.

"It's all right," Filthy Fred muttered, while Randolph and McWhittle rubbed carmine make-up on his ashen cheeks. "It was vodka, so no one can tell from my breath."

Sir Lancelot was halfway through his cigar, with his mind on Clive Money Penny and Pat. He hoped the idiotic girl hadn't jilted him just because of Deirdre Ivors-Smith's poisonous lunch party. You may be wondering — quite as much as the couple themselves — why Sir Lancelot should take such a fatherly interest in them. But he, too, was once in love with the barmaid in the King George.

Her name was Rose, she wore flame-colored dresses and silk stockings with clocks on them, and they used to Charleston together wildly. One night he took her to see Talulah Bankhead and nearly proposed to her afterwards in the taxi. But unlike Clive he hadn't the courage. She married the gin traveller, and

For "Happy Motoring" this long weekend...

PUT A TIGER IN YOUR TANK!



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You'll get more pleasure out of driving with Esso Extra. It works three ways to give you livelier performance:

1. **Cleaning Power!** Dirt can clog even a new carburetor in a few months of normal operation — causing hard starting and rough idling. Your very

first tankful of New Esso Extra will start to clear away these deposits to improve power and mileage.

2. **Firing Power!** Spark plug and cylinder deposits can cause misfiring, pre-ignition and hot spots. New Esso Extra neutralizes these harmful deposits to help your engine fire smoothly and efficiently.

3. **Extra Power!** Power-formula Esso gives you the energy that most cars now need for full performance without knocking.

You'll get something extra for your money with New Power-formula Esso Extra—it's like putting a tiger in your tank!

Happy Motoring!



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LOVE AND SIR LANCELOT

Continued from page 38

though Sir Lancelot felt things probably more in order by his later carrying little Miss Nightrider, he now reflected that Rose might at least have brought him a reasonable number-in-law.

"Now the fun begins," declared Mr. Nightrider, as the hall was abruptly plunged into pitch darkness and the curtain went up.

The footlights flashed on to illuminate the first scene between the chauffeur and the maid. As the chauffeur was a squat, black-skinned, totally inaudible student known as The Hunk, and as the French therapist playing the maid threw bell-like words to the farthest limits of the hall, they struck the audience as an odd pair of domestic. As they disappeared and Susan tripped on in riding habit, Randolph stationed himself worshipfully in the wings. He felt a jog, and saw McWhittle beside him ordering a drink.

"Taste that!" hissed the producer. "By golly!" exclaimed Randolph. "Gold tea." Their eyes strayed to the bottle of whisky on the sideboard, awaiting Filthy Fred's entrance. "I must have mixed the bottles up," Randolph confessed. "That one on stage is yours."

"Is that you, darling?" called Susan.

"Who else?" demanded Filthy Fred, coming through the french windows and kissing her with a more preoccupied air than usual. "I need a drink," he announced, ordering half a tumbler from the bar and swallowing it.

THE audience roared at the magnificent splutter.

"Very comic," Mr. Nightrider smiled at Sir Lancelot. "I doubt if Jimmy Edwards could do better."

"Where have you been, my love?" Filthy Fred went on, managing to stare at Susan.

"Where do I ever go?" she replied coolly.

"I wouldn't be surprised if you'd see young Derrington again in the woods," he declared suspiciously.

"Oh?" she asked indifferently.

"I'm going to have another drink," he told her brutally.

"I never thought I'd end up married to an alcoholic," she declared bitterly.

Filthy Fred took the second drink more slowly.

"Where have you been, my love?" he inquired.

"Where do I ever go?" she replied coolly.

"I wouldn't be surprised if you'd see young Derrington in the woods," he declared suspiciously.

"Oh?" she asked indifferently.

"I'm going to have another drink," he told her brutally.

"I never thought I'd end up married to an alcoholic," she declared bitterly.

"Where have you been, my love?" he asked, after the third one.

At the end of a long silence, Susan hissed, "We've done that bit."

"I beg your pardon?" asked Filthy Fred politely.

"We've just done it."

"Oh. Sorry. I'm going to have another drink," he announced after a pause, and fell on his face.

The curtain came down to up-
perious applause.

"Dear me," exclaimed Mr. Nightrider. "The poor fellow's fainted."

Then they had "Orpheus in the underworld" and "William Tell" yet again.

"Ladies and gentlemen," announced McWhittle, appearing before the curtain a few minutes later, looking quite as pale as Filthy Fred. "I'm afraid Mr. Forcelyke is indisposed—"

Roars of, "Is there a doctor in the house?"

"And his part will be taken over a short notice by Mr. Randolph Nightrider. We'll start again from the beginning."

"My son," whispered Mr. Nightrider proudly to Pop Shuffell on the other side. "I always say he's not in an emergency."

"I'm enjoying this, and no mistake," declared Pop warmly.

"Next year I'm going to spend Christmas in bed," muttered Sir Lancelot.

Randolph made his entrance standing on one leg, and advanced on Susan. As soon as he kissed her, he knew he was in business.

"Merry Christmas, my dear," Sir Lancelot addressed Lady Spratt at seven the next morning, producing from a secret hiding place in his bedside cupboard a pair of gold and ruby earrings.

"Merry Christmas, my love," returned Lady Spratt, producing from a secret hiding place in her wardrobe a large box.

Sir Lancelot opened it to find a couple of bright silk T-shirts,

tropical trousers, swimming trunks, sandals, and a sporty light straw hat.

"Come in useful during the summer. I'm sure," he thanked her, gruffly. He had been hoping for a box of cigars. "I think I'll have my bacon and eggs up here this morning," he added, starting the business of the day.

"Oh, dear me, no, Lancelot. Cornflakes only, I'm afraid. With all those peculiar Shuffell people lodging in the students' rooms, the cook's liable to walk out any minute."

"On Christmas Day?" he scowled.

"It's unthinkable."

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LULUBELLE



"Could I interest YOU in buying a complete set, in first-class condition, never been touched?"



1. Flies swarm over an unprotected arm . . .



2. A short spray with cool, clean Aerogard . . .



3. Flies are driven off in a frenzy - it really works!

Spray on Aerogard

Flies and biting insects will never bother you



Aerogard is cool, clean and so easy to apply. Simply spray Aerogard on exposed skin to avoid painful bites from mosquitoes and sandflies. A light spray on exposed skin and clothing repels annoying flies. Just one spray with Aerogard repels insect pests for hours.

Aerogard gives complete outdoor protection against biting and annoying insect pests. Aerogard is available at all chemists and stores. Aerogard Pocket size, 8/6. Aerogard Large Economy size, only 11/6. Prices may be slightly higher in some country areas.



A MESSAGE FROM THE DECIMAL CURRENCY BOARD

HOW TO GO SHOPPING WITH YOUR NEW MONEY

Here is some helpful advice



50c = 5/-



20c = 2/-



10c = 1/-



5c = 6d.



2c = 2.4d.



1c = 1.2d.

Will you find the new money hard to use? No! At first you will notice the new money is different. But you will quickly become familiar with it and find it easy to use. When will the new money come in? From 14th February, 1966, dollars and cents will come into circulation all over Australia. However, pounds, shillings and pence will still be in circulation and can be used anywhere in Australia. Why will we have two kinds of money—Dollars and Cents, and Pounds, Shillings and Pence? Thousands of businesses, including shops, now operating in £ s. d., cannot be changed overnight to dollars and cents. So, for a period, you will shop with pounds, shillings and pence, and with dollars and cents. It's important to remember that the pounds, shillings and pence will not lose their value.

What are the values of the new notes?

\$1 (brownish) = 10/-; \$2 (greenish) = £1;
\$10 (blueish) = £5; \$20 (reddish) = £10.
Only four to remember!

What are the values of the new coins? 1 cent . . . five equal 6d. exactly. One cent is worth a little more than one penny. 2 cents . . . five equal 10 cents or 1/- exactly. 5 cents . . . 6d. exactly (use 5 cents as you'd use sixpence). 10 cents . . . 1/- exactly (use 10 cents as you'd use a shilling). 20 cents . . . 2/- exactly (use 20 cents

as you'd use two shillings). 50 cents . . . 5/- exactly (use as you'd use 5/-).

How do you use two kinds of money together? You see, for instance, an article priced at 50c (= 5/-). To pay for it, you could offer any combination that adds up to 5/- or 50c and you'd be right. For example—one 20c coin, one shilling and four 5 cent coins. Or a single 50c coin. Or one 2/- coin, two 10 cent coins, and two sixpences—or any other coins that add up to 50 cents.

What if you don't have the right amount when shopping?

1. If the price is in dollars and cents, and you have pounds, shillings and pence—then offer to the next sixpence above the price. For example, if you buy 1 dozen eggs priced at 61c . . . offer 6/6 (= 65c) . . . your change should be 4c.

2. If the price is in pounds, shillings and pence, and you have dollars and cents—then offer the next five cents above the price. For example, if you buy a loaf of bread for 1/2d . . . offer 15 cents (= 1/6) . . . your change should be 4d. Remember sixpence equals exactly five cents.

Read and keep your Decimal Currency Book! It's called "Dollars and Cents and You." With it there's a lift-out "Shopper's Conversion Card" that gives you all the values and equivalents of both moneys. Take it with you when you go shopping.



THERE IS A DECIMAL CURRENCY
INFORMATION BOOTH at your G.P.O.

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☐ PERTH 23 1664

☐ MELBOURNE 63 9734
☐ HOBART 34 2033

Dress Sense

By
BETTY KEEP

● The queries and answers on this page are the most recently asked questions in my mail. The one-piece dress with its short, pleated skirt (left) is my design choice for a teenager. The semi-fitted coat (right) was chosen for a Melbourne reader.



6382.—Tailored one-piece dress with panel-pleated skirt in teen sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 30, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Vogue pattern 6382. Price 5/9 includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders.

6367.—Semi-fit coat (pattern also includes a step-in tailored dress) in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Price 8/6 includes postage. Vogue pattern 6367 is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders.

HERE is part of the teenager's letter and my reply:

"Would you please design me a style for a tailored day frock suitable for white pique? I am 17, dark, and wear my hair in a straight fringe. I take a 32-inch bust. I will need a pattern for the frock you choose."

The dress I have chosen for you is illustrated above, left. The dress, as requested in your letter, is tailored. New features to note: Semi-fit elongated bodice, panel-pleated skirt, and general trim look. A paper pattern for the design is available. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

Here is part of the Melbourne reader's letter and my reply:

"Have you a pattern for an edge-to-edge coat to make in a light wool fabric? I am pattern size 18 and I want the style to be tailored and plain. The fabric is a pale beige—nearly white."

Illustrated above, right, is the coat I have chosen in answer to your letter. It is single-breasted and fastened with self-material loops and buttons. A paper pattern is available in your size; the pattern also includes an A-shaped step-in dress with a centre-front closing. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"Could you advise me about clothes for a fashionable cruise? Will I take cocktail and evening dresses and will my husband take a dinner jacket? We have sports clothes to wear during the day."

You have planned correctly for day wear, but I suggest you add a cardigan or some type of light wrap—breezes off the ocean can be quite cool. You will change for dinner, but these days a cocktail dress or even a pretty day dress is accepted as being correct.

During the cruise there is sure to be some type of gala occasion, such as a captain's dinner. For this special night it is rather nice to take something extra formal. For a gala night your husband

could, if he wishes, change into a dinner suit. Other nights, a dark lounge suit is adequate. Best wishes for a pleasant holiday!

"I have a late-day frock in nylon lace. Would it be safe to wash the dress?"

Quite safe if you are sure that linings are also nylon. All nylon fabrics launder well and are quick-drying. You should press the dress with a cool iron.

"Can a bridesmaid wear flowers in her hair instead of a hat? The bridesmaid's dress is lemon."

Perfectly correct. The flowers can be real or artificial.

"Is it correct for a bride to wear her bridal frock and head-dress after the wedding? The gown is white crepe and has a small train."

The correct occasion to wear your wedding dress—and it would be minus train and headdress—is a formal evening reception or a formal dance. A bridal veil should never be worn again by the bride after the wedding ceremony.

"When entering a restaurant or hotel dining-room, is it correct to wear a fur wrap to the table or should it be left in the powder room?"

I suppose both are correct. I always wear my fur to the table and put it over the back of the chair.

"Do you think I could wear a black dress to a wedding?"

It is not customary in Australia to wear black to a wedding. A less sombre color would be better.

"Would a floral print be suitable for a coat? I have made a floral print frock and have enough of the floral for a coat."

Yes, it would. The dress and matching coat ensemble is very popular.

"Do you consider white too girlish for a woman of 40?"

No, I don't. White, according to how it is made, can look adult and sophisticated.

"She's an unthinkable cook."
"I presume we shall have a Christmas dinner?"
"Eight o'clock in Hall, if I have to cook it myself," Lady Spratt promised.

When Sir Lancelot finally came downstairs to be greeted by Pop Shufflewel and Mr. Nightrider, he began to feel that Scrooge may have had a point after all.

"Merry Christmas, my dear Lancelot," Mr. Nightrider called round the decorated tree. "You really must witness the splendid act of reasonable charity being performed by our excellent Mr. Shufflewel here."

"And a very merry Christmas to you, sir," added Pop Shufflewel,

sticking his thumbs in his waistcoat. "As you know, sir, I am a general dealer, and I was very lucky being able to get my hands on a few reasonable commodities."

He indicated several dozen cases of wine stacked in the hall, inspected solemnly by little Marylin, sucking two lollipops at once.

"These goodies, Sir Lancelot, would be my pleasure to give the poor people suffering in the hospital opposite." The expectant couple, Greg and Milly, staggered through the door with another case. "Put it down careful, Greg boy, it's valuable."

"Naturally, I do not approve the widespread consumption of alcoholic drink," indicated Mr. Nightrider,

"but at Christmas I'm sure the patients will greatly appreciate a glass of claret with their dinner. Unfortunately, the National Health Service does not allow more than a bottle of brown ale to celebrate the festival. I shall certainly look into the regulations once I am in charge of the Min-minions," he ended vacantly.

"You're being generous with a damn good year," grunted Sir Lancelot. "That's Lynch Bages 'fifty-five, isn't it?"

"I can see you're a connoisseur, sir. I have reserved these cases here for your festive table tonight."

"I think it would be best if I made the distribution myself," decided Mr. Nightrider, accompany-

ing Sir Lancelot into the Warden's study. "Mr. Shufflewel would be quite lost in St. Swithin's. My photographer will no doubt wish to record the happy occasion. By the way," he added, as the surgeon shut the door, "I suppose that bumptious young man Money-penny will be in the hospital today for the general jollifications?"

"I should think it extremely unlikely he'll be within miles of the place."

"Oh. Pity." Mr. Nightrider looked disappointed. "You see, I'd rather like to appear with him as one of my proteges when I take over the Ministry. It all helps, you know."

Sir Lancelot frowned. "If you

wish to stretch the seasonal goodwill like corset elastic, I suppose it's your affair."

"Of course, his work is terribly important. At least, that's what Colonel Lexington says. I wouldn't know, I am an administrator, not a technician."

Sir Lancelot tugged his beard. "Important? Struck me about as relevant to clinical medicine as the measurements of the Great Pyramid."

"My dear Lancelot, you can be frank with me." He helped himself to one of his brother-in-law's cigars. "Please remember I shall soon stand at the pinnacle of the Health Service. It's about this nerve gas."

"What nerve gas?" demanded Sir Lancelot shortly.

"You mean you don't know?" Mr. Nightrider looked pained. "All happening in your own hospital, too. I hope you will not think me overstepping the bounds of family courtesy by expressing a little surprise." He struck one of Sir Lancelot's matches. "You know the Army have this gas which paralyzes people? Curare-like, I believe you call it. Your anaesthetists use the drug by injection, I understand. He blew a puff of smoke. "Well, young Money-penny has found the antidote."

"Good grief!" muttered Sir Lancelot. "After the holiday I'd certainly better get hold of — what the devil are you doing there?" he broke off to young Arnold, asleep in the big chair by the fire.

"Oh! Sorry, Guv'nor." He stretched. "Didn't sleep very well last night. Insomnia. I'm a martyr to it."

"As far as I'm concerned you can sink into a profound coma until Boxing night, as long as you don't do it in my presence. Now get out."

FROM THE BIBLE

● Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged.

— Matthew 7:1,2

"Sure, Guv'nor." He shuffled his feet. "Wouldn't like to make a Christmas donation for our poor friendless old folk, would you?"

"I happen to be one of them. Now if you will kindly all leave me in peace, I can get through some pressing work before appearing at midday to be jolly in the wards."

It was traditional at St. Swithin's on Christmas morning for the consultants to breeze cheerfully among any patients unlucky enough to be locked up in the place, in the spirit that Army officers serve their men's turkey and pud.

As Simon Sparrow drove Nikki and his four-year-old son through the crisp sunshine, he felt he wasn't in a mood to breeze cheerfully among even a gala night of the Bacchanalian revels. He'd never remembered a more miserable Christmas. The Ann Beverley affair lingered, even after Nikki accepted he wasn't on the point of eloping with her to Reno.

His wife was, in fact, being very brave about it, often observing as she dished out his supper, "Of course, I am only a housewife. You can't expect me to go round like some glamorous film star when I've a house to run and a child to look after and a couple of clinics a week in the local reform school." He found this particularly irritating, which was reasonable, as she intended it to be.

Much more depressing was Dr. Defoe and his five thousand pounds.

"As a second mortgage on the house is laughable," he announced, driving his small car into the St. Swithin's courtyard. "I shall have to fire the final shot in locker."

"Which is?"

"I shall try and borrow the money from Ann Beverley."

"You will not try and borrow the money from Ann Beverley!"

Simon shrugged his shoulders.

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This feeling



could only be Johnson's.

The world's best talc
gives you the world's
best feeling.
Johnson's Baby Powder:
best for baby, best for you.



Johnson-Johnson

Continued from page 42

"Now the locker looks like Mother Hubbard's cupboard, I'll come up with a suggestion," declared Nikki.

"Which is?"

"You'll try and borrow the money from Sir Lancelot Spratt."

"I will certainly not try and borrow the money from Sir Lancelot Spratt!"

He looked for somewhere to park.

"Well, at least you might ask him for advice," Nikki backed down.

"Rather difficult when we haven't been on speaking terms for a week."

"Perhaps today he'll be radiating the Christmas spirit?"

"Anything Sir Lancelot radiates in my direction I wouldn't touch with the end of a Geiger counter," ended Simon, switching off the engine.

SIMON found the senior surgeon jovial enough, watching Mr. Night-rider being photographed handing a bottle of claret to a mystified old lady, who believed it was all some new form of treatment.

"Ah, Simon, there you are," Sir Lancelot boomed. "Merry Christmas. By the way, my boy," he added, digging him in the ribs, "I'll save you the bother and indignity of trying to fix the committee over the Warden-ship. I happen to have clinched it already."

"Oh, really?" Simon had totally forgotten about such trivial business in the past few days.

"I'm afraid, young man, you will have to know a trick or two more before taking on a seasoned campaigner like me," Sir Lancelot beamed at him.

Simon licked his lips. After all, his situation was too desperate for the luxury of pride. The old boy certainly seemed in a cracking mood. And even if he simply bit his head from his shoulders, it would be one down for his wife.

"Sir Lancelot—I wonder if I could have a word with you in private?"

"As many as you like. But I told you the Warden-ship business is wholly settled."

"No, it's something else. I think I shall have to resign from the St. Swithin's staff."

"Indeed?" Sir Lancelot tapped his beard. "Professional misconduct with that actress woman, I suppose?"

"Oh, heavens, no! Well, yes, I suppose so," Simon looked awkward. "Could we step across to your Lodge?"

Across the broad desk in the Warden's study, Simon again poured out the story of Dr. Defoe.

"H'm," concluded Sir Lancelot. "Yes, I know this Defoe fellow well enough. Been trying to get him run in for months. Can't touch him, of course. A dangerous tickler. Someone ought to warn the public against him."

"I did, and look where it's got me," complained Simon. "He's agreed to come down to five thousand?"

Simon nodded. "I was wondering . . . I mean, I really am in a hole . . . oh, it's an outrageous suggestion, I suppose, and I only hope you'll forgive me . . . but do you think you could make me a loan of it?"

"Naturally," nodded Sir Lancelot. "Would you care for a glass of madeira?"

Simon stared at him. "But I thought you thoroughly disliked me?" he burst out.

"My dear boy, I disliked you far more as a snotty-nosed student. Do you recall when you were before me on a Disciplinary Committee, after an affray involving a pinched ambulance, several members of the nursing staff, a stuffed animal of indeterminate species called, if I recall, Hubert, and apparently the entire Metropolitan Police Force? Mainly on Hindehead's insistence you were fined twenty-five pounds—a fortune to an impoverished medical student. Who paid it?"

Simon smiled. "You did."

"One should always stick to one's principles, don't you think?"

Sir Lancelot rose and made for the drinks cupboard. "I will let you have my cheque in the—what the devil are you doing here?" he snapped, finding Pop Shuffellwell dozing in the big armchair.

"Dear me, I must have dropped off. Begging your pardon, I'm sure, sir. I always sleep very badly in a strange bed."

"Get out," he hissed.

"Very sorry, sir, but I'm not used to the excitement—"

"Get out! And if I find any more of your blasted family in here, I'll kick the lot out before you've had your Christmas dinner. Blasted impertinence," he growled as the door shut. "Luckily, the fellow's such an ignoramus he won't have understood a thing. Afraid I'll need the loan repaid some time, Simon."

"But of course, sir."

"Meanwhile, you might give me your opinion on a glass of this Solera sixty-four. I'm rather proud of it. Then you'd better get back before your missus gets hopping mad."

"Yes, indeed—"

"Oh, and when you do repay you might make your cheque out for five thousand and twenty-five. You never let me have the first one back."

"Mr. Sparrow—" called Sister Virtue as Simon reached the wards with a feeling of immeasurable relief. The family wouldn't have a holiday for the next ten years and he'd have to run the Mini till the wheels dropped off, but at least he'd avoided leaving St. Swithin's under the biggest cloud since the Ark.

"Mr. Sparrow, your wife asked me to look after the little boy, as she had to go off."

"Go off?" Simon frowned.

"Yes, there was a phone call. She said something about seeing a case."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Must be riots in the reform school, I suppose."

"She said she wouldn't be long."

"Oh, very well. I'll hang about here."

"Would you like to come into my office for a drink, Mr. Sparrow?"

"Very much," agreed Simon.

He wondered what the devil Nikki was up to now.

"Lancelot," announced Lady Spratt, as he was blotting the cheque soon after Simon's departure. "There's a pretty girl outside asking for you. Do you want to see her?"

"My dear Maud, after thirty years of married life, what a question."

She showed Pat into the study.

"He's gone," Pat said at once.

Sir Lancelot raised his eyebrows. "Who's gone?"

"Clive. He's disappeared."

"What on earth do you mean? He's probably decided to spend Christmas with his family."

"He hasn't got any family."

Pat sat in the big armchair distractedly. "Only some brothers in Brazil, I think. I took round the laundry to his digs this morning—after all, he can't be without a clean shirt, can he, especially at Christmas—and his landlady said he'd just that minute cleared off." She stared hard at the fire. "I think he's gone behind the Iron Curtain," she declared.

"Ye gods!" Sir Lancelot jumped up. "Yes, an Old Etonian—they do that sort of thing in droves."

"He's left a couple of letters," Pat opened her bag. "I went up to his room. It was terribly untidy and he seemed to have taken hardly anything with him. I was rummaging round all sorts of junk and things in bottles, when I saw the envelopes on the mantelpiece. I think he meant to post them, but forgot. You know what Clive's like. One was for me . . ."

She hesitated. "You don't want to see it, do you?"

"I will spare your blushes."

"The other was addressed to you."

Sir Lancelot tore it open.

"Dear Sir Lancelot (it said),

"I don't know why I'm sending my resignation to you, but I can't for the life of me think of anyone else who might want it. I am going where I expect to be better appreciated, personally and professionally."

Yours,

Clive Money Penny."

Sir Lancelot slammed the letter on the desk.

"That fat Czech feller, he's the villain of the piece. I knew you couldn't trust him. Ought to have had Sandilands kick him out. Has Clive ever talked of doing a bunk?" he asked urgently.

"Yes, indeed—"

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TWELVE BEST HINTS FOR GARDENERS

By Dr. W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER,
well-known British gardening expert,
who recently visited Australia

DON'T SPRINKLE with water every day — better flood once a week.

To do good, water must be able to get down, so a sprinkler, if used, should be in one position at least an hour and preferably two hours.

DON'T PLANT too many shrubs for the border.

Note (in a catalogue or reference book) exactly how big the variety of shrub you have bought is going to grow, and then give it plenty of room for development. Divide its eventual height by two. So, if it is going to grow 6ft. high, plant it so that it has 3ft. of room.

DON'T STARVE your plants.

Remember they want food as much as you. Dried blood, at 2oz. per square yard, will give them the nitrogen they need; bone dust, at 4oz., the phosphates they need; and wood ashes, at 6oz., the potash they need.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 303

NEVER USE coal ash — always use wood ash.

Coal ashes can be full of all kinds of poisons. Wood ashes are rich in potash and are especially liked by raspberries, strawberries, tomatoes, and sweet peas.

TRANSPLANT CAREFULLY.

Millions of seedlings in boxes are sold every year and, unfortunately, many of them die through bad treatment. Always make sure that the nurseryman has hardened them off properly. Soak the soil in the boxes with plenty of water before getting the little plants out.

Plant them firmly, and if the weather is dry give the seedlings plenty of water and some shade. I have often covered the seedlings with upturned flower-pots during the day (and removed them at night). This was in really hot, sunny periods, the shading being done for three or four days to give the seedlings a good start.

DON'T KILL the worms.

The true earthworm is the greatest friend a gardener can have. Do not destroy a single worm, and do not use chemical fertilisers liberally to discourage them. Encourage worms by a minimum of digging and by applying the compost as a top-dressing.

DON'T SOW seeds thickly.

Many people sow seeds too thickly and so never give them a chance. Remember that a tiny seed may easily produce a plant 6ft. high, so it needs room to stretch and spread, sowing is easier if you mix small seeds with an equal quantity of dry sand.

NEVER stand your indoor pot-plants in a saucer or basin of water.

If you do this the soil at the bottom of the pot becomes waterlogged and the bottom roots are thus killed. Plant roots want air as well as water, and if this waterlogging takes place then there is no air. Further, waterlogging washes out plant foods.

DON'T BE PUT OFF by those who say roses like stiff ground only.

Roses will grow in almost any soil. However, they hate having their roots disturbed. Plant preferably in June or early July, spreading the roots out evenly.

Cut off all the leaves. Dig holes 12in. square and 4in. deep, spread out the roots and plant so that the budded portion is just below the surface of the soil. Tread well after covering, with your heaviest boots on. Then cover the soil with fully rotted compost 1in. deep and leave it.

This mulch will make it unnecessary to hoe in the summer and the roots will therefore love it, as these can come right up to the surface.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 304

DON'T WASTE any leaves, stems, or grass cuttings.

Have a compost heap or pit and put in all your vegetable waste from the house and garden. Remember that the use of some organic manure is vital to the success of correct compost-making. (See Dr. Cooper's article in Gardening Book, 19/1/66.)

BUFFALO GRASS is better than couch grass.

Couch grass can easily spread to all parts of the garden and so be a nuisance. Buffalo grass can easily be kept in check.

Propagate it by roots, dibbling the sets in on the slant 6in. apart. Keep the lines straight while the grass is spreading. It pays to sow some ryegrass seed (broad-leaf variety) in between the sets, for this prevents weeds from being a nuisance.

Around Melbourne, plant in October-December; in Queensland and New South Wales, plant August to January. Pin the runners down as they develop, with pieces of bent wire shaped like hairpins.

FOR THE BEST LAWNS, use Government-certified seed.

The best lawns I have seen in Australia were those made with *Agrostis tenuis* and *Chewings Fescue*, mixed in the proportion of 6 of the *Fescue* to 4 of the *Agrostis*. Another mixture which has done well consists of 4 parts *Chewings Fescue*, 2 parts *Creeping Red Fescue*, and 3 parts of New Zealand best.

Don't use more seed than 5lb. per 100 square yards.

Prepare the ground in, say, November, let it lie bare (so that you can hoe off the weeds as they appear) in December and January, then sow.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

LOVE AND SIR LANCELOT

twenty years in my personal service she can turn her hand to anything. Damn! I've only that blasted bubble-car," he remembered, hurrying her across the hall.

"Never do it in the time. Hey! You!" he shouted to Randolph Nightrider, who was helping Susan Grantchester into his shining MG. "Get that woman out of there. I'm commandeering your car. Don't blather, boy. You'll probably get a medal for it in the end. She will, anyway, be very much better off with you on the top of a crowded bus."

With Pat beside him, he shot off westwards.

Sir Lancelot was flagged down

by the first police car in Knightsbridge.

"Officer, I am a surgeon at St. Swithin's Hospital, on my way with a nurse to an urgent case," he explained promptly.

"No doubt you are, sir, but our job's to try and cut down your work over Christmas. Can I see your licence, please?"

The second car caught him at Hammersmith.

"Officer, I am Sir Lancelot Spratt, the surgeon, and I must hurry to collect a vital drug arriving at London Airport."

"Sorry, sir, but all the doctors we stop on this stretch seem after the same thing. They must keep

quite a stock of it out there. Your licence, please."

The third was on Chiswick fly-over.

"Officer," explained Sir Lancelot, "I am in a highly embarrassing situation. This young lady with whom I am gallivanting happens to be another man's wife."

"Well, sir, I suppose we're entitled to a bit of fun at any age. But keep an eye on the clock, the M4's closed from a crash already. Merry Christmas."

They had just started along the Great West Road when the car broke down.

"That blasted young idiot Nightrider's been tampering with the

works!" snorted Sir Lancelot, jumping out. "We'll have to get a lift."

"What in?" asked Pat, who was feeling sick.

He glared up and down the road. On Christmas morning it was as quiet as the village high street.

"Here comes a car," announced Sir Lancelot, stepping into the gutter with thumb cocked.

After half a dozen more had sped past, he wiped his face on his yellow silk handkerchief and commanded Pat, "You try."

Three more cars disdained them. "Display your femora," ordered Sir Lancelot, curtly.

"My what!" cried Pat.

"Your legs, woman. No, more than that. That's the ticket," he

added with satisfaction, as a shiny ambulance screeched up.

"Fraid I'm not allowed to take riders," complained the driver, noticing Sir Lancelot as well.

"My dear man, here is five pounds." The surgeon opened the back doors. "London Airport, if you please."

"Suppose I could take you to the airport turning," the driver admitted. "So long as nobody sees. You'd both better lie on the bed under a blanket."

"Here!" complained Pat. "I'm certainly not—"

"Don't argue, woman," muttered Sir Lancelot, pushing her inside. "Just pass me the blanket."

Evicted at the airport's road entrance, they climbed almost at once aboard a helpful black van.

"Drop us at the main departure building," declared Sir Lancelot breathlessly.

"Going there myself."

"Can't you put your foot down, man?" he muttered, looking nervously at his watch.

"Hardly right trying to top-up with this," returned the driver sombrely, nodding toward his load in the back.

Sir Lancelot noticed a card on the dashboard announcing, Crouchleigh & Sons

Funeral Directors Since 1815

"You might put yourself out to oblige me now," he grumbled.

"After all, in the past I've done a hell of a lot for you."

N

IKKI SPARROW had meanwhile driven from St. Swithin's in the same direction.

The telephone call while Simon was touching Sir Lancelot for five thousand pounds had come straight to the ward, being an urgent message about a private patient.

"I think I'd better take it," Nikki told the nurse. She picked up the instrument, "Hello!"

"The Marlborough Hotel here. We have been trying to trace Mr. Sparrow, the surgeon. Miss Ann Beverley wishes him to call immediately."

"Oh, does she?" said Nikki. "Well, you can tell Miss Ann Beverley..." She paused. "Mr. Sparrow will be round in a couple of shakes," she ended, banging the phone down.

If neurotic film stars sent urgent for Harley Street surgeons on Christmas Day, Nikki decided, with a brisk tug to her jacket, they can expect to be attended by the locums. She felt the consultation would do the doctor a great deal of good, if not the patient.

But she hesitated before assuming the Marlborough itself. She felt justified—indeed, impelled—but she wondered if it was quite ethical. First, she considered, the G.P. and not the patient should have summoned the consultant. And if even a neurotic film star sends for a surgical specialist, she is not to be fobbed off with a practitioner from the narrower sphere of reform school clinics. The whole expectation was clearly professionally irregular, and she must return to St. Swithin's at once and tell Simon.

She got out of the car and marched toward the hotel.

"I've called to see Miss Ann Beverley," Nikki announced to the girl at the desk. "I'm the doctor."

"Would you like to go straight up, Doctor?" The Blenheim suite.

To page 48



Oh! Those Master Foods people!
They really live up to their name!

Cucumbers you can't stop eating — for hamburgers, savouries, salads, and sandwiches.

Open a jar. Uuummm! Crisply fresh, delicately spiced and they look so delicious. Eat them straight from the jar. But be careful! If you do, you'll find there are none left for your family. These are the original habit-forming cucumbers. And what a wonderful habit to have. They put a zingy lift into simple bread and butter (hence the name). They add crunchy munchiness to hamburgers. They make savouries savoury.

Buy a pack for your family next time you go shopping. (While you're at it — buy two packs. Then you can safely eat them straight from the jar!)

A summer treat — Cucumber & Potato salad

Dice 1½ lbs. of cold, boiled potatoes. Drain a 7½ oz. jar of Master Foods Bread and Butter Cucumbers, and cut the slices into quarters. Toss the diced potatoes and the cucumbers with 2 dspns. of Master Foods real Mayonnaise and 1 dspn. chopped parsley. Salt and pepper to taste. Serve slightly chilled. (For an extra taste interest — add 1 tabspn. of finely diced ham or fried bacon.)

Master Foods

QUALITY PRODUCTS — REASONABLE PRICES

MF151

MASTER FOODS MAKE OVER 150 FINE FOODS. THE LARGEST RANGE OF FOOD PRODUCTS IN AUSTRALIA. AT ALL GOOD FOOD STORES.



SPONGE CAKES..



SPONGE CAKE
(left) and Victoria
sandwich. We tell
how to make them.

... and the classic Victoria sandwich

● In one important aspect a sponge cake and a Victoria sandwich are alike — they're cakes of melt-in-the-mouth texture which, joined simply with jam or with whipped cream, are greeted with enthusiastic appreciation whenever they're served.

SWISS ROLL is sugar-topped and filled with jam, has a delicate texture. See overleaf.

ALTHOUGH a sponge cake and a Victoria sandwich are alike, too, in other ways, they vary greatly in the main essentials — ingredients, method, keeping time. Even the tins are prepared differently.

In this feature we tell you how to bake a perfect sponge cake, a swiss roll, and a Victoria sandwich. The sponge cake and Victoria sandwich have the following characteristics in common:

- When perfect, they rise evenly to top of tin and have level, not domed, tops.
- They should have even texture, not too close and not too open.
- They do not contain fruit.
- Castor sugar is best for both because—

For a sponge when the castor sugar is beaten with the eggs, it dissolves quickly and helps mixture retain the air beaten in. Undissolved sugar means less air is held in mixture and makes outside of cakes spotty or moist.

For a sandwich, castor sugar creams with the butter more easily than granulated sugar.

Avoid draughts when removing cakes from oven. Don't turn cakes straight out on to wire cooling rack; this will leave lines across tops.

Cover racks with clean, folded tea towel before turning cakes out; or turn out on to sheet of sugared paper resting on dry tea towel. Cool 5 minutes, then carefully turn over.

THE SPONGE CAKE

Ingredients: A true sponge contains no fat. Its rising depends chiefly upon amount of air beaten or whisked in.

Method: Air is beaten into the eggs-and-sugar mixture for about 15 minutes. Rising of the sponge and lightness of its texture depend on this. Mixture should be thick enough to hold up its own weight; that is, if a spoonful of mixture is lifted out and trailed across the top, it should stay on top — not sink back to the mixture.

Do not fold in flour until this state of mixing is reached, or the flour will be too heavy for mixture; it will break down the myriads of tiny air bubbles, and mixture will collapse.

Finishing: A sponge is best finished with a simple sprinkling of icing sugar. It can be filled with jam, or whipped cream, or whipped cream can top a layer of jam, thinly spread.

Keeping time: Being fatless, a sponge has nothing to keep it moist for any length of time. To be enjoyed at its best, it should be eaten as soon as possible after baking and cooling.

Preparing tins: Brush tins with melted butter, sprinkle lightly with flour; shake to cover entire inside surface, then tap off any surplus flour.

Note: Tins are not lined with greaseproof paper for a sponge. Mixture does not contain fat and, if bottom of tin was protected with greaseproof, the sponge cakes would have a moist, crustless appearance when paper was removed.

Brushing tin with melted butter and coating it with flour gives sponge a smooth outer crust and helps prevent sponge from sticking to tin.

SPONGE CAKE

Four eggs, 6oz. castor sugar, 6oz. self-raising flour, 3 tablespoons lukewarm water.

Beat eggs until very thick and light, add sugar gradually and, when all sugar has been added, continue beating 10 to 15 minutes. Add 1 tablespoon warm water, fold in. Sift flour over top of mixture, fold in carefully, then add remaining warm water, fold in carefully and thoroughly. Divide mixture evenly into 2 8in. greased and floured sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Turn out, cool. Join with jam or whipped cream, sift icing sugar over top of sponge.

Continued overleaf

RECIPES FROM OUR
LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



"I see a face . . . a lady with a kerchief on her head, wearing large earrings . . . a wart on her nose . . ."

KILL & REPEL

MOSQUITOES, FLEAS, SANDFLIES AND OTHER BITING INSECTS WITH



KOKODA SPRAY PACK Insect repellent

— gives 8 hours freedom from annoying mosquitoes and other insects at the push of a button

Get 8 hours of complete freedom from annoying, biting insects with Kokoda. Just direct a fine spray of Kokoda on exposed parts of the body. Sweet-smelling Kokoda can be used safely on the face and neck, too! Simply spray into the hand and then apply. Kokoda—the most effective way to kill and repel mosquitoes, fleas, sandflies and other insects. Kokoda insect repellent comes in liquid in bottles and spray-pack tins, and cream in tubes — at your chemist or store.

KOKODA, A PRODUCT OF DRUG HOUSES OF AUSTRALIA KP4



GIVE YOUR CHILDREN THE MAXIMUM PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY!

World-wide, dental authorities wholeheartedly support fluoride therapy as the greatest aid to dental health. VINAFLUOR fluoride tablets offer a perfectly controllable method of overcoming fluoride deficiency. VINAFLUOR tablets, made from purest ingredients, have been formulated in accordance with the latest recommendations of leading dental authorities. One VINAFLUOR tablet, taken daily, is sufficient to correct fluoride deficiency.

BABIES, CHILDREN AND EXPECTANT MOTHERS NEED VINAFLUOR TABLETS DAILY. ASK YOUR DENTIST ABOUT THE IMPORTANCE OF GIVING YOUR CHILDREN

VINAFLUOR FLUORIDE TABLETS

AVAILABLE FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE



SPONGE CAKES AND THE CLASSIC VICTORIA SANDWICH . . . continued

THE SWISS ROLL

Preparing Tins: Although the mixture for a Swiss Roll is similar to that of a sponge cake, tin is prepared differently. It is greased and lined with waxed paper.

It is important to get a Swiss Roll, when baked, to roll up without cracking. The tin is greased, as the roll has to be taken out quickly without breaking. The inside surface must be moist and pliable; greaseproof paper is used to get this crustless effect after the paper is removed.

The jam is warmed so it can be spread quickly over roll before it is rolled up. Cold jam does not spread so easily and would cool the roll too quickly; it would not roll so easily and might shrink and crack.

When filling with cream instead of jam, roll in same way, omitting jam, but leave until completely cold. Then unroll very carefully, spread with whipped cream, and roll up again. Roll must be quite cold or cream will melt.

SWISS ROLL

Three eggs, 4oz. self-raising flour, 4oz. castor sugar, 2 table-spoons hot water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, raspberry jam.

Grease Swiss Roll tin, then line with greased greaseproof paper. Beat eggs and sugar until very thick. Carefully fold in sifted flour, alternately with hot water. Add vanilla. Pour into prepared tin and spread evenly, ensuring corners are well filled. Bake in hot oven, 8 to 10 minutes, until pale golden and springy to touch. Turn sponge out on to lightly sugared greaseproof paper. Remove tin and paper. Trim edges from sponge on all sides. Make shallow cut about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from shortest side, which is nearest edge of table. Spread sponge with warm jam. Hold clean spatula across sponge at the cut, lifting edge of sugared paper at the same time, so sponge is folded over and creased. This makes the inside turn of roll. Remove spatula, continue to roll sponge, inside sugared paper, to make neat, firm roll. Do not hold sponge too tightly while still hot.

Stand roll on wire rack with join underneath, away from draught, until cold. Sprinkle with extra castor sugar, if desired.

THE VICTORIA SANDWICH

Ingredients: A Victoria Sandwich, like most cakes, contains fat; it could be called a normal rich cake. The fat works with the other ingredients to help the cake rise and set satisfactorily.

The butter and sugar are creamed, that is, beaten together until the mixture is light and creamy; then the beaten eggs are added gradually.

For best results, all ingredients—especially the eggs—should be at room temperature.

Keeping time: A sandwich has butter to keep it moist; it will keep well for several days.

Preparing tins: Brush tins with melted butter, put a round of greaseproof paper in bottom, and brush this, too, with melted butter.

Because this is a rich cake mixture, with fat, the bottom and sides of cake will bake with a good, even color. Paper is used just to prevent cake sticking to tin.

Brushing tin with melted butter ensures that cake will turn out easily; this is important because the cake is very light and too much shaking might cause it to break.

VICTORIA SANDWICH

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. castor sugar, 4 eggs, 10 to 12oz. self-raising flour (depending on size of eggs).

Cream butter until soft, beat in sugar; beat until mixture is light and fluffy. Have eggs at room temperature and well beaten, add gradually to butter and sugar, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour. Divide mixture between 2

PRIZE RECIPES

● A recipe for a spicy mango chutney wins the £5 main prize in our regular recipe contest this week.

TWO other recipes win consolation prizes of £1 each.

MANGO CHUTNEY

Twelve large green mangoes, 1lb. dates or raisins, 4 small chillies, 2oz. crushed garlic, 2oz. green ginger, 2 cups sugar, 2 tablespoons salt, 1 table-spoon ground ginger, 26oz. bottle vinegar.

Peel and slice mangoes across the grain. Peel and grate green ginger finely. Place in large saucepan mangoes, dates, chillies, garlic, half the vinegar, and both gingers, cook together until tender. Stir frequently to prevent burning. When fruit is tender, add remaining vinegar, sugar, and salt, continue boiling until dark in color and of thick chutney consistency. (Approximate cooking time 1 hour.) Pour into hot sterilised jars, cover when cold.

First prize of £5 to E. Hovey, Martynvale, Cairns, Nth. Qld.

MOIST MARMALADE CAKE

Eight ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 eggs, grated rind 1 orange, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange marmalade, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar and orange rind. Separate eggs, beat yolks into mixture. Beat well, adding marmalade and nuts. Sift flour and salt, add half to creamed mixture. Fold in water, then remaining flour. Beat egg-whites until stiff, carefully fold into mixture. Turn into 7in. greased cake tin, with base lined with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour. Leave in tin 10 minutes before turning on to cake cooler. If desired, top can be sprinkled with chopped mixed peel before baking.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Bowd, 318 Annandale St., Annandale, N.S.W.

CHEESE AND GHERKIN LOAF

Half pound self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard, good pinch cayenne, 2oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. grated cheese, 4 chopped gherkins, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Sift flour, salt, mustard, and cayenne into bowl. Rub in butter, add cheese and gherkins. Beat egg well, add to milk. Stir into dry ingredients to make soft dough. Turn into 8in. x 4in. greased loaf tin. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Stand a few minutes before turning out. Serve sliced, hot or cold, with butter.

Consolation prize of £1 to Miss C. Jamieson, 43 Akala St., Camp Hill, Qld.

greased 8in. sandwich tins which have circle of greased greaseproof paper in base. Smooth mixture to level. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Let stand in tin 2 or 3 minutes before turning out. Turn out carefully on cake-cooler over which clean, folded tea-towel has been placed. Remove paper gently, cool.

Please Note: Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in our recipes.

Useful hints for housewives

● These useful household hints sent in by readers will save you time and money in your cooking, cleaning, mending, and other house-work. Each one wins £1/1/- prize.

THINLY slice white onions into a glass jar, add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each of salt and sugar, fill jar up with white vinegar, cover, and store in the refrigerator. Use in salads, sandwiches, and whenever you need just a little onion to chop for cooking.—Mrs. E. M. Watson, 1 Duncan Rd., Beaumont, S.A.

Turn in one corner of your beach towel, sew down one side of the triangle thus formed, and insert a zipper-fastener in the other. It makes a safe place in which to put small change, comb, sunglasses, etc.—Mrs. E. Halliwell, 18 Park Ave., Mowbray Park, Qld.

To shine patent leather shoes in a hurry, spray them with pressure-pack furniture polish, then wipe clean. This works wonders.—Mrs. J. Dower, 42 Hutton Ave., Bulli, South Coast, N.S.W.

If you are troubled with spider webs on the outside of

your windows, soak tissue paper strips in water and, using a knife, fill up all cracks and grooves with the wet paper. It dries very hard and the spiders are trapped.—Mrs. N. Walker, 2 Chauvel St., W. Heidelberg, Vic.

If your refrigerator is dull and does not shine like new when cleaned with soap and water, use a little plastic car polish. The surface will gleam.—Mrs. A. W. Sherriff, Mole Creek, Tas.

When disassembling gadgets for cleaning or repair, the sequence of screws, nuts, springs, washers, etc., is easily retained by merely placing them in order as they are removed along a strip of adhesive tape stuck to a piece of cardboard. The disassembled pieces can be put aside temporarily if necessary without fear of forgetting how to reassemble them.—J. Robinson, 51 Tunks St., Northbridge, N.S.W.

To avoid pricked fingers when arranging roses, run

your vegetable peeler down the stalks to de-thorn them. The stalks will slide more easily into the chicken wire also when arranging a large quantity.—Mrs. F. Dethridge, 1 South Terrace, Como, W.A.

If meringue cases, large or small, are piped on to ungreased aluminium foil, the foil can be peeled away easily and cleanly when the case is cooked.—Mrs. J. M. Shelley, 110 Goldsmith St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

Before ironing a pleated dress, dampen it with water in which a little gum arabic has been dissolved. The pleats will stay in better.—Betty McVean, Moyhee, via Wangaratta, Vic.

Always add a little dissolved gelatine to the gravy when making meat pies. This will prevent the pies from becoming soggy.—Mr. W. King, 17 Belinda St., Evan-dale, S.A.

A child's toy plastic knife makes an excellent plate scraper because the blade is wide and flexible.—Mrs. Maundrell, Box 141, Longreach, Qld.

A chisel, with a piece of wood under the material, makes neat, clean-cut button-holes. Try it instead of struggling with a pair of scissors.—P. Cash, 1 Victoria St., Bundanoon, N.S.W.

For those who like a change from the usual boiled vegetables: Try adding a grated carrot and a few chopped mint leaves when next cooking any vegetables. It gives a colorful effect and a delightful flavor.—Mrs. W. Rawlinson, 77 Buller St., Parramatta, N.S.W.

Glue a wide strip of sand-paper round bottles containing poison. When taking a bottle from the medicine chest during the night you will be warned instantly should you pick up the wrong bottle.—Mrs. A. McDonald, 404 Cresswick Rd., Ballarat, Vic.

HOW TO MAKE—

Flower pictures from shells

By Marian Rickman

● If you can arrange a bowl of real flowers attractively you should have no trouble making a long-lasting shell flower picture like the charming ones illustrated here. It's a delightful way of using the shells the children collect at the beach during the holidays, and is a pretty decoration.

FLOWERS, leaves, fronds, and pretty vases are all shells.

SHELL flowers, even roses, can look almost real.

You will need: Shells of various shapes and sizes; frames, perhaps from old pictures (or a handyman to make them); odd scraps of velvet, preferably in dark colors; cardboard; fine copper wire painted green; side-cutting pliers for cutting shells; quick-drying glue; tweezers; children's poster paints.

HOW TO MAKE

Step 1: Collect and sort shells. Egg cartons make suitable containers.

Step 2: Co-opt a handyman to construct frame if you haven't a suitable one available. Then paint with cream or off-white satin-finish paint.

Step 3: Make backing for picture by cutting a piece of cardboard to fit exactly inside frame. Then cover with velvet, gluing it to cardboard evenly. Place inside frame and secure with panel pins. Cover back neatly with paper.

Be sure backing is finished and dry before starting to make your shell flower arrangement because if you turn frame over to add finishing touches later you will probably disturb the shell work.

Step 4: Do a "mock-up" of picture on a piece of paper the same size as frame. Shells in their natural shapes will make a variety of flowers, either used singly or by sticking several tiny ones together. You can make roses by cutting off tops of suitable shells with pliers. For leaves and fronds use pieces and shippings. For base use large shells cut to shape with pliers. Use green-painted copper wire for stems, bending ends to attach flowers.

Step 5: Tint flowers with poster paints in colors desired, and allow to dry thoroughly on paper.

Step 6: Now you are ready to arrange your shell picture on the velvet background. Glue base in position first. Then, using tweezers and quick-drying glue, set stems and flowers in place.

Step 7: When your shell picture is dry go over it with clear varnish, using a small brush, and being careful not to spill any on the velvet. The varnish brings up the colors and preserves the shells.



Serve this exotic Seafood Salad as a main course tonight

Tempt your family with this truly Hawaiian Seafood Salad

Relish-rich KRAFT Thousand Island Dressing gives that true Hawaiian touch. It's an inviting blend of salad oil, sugar, vinegar, pickle relish, tomato, egg yolks, spices and five rare ingredients. You'll give an entirely new, mouth-watering flavour to seafood salads with KRAFT Thousand Island. Try this salad as a main course tonight.

Hawaiian Seafood Salad: Line a salad bowl with lettuce leaves, fill with GREENSEAS' Tuna, black olives, tomato wedges and onion rings. Garnish with prawns (optional) and chill. Pour on KRAFT Thousand Island Dressing just before serving. KRAFT Thousand Island is one of the 5 great International KRAFT Dressings. Try the others, too!

Go International with **KRAFT** Salad Dressings



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THIS BASE was made from "Chinaman's fingernails."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 2, 1966



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 370.—FROCK

Attractive frock is available cut out to make in old gold, olive, spruce blue, lilac, and turquoise poplin. Size 32 and 34in. bust, £2/4/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £2/6/6. Postage and dispatch 4/- extra.



370

No. 371.—SET OF THREE POT HOLDERS

Fancy-shape pot holders are available cut out to make and embroider on green, grey, blue, and lilac cesarine. Price is 7/6 a set for three, plus 1/- postage and dispatch.



372

No. 372.—GIRL'S FROCK

Pretty girl's frock is available cut out to make in red or blue with white spot; or white with multi-colored spot cotton. Sizes 2 and 4 years, 19/6; 6 and 8 years, £1/1/6. Postage and dispatch 1/6 extra.



371

• Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Pot holders, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



Made in Australia since 1921

Believe it or not, there are still a few people around who think that BAYER ASPIRIN is *not* made in Australia.

As the manufacturers of BAYER ASPIRIN, we thought it might be timely to run this special advertisement to make it clear—once and for all—that the BAYER ASPIRIN tablets you have been buying, and using with satisfaction over the years, *are made right here in Australia, and have been so continuously since 1921.* In fact, if you look closely at the package in your medicine cabinet, you will see plainly printed on it, "Made in Australia since 1921."

BAYER ASPIRIN, in other words, is made *for* Australians . . . by Australians.

You might like to know that we make and sell more than 100 million BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in Australia every year. We think that this is a pretty good indication that a lot of people *prefer* BAYER to any of the other pain relievers.

BAYER ASPIRIN is made *up* to a standard—not *down* to a price. You can, of course, buy cheaper brands. But if you want the superfine grade of Aspirin . . . tableted to exacting standards, which are equal to any in the world . . . if you want a quick-dissolving (10 seconds) and fast-acting Aspirin . . . BAYER is your brand.

Next time *you* are buying Aspirin . . . buy BAYER. And please do so with our positive assurance that you are buying a product that is *made in Australia . . . for* Australians.

BAYER ASPIRIN is available in five sizes:

| | | | | |
|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| 20's | 24's | 36's | 50's | 100's |
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LOVE AND SIR LANCELOT

Continued from page 44

Nikki made for the lift, imagining the scene upstairs. The fantastically beautiful film star, her famous blond hair in careful disarray to her shoulders, something slinky in the way of nightwear, and reclining bewitchingly on the pillow with half-shut lids and half-open mouth.

"I'll show her!" Nikki muttered to herself.

"She might, of course, Nikki suddenly decided, have a roaring duodenal perforation, then they'd all be in for a difficult Christmas.

The door was opened by a sandy young man with freckles.

"I'm the doctor," announced Nikki crisply. "I'm Mrs. Sparrow. I'm standing in for my husband, Mr. Simon Sparrow. I've come to see Miss Ann Beverley."

"Doctor, are we sure glad to see you," exclaimed the young man. "I guess it ain't serious, but it sure is worryin'."

"Perhaps you will take me to the patient?" demanded Nikki primly.

"Sure. Mum!" called the young man through an inner door. "The doctor's here, Mum. It's a lady."

"Mum?" Nikki frowned. In the second bedroom was a worried-looking young woman, and the film star with a baby on her lap.

"Sorry to bust up your Christmas, Doctor," Ann Beverley greeted her, "but my little granddaughter here has sure got us bothered. Say, is it right she should be producing these green diapers?"

"Granddaughter!" Nikki's eyebrows shot up. She smiled. "Miss Beverley, I assure you this is a consultation which will swiftly put everybody's worries at rest. Now let me have a look at the baby."

The departure building at London Airport was almost empty, with a few lost-looking passengers and a few bored-looking airline staff, and the loudspeaker demanding, as all through the year, that Mr. Fluger of Kansas City should go urgently to the reception desk.

"Come on!" snapped Sir Lancelot, hurrying Pat by the hand up the escalator. "Ireland," he demanded of the first man in a peaked cap.

"Can't help you, sir. I'm the chauffeur."

"Ireland!" barked Sir Lancelot to another man.

"Channel six, sir, just leaving."

"Come on!"

"It was Shannon you wanted, sir? Dublin departures from the other building."

"Come on!" cried Sir Lancelot, grabbing Pat again.

They dived downstairs, ran outside, stumbled among luggage, and found themselves facing a doorway labelled Dublin Departures.

"There he is!" exclaimed Pat, seeing Clive disappearing through a door at the far end of the room.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4086WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

"Thank heaven!" muttered Sir Lancelot. "We've got him in time."

"May I have your boarding cards, please?" smiled a girl in uniform at their elbow.

"Boarding cards? Of course we haven't got any boarding cards."

"I'm afraid you must have boarding cards," she pointed out, still smiling, "or you won't be able to board the plane."

"But we don't want to board the blasted plane—"

She smiled even more sweetly. It was the largest part of the job, handling mad-directed imbeciles. "You may wave goodbye to passengers from the terrace on the roof, sir."

"Wave goodbye is exactly what I do not want to do to this particular passenger. You must let me through, this instant."

"I'm very sorry, sir." Her smile broadened. "But I'm afraid no one's allowed farther without a boarding card."

"Ye gods! Don't you realize, young lady, the man who's just gone through that exit would make Burgess look like the Chairman of the Primrose League?"

"I'm afraid, sir," she went on smiling, "we have no passenger on this flight called Burgess. Nor Primrose," she added, with another smile. "You may wave goodbye to—"

"Come on!" barked Sir Lancelot, grabbing Pat again. "Oh, for heaven's sake, woman, stop blubbing. Up these stairs, double quick."

THEY leant over the rail of the terrace. Clive was stepping into the bus for the aircraft.

"Clive!" screamed Pat.

"Clive!"

He looked round. "Clive, I love you."

"What's that?" he called back.

"I love you, darling."

"What are you saying?"

"She loves you, darling," roared Sir Lancelot. "You blithering idiot."

Clive shrugged his shoulders. "I'm just going to Dublin," he pointed out.

"Don't, Clive, don't!" cried Pat.

"Come here at once," commanded the surgeon. "Oh, do stop weeping, woman, it's enough to put the feller off. Moneypenny, you've been appointed Warden of the Medical College," he declared desperately.

"I've been what?" frowned Clive.

"All aboard, sir," said the busman.

"You're the new Warden of the Medical College. Moneypenny. Come back this instant."

"But my luggage is aboard the plane," Clive objected.

"Great Scott, man! You can have my entire wardrobe if you feel like it."

"Now, come along, sir," urged the busman shortly, "are you coming or going?"

"I've really no idea," Clive confessed, "but I shan't be using the ticket."

"Warden of the Medical College? Me?" Clive frowned, holding Pat's hand in the hired Daimler taking the three back to London.

"But I can't understand it. Or is it some sort of Christmas box for underpaid employees?"

"In a way, I suppose," grunted Sir Lancelot, who had been sitting wiping his face with a yellow silk handkerchief since leaving the Airport.

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See him for protective oils and lotions that help you tan safely and painlessly, for all your summer accessories, bright beach bags and fetching hats. Cameras, too. Everything for summer fun.

A trained beauty consultant will advise you on special summer skin care and flattering make-up to complement your holiday tan.

Before you venture into the midday sun, visit your family chemist.



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Come see summer's prettiest sun hats and beach bags. All the bright and gay accessories that give colour to the holiday scene are at your family chemist. Bathing hats, too, more charming than ever this year.



Tanning without tears

For young bare-backs or seasoned veterans there's the right suntan oil or lotion at your family chemist. No need for the family to suffer the pains of sunburn if they acquire tans gradually. See special lip protection creams, too.



Complexion Flattery

With your new summer tan, you'll need new make-up. A qualified beautician is waiting at your family chemist to advise you on the most flattering shades. Famous names in the cosmetic world are yours to select.



Snap-happy season

Sunny days and happy families make the perfect recipe for summer photography. Keep a record of this summer's holiday. See your chemist's wonderful choice of cameras, films, flash bulbs and other accessories.



The Eyes Have It

Nowhere will you find a wider range of Australian and Continental sun glasses than at your family chemist. The internationally famous makes are here, in all the newest styles, from the owlish round to sharp square glasses.

PG74



LOVE AND SIR LANCELOT

Continued from page 48

"Frankly, Money Penny, the powers that be—I needn't specify—felt that your work on muscle physiology attracted far less than the appreciation it deserved. The Wardenship, which I bestow on you in the name of the Turtle trust, will make perfectly clear to everybody both your value to the profession and your status in it."

Clive raised his eyebrows. "So the medical establishment embraces me fondly? Ah, well. I suppose if you can't fight 'em, join 'em."

"The Warden's salary, though modest, will doubtless be a welcome supplement to your grant, and I

expect you will pick up a lecture-ship before long. Luckily, I need have no misgivings about the future Mrs. Money Penny organising the domestic side with skill and charm. Furthermore," he added, tucking the handkerchief away, "anyone getting a bit uppish socially with you is going to have me to reckon with."

"But I still don't grasp," Clive continued, looking anxiously out of the window, "why the high and mighty Wardenship should descend for my humble work on muscle metabolism?"

"Because of the nerve gas, you fool," snapped Sir Lancelot.

"Nerve gas? What nerve gas?"

"Ye gods!" Sir Lancelot took

out his handkerchief again. "You mean you yourself didn't know the implications? I suppose you've heard of Colonel Lexington?"

"Lexington?" Clive frowned. "You remember, darling," Pat interrupted. "He asked you to the reception and wanted reprints of all your papers."

"Thank heavens we kept quiet about your despicable conduct today," Sir Lancelot muttered, replacing the handkerchief. "You will allow me to be utterly frank in the circumstances?"

Clive sighed. "I can take medicine."

"You will understand I have grave personal reservations about your worthiness as Warden? To have even contemplated the act you did this very day, renders you totally unfit for any post whatsoever in the country."

Clive gave another frown. "That's a bit hard, isn't it?"

"On the contrary, you should think yourself lucky you are not facing a judge and jury."

"But there's no law against it," Clive complained. "And as long as Pat forgives me, that's all right."

"Pat forgives you, by heavens! What about all your fellow countrymen and women?"

"Well, I'm not going to marry all of them," Clive objected. "And after all, you can hardly blame me. When Pat went and jilted me, without even the four-minute warning, I felt pretty bitter. Besides, it's terrible to be alone in London at Christmas. So I rebounded to Dublin to see this girl. She's called Fenella, and now she works at the Shelbourne. Nothing like a little Irish coffee to keep you warm on a December night," he added.

"Good grief," Sir Lancelot produced the handkerchief again. "There's my speeding fines, for a start."

PAT and Clive joined the party in Hall for Christmas dinner. It was a great success and the Chateau Lynch Bages was delightful. Afterward, as everybody expected, Mr. George Nightrider made a speech.

"In proposing this toast to the Warden of the Medical College," he ended, after about twenty minutes, "in this hospital so worthy of our National Health Service—which, as everybody knows, is the envy of all civilised communities—I would like to pay tribute to the gentleman among us tonight who made such a generous gift for the poor sufferers opposite in the wards."

Cheers. "I refer, of course," added Mr. Nightrider, in case anyone hadn't got the point, "to Mr. Shuffellwell and to his household. Believe me, I shall remember more than once his self-sacrifice, his thought for others, his charity and his compassion, once I find myself in the min-minarets of Constantinople," he finished obscurely.

"Ladies and gentlemen—" Pop Shuffellwell rose. "I should like to propose a toast to Absent Friends."

"Absent Friends!" roared everyone. "There are many who are near and dear to us," Pop continued, "but who, through force of circumstances, cannot be with us today."

"Shame!" "Our hearts go out to them, in their separation from their families and the good things of life we have enjoyed."

"Hear, hear!" "We can only look forward to that happy morn when we shall all be reunited together."

"Most touching," nodded Mr. Nightrider.

"Excuse me, sir," said a man in a mackintosh, appearing at his elbow, "but we are police officers."

"Why, there's Mr. Anderson!" exclaimed Ma.

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15th century Bunratty Castle, County Clare. Where you can dine like the great Irish Kings and Chieftains of the past. A medieval banquet prepared and served in 15th century splendour . . . where you're entertained with ballads and traditional music of by-gone days.

At right: Blarney Castle, County Cork.

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AWW7

"Yeah, and Mr. Jennings," nodded Arnold.

"Ulllo, Mr. Anderson. Happy Christmas. Mrs. Shuffellwell. Hullo, Milly. Had that long-expected baby yet?"

"And now," announced Pop, finishing his glass, "I shall have to be leaving you."

"Oh, horror!" cried Mr. Nightrider.

"Which one did you abscond from?" asked Sir Lancelot mildly.

"Hitchen Open. It's a piece of cake."

"Oh, perfidy!" exclaimed Mr. Nightrider.

"Ta-ta, all!" called Pop.

"Ta-ta, Pop! Take care of yourself."

"See you in three years."

"Oh, odium!"

"This looks like the stuff in the lorry he pinched," added Mr. Anderson, picking up a bottle of the claret. "Do you mind if my sergeant here checks up on it, sir?"

"That photograph!" Mr. Nightrider shot up. "The papers! He wiped his brow with his table napkin. 'What on earth will everyone think? Smolen property! And me about to be landed in the Min-Minestrona,' he ended unhappily."

Clive Moneypenny and Pat were to be married in the local Registry Office on New Year's Day. Sir Lancelot, who never believed in doing things by halves, insisted on giving away the bride. He'd wanted to sport full morning rig and gardenia, but Clive insisted the ceremony was simple. He said he felt keenly sensitive to the resentment of the less well-to-do, now he'd become a Conservative.

"My dear, that looks quite

delightful," Sir Lancelot acknowledged, coming down that morning to find Lady Spratt alone in the hall arranging a buffet for the reception. "It quite makes me want to get married myself." He slipped an arm round her waist. "How would you like, my dear, to be going for a honeymoon with me all over again?"

"Not to Frinton," she objected. "It rained all the time."

"Maud, I have a great surprise for you."

She raised her eyebrows and shifted a plate of bridge rolls.

"I think, my dear, after thirty years of married life with me you deserve a change of scene. I have therefore decided, as I have no longer the Wardenship to detain me and I suppose Simon can handle my private practice, that we should go on a world cruise."

SHE smiled at him. "What a simply splendid idea."

"You deserve it, my love. And I fancy I might find those far-away places quite interesting, as long as one can get a decent steak in the evenings. So I should like you to go ahead and get the tickets," he directed.

"Oh, I got them before Christmas." She moved the crab sandwiches. "We're leaving on the Gloucester next Thursday week for six months. State-room A1, on the starboard side, handy for the swimming-pool. Now I must go and pack that highly disorganised bridegroom's things for him. I really feel Pat has an uphill task ahead. You won't mind if he borrows a suitcase? Those airline people seem so hopeless, I doubt if Clive really remem-

LOVE AND SIR LANCELOT

bered to put it on the plane at all. By the way, there's a visitor to see you."

Sir Lancelot marched into his study, not at all pleased with the one-woman travel agency.

"What the devil are you doing there?" he barked, finding Arnold Shuffellwell asleep in the big armchair.

"Oh, sorry, Guv'nor." He got up. "It's the weather. Fair wears you out. Very sensitive, I am, to the barometer, and that. I think I've got a very delicate skull," he suggested, tapping it gingerly.

"Get out."

"Got a letter for you here, Guv'nor. From Pop. Smuggled out this morning. They got 'im in Wandsworth now."

Sir Lancelot took the envelope.

"And Pop asked to tell you special, Guv'nor, how he enjoyed his Christmas. He says he hopes that letter will sort of repay you for the trouble. By the way, Guv'nor," Arnold added, as Sir Lancelot tore it open, "you wouldn't like to make a donation to the Prisoners' Aid Society?"

"Get out."

"Right you are, Guv'nor. I'm only trying." Arnold grinned. "Funny ain't it, Pop ran the donations to charity game for years, except he always made it for 'ospitals.'"

"Ye gods," muttered Sir Lancelot staring at the letter. He rushed from the study. He ran across the hall. He threw open the front door as Randolph Nightrider was helping Susan Grantchester into his MG.

"Here, you drive this letter round to Simon Sparrow at my old Harley Street house immediately."

Randolph stood on one leg. "Won't you give a bloke a chance?" he managed to object. "I've only just got the car fixed again, and I was taking Susan for a little run."

"Don't keep answering me back," snapped Sir Lancelot. "And furthermore, you're not to go cutting fast and loose with that young woman. Kindly remember her mother is a lifelong friend of mine, and I shall be honored with a degree from her hands this very afternoon."

"Not cutting fast and loose," mumbled Randolph Nightrider. "Getting married."

"Good grief! When?"

"As soon as he qualifies, Sir Lancelot," smiled Susan.

"And no fast and loose till then," added Randolph defensively.

"In that case I will congratulate you. Now take that letter round and don't argue. Then collect my robes and things from the Staff Common Room," he remembered.

"After the reception I shall be pressed for time."

Randolph delivered Pop Shuffellwell's note as Simon descended the steps of the Harley Street house. In his pocket was a cheque for five thousand pounds made out to Dr. Defoe.

"Well!" Simon exclaimed, reading it. "Perhaps this interview is going to be rather more pleasant than I expected."

The vibration specialist was sitting behind a stylish desk in his dove-grey consulting-room.

"I am glad you have such a sense of promptness, Mr. Sparrow." Dr. Defoe gave a thin smile and shot his gold-laden cuffs. "I will assist you in getting this faintly unpleasant meeting concluded as shortly as possible. I have a document from my solicitor acknowledging settlement of my claim. I assure you I will sign it as soon as you hand me the cheque, with my receptionist as witness."

"Here's the cheque," Simon

produced it. "It's made out to Dr. Defoe. Is that right?"

"Perfectly."

"You're sure you wouldn't prefer it made to Harry Driver?" inquired Simon. "Or Terence Dupont? Or James O'Farrell? Or even Professor Wellbeloved?" he threw in generously.

The thin smile expired from inanimation.

"What have you been up to?" he demanded shortly.

"I may not have friends in high places," explained Simon, "but I have them in useful ones. I appear to be indebted to a man called Shuffellwell."

"That old fool," muttered Dr. Defoe.

"You pulled a fast one on him in the past," suggested Simon affably. "Still, that's your affair. You can take me to court for slander as soon as you wish," he conceded, "and you'll probably win your case. But when I trot out from the witness-box those spells you did in clink for false pretences, it's not likely to help your practice. I think I should tread a little more warily in future, Defoe. If any other rich old ladies making wills start remembering you, so might the police. You'll probably get quite a good figure for the balance of your lease of these consulting-rooms. Good morning."

Simon tore up the cheque and scattered the pieces on Dr. Defoe's desk. Then he decided to pick them up again and pocket them. In future, he felt warmly, he was going to be a pretty damn sight more careful.

"What's Sir Lancelot in such a tearing hurry for?" Professor Hindehead asked Paul Ivors-Smith in the main gate later that afternoon, as the retiring Warden came hurrying down the steps of the College. "The wedding's all over isn't it?"

"He's off to the Senate House for his honorary degree," Paul explained, while Sir Lancelot buzzed away in his bubble-car.

"Oh, yes, I remember. An odd business about the Wardenship," he went on, as they turned to stroll across the courtyard toward the surgical block. "Pity you didn't get it, Paul, though I suppose it will be a greater help to young Moneypenny. I had the Ministry of Defence on the phone again this morning. He seems to have struck on something rather fundamental."

PAUL confessed, "As a matter of fact, sir, I could never have taken up the job anyway. You see, sir — I'm afraid I must ask you to release me by the end of the month. Dr. Burton was on the transatlantic phone last night with a simply splendid job in his clinic at Philadelphia."

"Paul! You're not going just like that?"

"Afraid I am, sir. Apart from anything else, I want to get Deirdre away from London. Too many ghosts stalking round her ever since we got married. She'll be much happier starting afresh in a new community in the States."

"But this is terribly awkward," complained the Professor, "with me just starting my sabbatical year."

"I know, sir. I'm sorry. But I expect one of the others will fill my shoes just as well."

"Oh, very well, very well," agreed the Professor testily. "You can look after the department until you go, of course?"

"Naturally, sir."

"You know where to get hold of me?"

"I don't think I've got the exact addresses."

"There's a detailed list in my office. Don't forget to put clearly on the envelopes, 'Professor and Mrs. Richard Hindehead, Passengers, First Class, S.S. Gloucester.'"

"I'll remember, sir. I hope you'll have an enjoyable six months' cruise."

"I think we shall," agreed the Professor, brightening a little. "We have an excellent cabin—A2, on the starboard side, handy for the swimming-pool. It should all be very interesting indeed."

"My dear Sir Lancelot," Elaine Grantchester greeted him in her Vice-Chancellor's robes at the back of the Senate hall. "We were beginning to despair of you."

"A thousand apologies," puffed Sir Lancelot. "I was attending a wedding and as usual the bride was about five hours late. Moreover, some idiot — I mean, your daughter's fiancé — spilt an entire bottle of champagne down my suit. Fortunately, I have my morning clothes with my robes in my bag. Where can I change without creating a public scandal?"

"In my room, Sir Lancelot, of course. If you'll just pop your suit through the door I can have the porter take it down to the cleaners in Oxford Street to be sponged and pressed. Then it'll be ready for the cocktail party at six."

"That is very good of you, Elaine, very good of you indeed. I am only sorry this incident should mar my otherwise proud and unforgettable day."

He plonked down his case in the Vice-Chancellor's

room. Locking the door, he stripped himself quickly of his champagne-soaked lounge suit.

"Here you are!" he shouted, handing it outside at arm's length. "Now look lively or I'll never get it back at all."

"Got my motor-bike waiting, sir," the porter assured him, hurrying off.

Sir Lancelot grunted. He locked the door again. Standing in his socks and briefs he drew one or two deep breaths. Best to compose oneself before appearing in front of all these people, he decided sternly. He flexed his muscles. Better now, he told himself. Perfectly cool, calm, and collected, he acknowledged. He crossed over and opened his suitcase.

As Clive and Pat Moneypenny decided to spend the start of their honeymoon at the Marlborough Hotel, they were alone in their room half an hour after the reception.

"I think the porter looked suspiciously at our luggage," Clive laughed. "But starting married life with so few possessions, at least we're spared lugging about a lot of heavy suitcases. And the one we're sharing doesn't even belong to us."

"I wonder if yours will ever turn up from Dublin, darling?" asked Pat, unsnapping the locks. "Look at this!" she cried.

She held up the contents. "A morning suit and a Doctor of Science's robes," exclaimed Clive. "How odd."

But we must not intrude further into someone's honeymoon.

THE END

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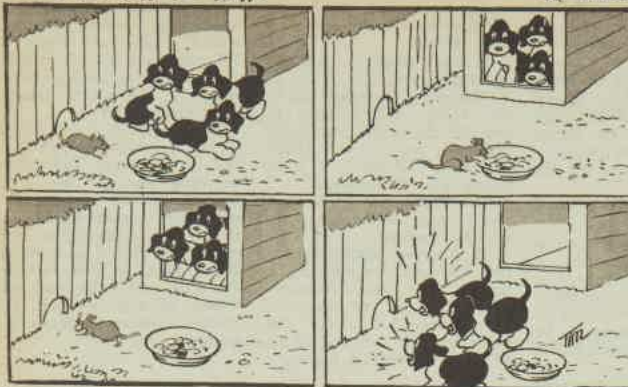
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"Are you sleeping, Charlotte?" Charlotte opened her eyes again. "It is important, dear. Style. Flair. Panache, the French always say. One must live with style. Even if you're poor, and we must assume you will be poor all your life with Kenneth."

"Unless someone dies and leaves us a fortune," Charlotte said.

Her mother looked up sharply. "Does Kenneth have rich relatives?"

"I was just kidding," Charlotte said.

"Oh," said her mother. "But, as I was saying, you can be poor and still have style. Your father never earned any money, and we lived mainly on what Trevi paid me. But we always lived in the right part

of town, even if the apartment was tiny and dark. And after I had finished with it, no one could guess it was tiny or dark. Charlotte?"

"You're just like your father. When I talked to him he had a way of keeping his head turned toward me, but I could tell he didn't hear a word I said. Charlotte, your father may have had only one tweed jacket, but it came from Abercrombie and Fitch. And we may have been able to afford to dine out only once a month, but when we did it was to the best places, and we never looked at the price side of the menu. Charlotte?"

"I hear you, Mother. But there is the wedding tomorrow and I suppose I ought to look rested —"

LIFE WITH STYLE

"Of course," said her mother with genuine contrition. "I'm just too keyed up to sleep. This is the only time in my life when I will make a wedding for my daughter, and I want so much for it to be memorable."

Perhaps it was. Most likely it was. But for Charlotte it was a blur from the moment her mother woke her to allow the cleaning woman into her room; she remembered furniture rolled out and tables and chairs rolled in, and the appearance everywhere of bowers of fresh flowers, of Dr. Fuller, their minister, sipping a glass of wine with Mama before the ceremony, of Kenneth arriving and looking bewildered at the doings, of her mother's glasses riveted on Kenneth's tie, which must have been unsuitable.

She remembered almost nothing of the ceremony except the icy touch of Kenneth's hand as he put the ring on her finger, she remembered being kissed by Mr. Trevi in a morning coat and wide grey tie, by Kenneth's sister and brother-in-law from Dayton, by her father's cousin, who looked flushed. She remembered the devastated look of the beautiful table just before she and Kenneth slipped away, coffee cups everywhere and spilled wine on the tablecloth, but most sharply she remembered her mother huddling for warmth in the mink stole she had thrown about her, her eyes intense and tired under their heavy make-up as she came out to the car with them.

"Have a beautiful life!" her mother said, tears running inconspicuously down her hollow cheeks. "Live splendidly! Life is so short!"

HAD

Kenneth heard! Charlotte wondered. Kenneth was busy tipping the doorman, who had allowed him to park in front of the entrance. He kissed her mother and got into the car and started the motor, but as they drove across town he said, "I'd like us to live splendidly, too. It's a question of definition. To me your mother's definition of splendor might lean too heavily on the superficial."

"For me, too."

"Are you sure, Charlotte?"

"Of course I'm sure," she said tranquilly. "At the moment my definition of splendor is being married to you."

Mama had been very disappointed that there was to be no wedding trip. She had even offered to pay for at least a weekend at the Plaza, but Kenneth had some work to finish, and promised her that they would take the weekend later in the winter, if they found time. Charlotte had moved her clothes over to Kenneth's apartment the day before: it was where they were to live for a while, since it was rent-controlled and near the subway, and they hadn't had time to investigate seriously apartment possibilities.

But Mama had been busy here, too. Sometime during the wedding she must have sent over her once-a-week cleaning woman, because the place was spotless, the bed made in fresh linen and turned down, the blinds pulled to the same length with the slats evenly tilted, for once, and a huge basket of white chrysanthemums in front of the ugly little bricked-up fireplace. The caterer had delivered a bucket of champagne and a platter of sandwiches. Kenneth looked astonished, and then he burst into laughter. "Remind me to have the lock changed, and leave explicit orders for the janitor."

Still, it was nice having the sandwiches and champagne: neither of them had eaten a bite at the wedding. "You won't miss this sort of touch, Charlotte?" he said.

"Don't you know me at all?"

"You don't know yourself, until you've tried to live on fifty-six hundred before taxes."

"I'm completely happy. Completely, completely!"

To page 56



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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, identifies some interesting antiques owned by readers.

CAN you give me any information about my vase?
As you can see from the photograph a small girl holding a sheath of wheat is the central part of its decoration. The detail on the vase is quite perfect, even down to the garland of flowers and the butterfly in the little girl's hair, her fingers, and toenails. The vase stands about 13in. high and the only mark of identification on it is the number 94 lettered above a "1." — Mrs. L. G. Morris, Indooroopilly, Qld.

This typical Victorian vase (left) was made about 1880. Either "Biscuit" or "Parian" porcelain, this example could quite possibly be from the Continent, although similar examples were made in England

at the Minton and Copeland factories. A more accurate identification could not be given without a closer inspection, however.

DO you recognise this vase? It is approximately 17in. high and does not appear to have any markings on it. Would you please give me any information on where it was made? It was given to my mother about fifty years ago. — Mr. S. H. Wiltshire, Muswellbrook, N.S.W.

Your oriental vase (right), painted in rich enamel colors, with reserve panels depicting oriental figures, is Cantonese porcelain. It was made during the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Vases of this type are referred to as "export-ware."



● Victorian vase



● Chinese "export-ware"

WOULD you have any idea about the origin of two brass wall plaques which I have? They are 25in. in diameter and by the unevenness of part of the design on them they would appear to have been hand-made. They feature the head of a man on one, together with the inscription "H V I 1601" and the head of a woman on the other with the inscription "M de M 1601." The surrounding design is of baskets of fruit, cupids, and the fleur-de-lis. I imagine the initials of the two inscriptions must refer to Henry of Navarre and Margaret de Medici, but I am interested to find out who made them and why. I can't even guess their age. They are certainly battered, but whether this is from years of polishing or from poor workmanship I couldn't say. — Mrs. D. A. Hope, Clarendon, S.A.

The plaques are late nineteenth century. Decorative and "historical" wall plaques depicting illustrious persons or famous battlefields were made in large quantities, during that period.



● Vase from Holland

COULD you please tell me anything about this vase? It was given to me by my mother, who bought it many years ago at a second-hand furniture sale. On the base of the vase are the words Regina, Japara, Gonda, Holland, as well as a picture of a crown and the number 523. — Mrs. D. B. Collins, Young, N.S.W.

This decorative pottery vase (above) was made at the famous Gonda pottery works in Holland about forty years ago.

MY grandmother had a pair of kidney-shaped dishes with the words "Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire," and the numerals "1936" over an "H" on the back. Could you please tell me their age? — Mrs. M. E. Cox, Rockhampton, Qld.

Your dishes were made by Grimwade Brothers, who established the Winton Pottery at Hanley and Stoke (Staffordshire) in 1886. The printed mark which occurs on your dishes was used from 1886 until 1900. If yours are not branded with the word "England" they were made between 1886 and 1890.

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY:
Week starting Jan. 26

LIFE WITH STYLE

Continued from page 54

She was. They were. She continued at her job as assistant to an art director and so she wasn't in the apartment enough to brood about its shortcomings. They skimped on almost everything in order to afford an occasional ski weekend, and they sat in the cheapest seats so that they could go to the theatre a few times a month.

When they had dinner out they scrupulously studied the price side of the menu, and always skipped dessert, although under the waiter's eye Kenneth would ask her solemnly, "What will you have for dessert, Charlotte?" And she would invariably answer, "Oh, I simply can't manage another bite." Somehow they had managed to have two thousand dollars in the bank by the time she learned that she was pregnant.

Her mother's face when she told her the news was stricken with consternation. "Oh, Charlotte! How could you have been so careless!" She sounded exactly as she did when Charlotte used to drip ice-cream on her dress. Fortunately Kenneth was still downstairs trying to find a place to park.

"Please don't ever say anything like that in front of Kenneth, Mother," she said quietly. "If you do, we'll just leave."

"Charlotte, dear, you know I think it's wonderful, and brave. But how will you manage? You won't even have your salary, and there will be all those additional expenses. Paul also wanted children right away, but I insisted on waiting at least until we could have a larger apartment, and help."

"Here's Kenneth," Charlotte said, getting up to answer his ring.

As he entered he glanced from her face to her mother's. "I see that Charlotte has told you."

Her mother opened her mouth, took a deep breath, and then closed it. "I'm so happy for you both," she said faintly.

The round table under the window, which was covered in dark blue felt to the floor, wore over it a paler blue damask cloth. There were candles, and roses in a silver bowl, and Mama's Spode. There was veal in vermouth for dinner, and crepes suzette from a can which Mama flambeed over her two-burner stove in the kitchenette and brought wreathed in blue flames to the table.

She must have come home from work at six and still managed all this for them. She met Kenneth's eyes. Did he think her inadequate that they ate on plastic mats and that her cooking was hit or miss? But there never seemed

any need! They were the most blissful hours of the day, when they were home together, and what they ate or how they ate didn't matter.

That night before they went to bed she found Kenneth at the kitchen counter drinking milk and eating cheese. "I shouldn't admit to being hungry after dining on ambrosia, but I am."

"I think she's trying very hard to bring some beauty and elegance into our mean lives," she said, but somehow she didn't feel like laughing—Mama looked so haggard and tired.

"It has its place, you can't deny it."

"But not at the expense of other things."

"No, not at the expense of other things."

"I mean, like a baby."

"I've been thinking of it, too," she said. "I've been thinking that this place is OK for us, but we don't want to bring a baby up here. It's hot in summer and noisy and dirty all year."

"Can we afford anything better?"

"We have two thousand dollars. I can look ahead and estimate over the next ten years how much we can afford to spend. There'll be a windfall occasionally: I'll be able to get consultant's jobs with industry. We could put a down payment on a small house on Long Island, nothing elaborate, but with some grass and fresh air, and a little privacy."

They found one that they could afford, part of a development that sprawled across what had once been potato acreage. They had a plot measuring eighty by a hundred, with a well-worn play area in the back and a small lawn in front. But there were five trees on the property, a huge sugar locust that had been there before houses were conceived of beneath it, and four fruit trees planted by its first owners before they moved on to a custom-built job in Glen Cove. There were three tiny bedrooms, all sunny, with closets, and a kitchen with a wall oven and a dishwasher.

Charlotte was delighted. They bought a new mattress and box spring on legs, headboard to be ordered later, they packed their Swedish dishes from the pottery barn and their few pots and pans, and a trunkload of books, and they moved into their new house a few days before the baby was born.

Her mother took the morning off from work to be at the hospital with Kenneth, and afterward she came every evening. She brought a fine white flannel bedjacket

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ARIES
MAR 21-APR 20
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, blue, grey.
* Lucky days, Fri., Monday.

TAURUS
APR 21-MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, orange, tan.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, red, gold.
* Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, blue, brown.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

LIBRA
SEPT. 23-OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, rose, navy.
* Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 23
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, yellow, red.
* Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 24-DEC. 21
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, lilac, red.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, black, blue.
* Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, lilac, red.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, black, red.
* Lucky days, Fri., Monday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Mrs. H. WIFE





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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 2, 1966

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trimmed with hand-run lace, a plush kitten imported from France, and a baby bonnet in real silk all tucks and feather-stitching. "I've sent the basket to your house," she said, "so Lisa can be put to bed in it the moment she comes home."

Charlotte met Kenneth's eyes in dismay.

"Irene— Mama had asked him from the beginning to call her Irene. —we have a crib."

"You have? But I thought I heard Charlotte say—"

"We were worrying about it, but then a friend gave us theirs, along with a chest and a highchair. I painted them all up the other day, and they're still serviceable."

"Serviceable," said her mother with a faint grimace. "I can't bear it in connection with that flawless, lovely infant. I can see her lying under ruffles and pink net. Charlotte, I do wish you'd keep it, it's simply exquisite."

"It must be, if you picked it out," Charlotte said gently. "But by the time Lisa could

appreciate it, she'd have outgrown it. I'll bet we could have a full year's diaper service for what it cost."

Her mother's gift for their house was a delicate Japanese screen. Its selection may have been partly Charlotte's fault. When her mother had inquired about their buying a rug for their living-room floor Charlotte had said that they were going to use tatami matting for at least a year. "Tatami matting?" cried her mother. "You're doing the room in Japanese style? Why, Charlotte, what a charming ideal!" she had exclaimed, as if she couldn't quite believe Charlotte capable of it.

After they had unpacked the screen, they surveyed it standing in their living-room furnished as yet with a three-piece wicker set and a table made of a plywood door mounted on tubular steel legs.

"Keep the screen, Charlotte," he said.

"I guess we'll have to. I can't hurt her by sending it back."

"Keep it because it's beau-

Continued from page 56

tiful, and we'll enjoy looking at it," he said. "Sometimes I almost wonder if you don't think it's wrong to have beautiful things."

She faltered. "Oh, no, Ken. Only that there are so many things we could have used. You need a desk. I'd like a soft chair. I can't enjoy the screen knowing we might have had the desk, or the chair."

He studied her for a long moment, frowning. "Charlotte, I think your mother's sense of values is cockeyed, and I don't know what made her the way she is. But sometimes I wonder if . . . well, if maybe every first baby shouldn't lie in a ruffled bassinet, instead of someone's hand-me-down crib. Maybe every home should have a Japanese screen, or its equivalent."

She said in dismay, "I never knew you felt that way, Ken. Are you dissatisfied, really?"

He took her in his arms. "I love you. I'd like to give you beautiful things, dress you in velvet and send you to the beauty parlor to have your hair done. You don't need them, Charlotte. I just want to give them to you."

THE trip out to Southbury was too tiring for her mother to make often, so they generally drove in to Manhattan with Lisa to see her. The bad weather set in, and Lisa had a cold, and Kenneth was busy, and for some while Charlotte communicated with her mother only by telephone. The telephone seemed the wrong medium to tell her mother that she was expecting her second child, and so her mother did not know until she finally saw her, and it was apparent, then, without Charlotte saying anything.

"You have become irrevocably a housewife," said her mother.

"Not irrevocably. Until we are finished having children."

"All that expensive education. Heaven knows what I could have made of myself if I had had your opportunity, your background."

"The education wasn't wasted. My life is better for it."

"Better in what way? Your house is bare as a barn. You can't even afford a cleaning woman."

"I've been too busy to think of furniture. Kenneth made five hundred dollars extra last month as a consultant to Raven Plastics, and we're going to order a sofa when we have the time. He'll be making extra money more often, he's begun another job that may bring him as much as three thousand dollars."

"Will it ever be enough to take you out of that squalid, dreary little town?"

The sharp answer rose to her lips, but her mother sat down abruptly and leaned her head against the back of her chair. She was so pale that the rouge stood out on her drawn cheeks.

"Mother? Are you all right? Have you been to the doctor for a check-up lately?"

"I'm all right. A little sherry makes me feel better. Will you bring it to me, Charlotte, please?"

She resisted all Charlotte's queries about the doctor. "I'm just tired," she kept saying. A month after Paul was born, her mother died.

Charlotte had been preparing for one of her rare visits; she had cleaned thoroughly and put away all the washing, and moved the playpen out of the living-room, and bought a roast.

LIFE WITH STYLE

That night the telephone rang. It was Mr. Trevi. She concealed her surprise while he asked after the children, and then almost brusquely he asked to speak to Kenneth. She handed the telephone to Kenneth, hovering near him out of curiosity. She sensed by his expression that something was wrong.

He put down the phone. "Will Ellen come and stay with the kids?" Ellen was their next-door neighbor, with whom they had a baby-sitting arrangement, each taking turns at one another's houses.

"I think so. What is it?" "Your mother. We better go in to New York at once."

He didn't tell her that her mother was dead until they reached her house. Mr. Trevi had found her; he had come to take her to an industry dinner to which she was to wear one of his gowns, and when she did not answer his ring, he asked the custodian to unlock the door. She was already dressed when they entered: the doctor said it had been instantaneous, a stroke.

She could not cry, or say a word. Mr. Trevi opened her mother's door for them. The apartment was in exquisite order, as always. It smelled of the ever-present fresh flowers, and her mother's French perfume. "She is in her bedroom," Mr. Trevi said. "The doctor and I carried her there."

She went numbly into the

floor: she had intended to wear it tonight, no doubt. Charlotte picked it up; it had faded to a rusty bronze, it was rubbed almost to the leather in the folds. She shut her eyes painfully; she felt she had betrayed her mother by noticing it.

"Everything with her was style," Mr. Trevi said. "A way of life. For years she paid back the cost of your college, Charlotte, but only Vassar would do. I said to her, stay home, Irene, you have your daughter, your grandchildren, enjoy them. But she said, if I stay home I will become just a poor old mother. I can't let that happen, Trevi. She died as she insisted on living, her hair done just so for the banquet, wearing an Aldo Trevi dress so new that not even the industry has seen it yet. A mad, foolish, unhappy woman," he said. "But with style."

He looked at Charlotte's face. "This has been too much for you. Take your wife home, young man," he said. "Let me manage everything. If it makes no difference to you, I should like to do what has to be done, as an old friend. I know what she would have wanted."

The road back to Southbury was black and endless. It took a long time before she could control her voice enough to speak. "I was such a disappointment to her. I wouldn't live as she wanted me to live, I didn't even look as she wished me to look."

"She had no right to ex-

the garage. He had wound up the big project today for Raven Plastics, and they were going to furnish a room of her own for Lisa with the money. She opened the door for him, and watched him come up the walk carrying a large box.

"What's this?" she asked. He carried the box into the living-room and put it on the sofa. "Open it," he said. "It's for you."

She was startled when she saw the label on the handsome box. "You've done something wild, I can see," she said, pulling the cord off. She lifted the lid and stared. She looked at him in disbelief. "It's a joke, isn't it?" she said. She lifted out a mink coat, dark and thick and lustrous.

"Put it on."

"It must be a joke," she said, putting it on.

"The salesman said to come down and they would make any fittings necessary," he said huskily. "I don't think you need any."

She went to the hall where there was a mirror behind the closet door. "You can't be serious, Ken. It's beautiful beyond the wildest dream, but you don't think I will keep it, do you?"

He said, with sudden force, "Yes, you're going to keep it, Charlotte. Not because we can afford it, because we can't. Not because you need it, because you don't. Because I want you to have it."

"We don't even go to places where I can wear it!"

"Wear it for me. When we take a walk. Wear it in the house, damn it! It's beautiful, and you look beautiful in it, and I want you to look beautiful and have beautiful things, and stop being afraid of them because they're superficial, and mean unhappiness to you!"

That night she dreamed of her mother. She couldn't remember the dream when she awoke, but she opened her eyes and she was smiling. It wasn't morning yet, and she lay warm and peaceful and strangely contented. Kenneth was watching her. "Are you awake, too?" she asked.

"You woke me. You were talking in your sleep. Were you dreaming about the coat? You look happy."

"I don't know what I dreamed," she said. "But I do feel very happy. Did you catch anything I said?"

He hesitated. "You said, 'Mama, I have a mink coat.'"

"Did I?" she said. "How I wish she knew." She put her face into his shoulder.

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THE BOYFRIEND



"Well it IS a sort of 'love' story — he loves fighting and shooting!"

bedroom. After a while she kissed her mother's cheek, and stood holding her hand until Kenneth led her away.

"A mad, foolish woman," said Mr. Trevi. "Forgive me, but I speak as someone who loved her, as an old friend, who knew her longer than either of you. A driven woman. Everything must be just so, and for this she died. She knew she was not well, her doctor had told her to stop work a year ago, I know because I spoke to him myself. I told her that Aldo Trevi would pay her something to stay home, enough so that she could live. No, it was not enough just to live. She must live just so, fine and elegant."

"Did you know she did not have a penny to her name? How could she? Every cent she earned went to live: a taxi always, and always a large tip, presents for the help, the costliest of delicacies when she entertained. That bowl for the flowers: old Meissen. Do you know what her florist bill alone was? But look." He went to her closet door and flung it open. "The best, but a little." Five dresses hung in the closet. One suit. One coat. "But she always looked expensively dressed, perfectly turned out."

Her mink stole lay on the

pect it or be disappointed over it," Kenneth said.

"But I fought her, you see," she said. "I fought what in my thoughts she stood for. I fought her for driving my father away from us. I fought her for having to spend my childhood in boarding schools and summer camps, away from her. I wanted to be near her, to love her, to be loved. I always believed I was less important to her than a dinner party or an Aldo Trevi dress. Perhaps I was wrong, but it's the way she made me feel. I never fought her openly. I didn't want her to know that I thought her a failure. She was so vulnerable. It would have been so easy to crush her. But I fought her by being myself, by never letting her win when it came to me."

"That was all you could do, Charlotte."

"No. I'm so sick at heart," she said, beginning to cry at last. "I wish I had let her win, in the little things."

In the little things. Strange how the thought stayed with her for months after. When she was alone and quiet, as she was tonight, waiting for Kenneth to come home, she thought again, I could have let her win in the little things. There was Kenneth's car in

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Party for star's 16th birthday



● Picture above shows popular singers Buddy England (left) and Colin Cook talking to Carol Browning at the barbecue party.

● Left: At an outside buffet at Lynne Randell's 16th birthday party are Pat Carroll (left) with Australian Rules idol Carl Ditterich, Yvonne Barrett.

Teenagers' WEEKLY

● When bright young pop star Lynne Randell recently celebrated her 16th birthday—and a year's meteoric rise in show business—fellow singers, family, and fans packed the Melbourne home of her manager, Carol West, for a big party. Lynne, once a hairdressing apprentice, now earns about £120 a week.



● Lynne talks to proud parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Randall, with an "a". (Randell, with the accent on the last syllable, is Lynne's stage name.)



● A 3ft.-long cake delights Lynne (second from right). "Getting in for their cut" are, from left, Olivia Newton-John, Ian Turpie, Merv Benton.



● Lynne opening presents at her party with her manager, Carol West. About 200 guests joined in the fun at Carol's home. Fans sent many gifts.

WHAT should I say? When should I say it? How often teens worry out these very questions. If only there could be a book with the answers; a book with an easy index to teen problems.

But it's not so simple. The answers change with different times, situations—and with different teens, too. And there never has been—and probably never will be—the perfect solution to every problem in the world.

However, there are a few answers to the more common problems that can be passed on from a teen to a teen... so try these for a start:

WHAT TO SAY WHEN...

... A boy says he loves you: Just a simple "thank you." And, if you love him, it's a good time to tell him so.

... Someone you don't like asks you out: "Sorry, I can't make it that night"—and there's no need to give any more reason than that.

... A girlfriend "steals" your boyfriend: Nothing. Just try to forget them both.

WHAT SHOULD I SAY? (And when should I say it?)

By
KERRY YATES

... Someone asks to borrow money from you: "I'm sorry, but I'm short today, too."

... You don't want to go steady anymore: "Johnny, I'm sorry but I just feel we're too young to be so serious—let's go out with others, too."

... Your parents won't let you go to a certain party: Just say that! The truth is the best excuse in the world.

... He buys you a bracelet and you think it's just terrible: "Thank you—it's lovely"—and then a few days later (if you're game) think up an excuse to change it.

... You're offered a cigarette or a drink and you're not allowed to take either: "No, thank you," is sufficient.

... You meet a new boy, you like him, and he says he'd like to see you again:

"That would be nice—why don't you come around on Sunday afternoon and we'll play a few records"—and your parents will be able to meet him, too!

... You forget a friend's birthday: "So sorry—how about a belated birthday lunch on me?"

WHEN TO SAY WHAT

"I love you": When you really think you do and not before. It's too special to waste.

"No": When you know you should say it.

"Yes" to going steady: When you're sure

that he's the only boy in the world for you—for that day, anyway!

"Hello" to the boy you see on the bus every morning: When he says hello to you.

"Let's go for a walk—I love walking, you know": When you discover your boyfriend is broke and is embarrassed that he can't take you out.

"Thank you": As often as you should.

"I'd like you to meet my people": When someone new asks you out.

"I'm sorry": When you know you're in the wrong. It's so easy to say and it can save so many friendships.

"Yes" to goodnight kisses: When suddenly one day you feel the time, the place, and the boy call for a kiss.

"I hate fast driving": Long before the speedometer shows he's guilty of speeding.

Beauty in brief

LOOK TO YOUR FEET

FEET can be made to look prettier than they are by nature if you treat them as kindly as your hands. In point of fact, feet are temperamentally the same as hands, but, tucked away in shoes they are often forgotten and neglected.

Walking about in bare feet is a wonderful way of keeping the feet supple and the arch well raised.

The value of wearing shoes that fit properly is inestimable. The ideal shoe, as every chiropodist will tell you, grips the heel, allows plenty of toe space, and has a supporting strap or laces over the instep.

But as the foot experts know that girls and women will go on wearing fashionable shoes, however uncomfortable, they give this advice:

Get your feet measured each time you buy shoes; similar sizes vary because of style and cut.

Change your heel height at least once a day so that all your foot muscles get a chance of working. Keep high-fashion footwear for special occasions.

Avoid casual sloppy shoes as a "change"—they are almost as bad for your feet. Instead, look for something along the lines of the bare Scandinavian health shoes pictured here which are healthful for your feet and posture and look good as well.

—CAROLYN EARLE.



Hair That Sparkles



Fair hair becomes even more beautiful, clearer, cleaner and youthful, sparkling with the brilliance of diamonds to reflect its loveliness at depth, when shampooed with the modern "Peek-In" glow shampoo by Delph.

What's wrong with "drifting"?

IF, once we have passed those final exams, we do not settle into the first available rut and stay there, we are accused of laziness, shiftlessness, and irresponsibility by practically the entire adult population. Our parents inevitably trot out the usual string of tired old clichés about Rolling Stones not Gathering Moss, and Life being Real and Earnest, etc.

When I mentioned to a middle-aged relative that I was leaving the Public Service job, which I'd gone into from school, for something less secure, less lucrative, but far more rewarding in terms of personal satisfaction, I was regaled with a ponderous 10-minute lecture on the dangers of "drifting."

Well, my good relative could have spared me his sententious blither. I am weary of adults like him, who spend half their time deploring the lack of adventurousness of and initiative in today's youth and the other half in crying "Irresponsible!" when the very youth they decry start to exhibit a little initiative and adventurousness of their own.

I think that all kids ought to work in at least a dozen jobs during the first year after schooling ends, just drifting and experimenting and learning how to get along with people and how to meet life on its own terms—getting, in fact, an education in living.

How a 17-year-old kid can be expected to know in which career he wants to spend the next 40 years from the moment he is thrown out of the cocoon of the classroom into the clatter of a pretty bewildering world is beyond me.

School leavers, arise! Seventeen is no age to be worrying about security and superannuation. Throw

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

BEATNIK



"I said scram, not scratch!"

caution to the winds of heaven and start living!—K.D.L., Balmain, N.S.W.

101 pastimes

THERE are teenagers from not-so-big towns who constantly complain of having nothing to do. I live in a small town with a population of about 250, am just an ordinary person, and find 101 things with which to while away the time.

Even if it means travelling a couple of miles or so, there is generally somewhere to bathe. There are always a couple of tennis courts, and most towns, however small, have a local tennis club.

When something is on, don't think to yourself, "I won't bother to go. Nothing but a whole lot of formal grown-ups, cups of tea, and stuffy speeches." It won't be! If you decide to go,

you'll find that the rest of the town has gone and even, in some cases, people you hardly know.

If you're really stuck with nothing to do, invite a few friends and organise a party of your own. If life's dull, be the one to come up with a few suggestions and you'll be the most popular person around. —Theresa Inglis, Glenorchy, Vic.

Right retort

I WOULD like to give a hint to those people who are not exactly raving beauties. When someone makes a criticism and says something along the lines of, "What awful hair you have," I have found the best thing to do is not to get all hurt and angry, but to say, "Yes, it is rather awful, isn't it?"

When you agree, the person realises what a horrible thing they have said, and

will never say it again. It always works this way. —"Agreeing," Mount Lawley, W.A.

Demonstrations

IN a recent issue a fellow reader objected to the fact that negroes fought for their rights by staging demonstrations.

This is all very well, but negroes have been fighting for their rights for many years, and there have been many who have tried to fight with words — unfortunately, without success.

At least people take notice when negroes stage a demonstration, and it makes them realise what a worthwhile thing these people are fighting for.

One way to combat this whole grave problem is to educate the younger generation to believe in equal rights. —Kathy Arnold, Tara, Qld.

Sweet seals

READING some novelty letter endings in a recent issue reminded me of some more ways of signing-off your personal correspondence.

H.O.L.L.A.N.D. stands for "Hoping our love lasts and never dies."

B.O.L.T.O.P. is shorthand for "Better on lips than on paper."

S.W.A.L.K. says "Sealed with a loving kiss."

Y.T.T.D.S.F.A.T.C.C.S.H. stands for "Yours till the desert sands freeze and the camels come skating home."

And P.P.P. and L.S. represents "Pardon poor penmanship and lousy stationery." —"Angie," Smeaton, Vic.

Mod's aims

"WHAT is a mod's aim in life?" asked a reader. In answer, I'm a mod and all my friends are mods, boys and girls, and we all love clothes, music, and art.

Mods love to look trend-setting, often trying to get clothes and accessories no

one else has. Not always trying to keep in fashion, but trying to look fantastic.

Not all mods like art, but my friends and I do, and we do our own interior decorating. Vivid, abstract murals cover the furniture, walls, ceilings, and floors. We have beautiful paintings, carvings, and pop art placed around. For lots of us mods, art is our career, and lots of art students are mods.

Music? Well, we all have our own tastes. Mine is rhythm and blues, jazz and folk. I have a folk guitar and a harmonica. My best friend is in a group of boys who play blues.

They save their money to buy equipment, and practice two or three times a week in a rented hall, hoping to become a well-known group. Lots of pop groups are mods, and we do have our aims — "Vivid Mods," East Beach, Leigh, Vic.

Life's for living

TO me the most important thing in life is—living. I aim to get as much out of life as possible. I think the reason people live it up is because they are afraid of dying. I'm certainly scared.

You live completely for yourself, or you live for the person in your life, or for your children. You must have a reason for living.

As far as friends go, I have about three close friends, that's all. It's not possible to have many more than that; nobody could have that much time to devote to real friendship. Friendship is sincerity — I can't stand insincere people.

Love, to me, is the most inspiring thing that everybody is looking for — love is living properly. —Christie Mack, West Pymble, N.S.W.

Souvenir shirts

FOR something to remind them of their old friends, many girls who left school last year took an old shirt (wearable or otherwise) and passed it round among their mates, who each signed it with her name.

The owners then embroidered these signatures in bright colors and now each has a unique memento. —"Shirley," Cudal, N.S.W.

PONYTAIL BY LEE HOLLEY



Hayley's turning 20



LEFT: "... when I was little, acting in films was something I did in the holidays—I didn't take it seriously." A scene from "Pollyanna" when Hayley was 14.



R I G H T: Bryan Forbes, who directed "Whistle Down the Wind," describes the emotion Hayley must show.

● That most critical transition for the child star—from the school room to the adult role—faces Hayley Mills this year. Hayley, who has only a few months left as a teenager, has been called the most engaging child star in the history of motion pictures.



LEFT: "... I sometimes think it is absolutely mad—what am I doing here?" John Mills showed no favors when he directed "Sky West and Crooked," which will be shown in Sydney this year.



ABOVE: "... there is more to films than just playing shallow glamor roles." Hayley at 17 and on her way to Greece to star in the film "The Moon Spinners" and receive her first screen kiss from 23-year-old actor Peter McEnery.

HER life as an actress started when she was 12 years old and her first picture was the prize-winning British drama "Tiger Bay." She earned high praise from the critics for her performances in "Pollyanna," "The Parent Trap," and "Whistle Down the Wind." Christened a child prodigy, named as Britain's most popular actress at 16, she showed astonishing maturity two years later in her role in the dramatic psychological film "The Black Garden."

Her career has been guided with infinite care by her father, veteran actor John Mills, and her mother, the writer Mary Hayley.

With this background, it is fairly easy to assume that the 19-year-old Hayley will slide smoothly from teens to adulthood.

Late last month, when she returned from America to attend the premiere of the film "King Rat," in which her father played a starring role, Hayley said she felt she had reached an age where she thought much more about her career.

"When I was little," she said, "acting in films was something I did in the holi-

days—fun to do, but I didn't take it very seriously.

"Now, I do think about it and it is very important."

Like her more mature contemporaries, Hayley realises the importance of working with a good director.

"It is very frightening to think you are on your own in a film, especially in a difficult part," she said.

"Glamor roles? Often you find they are very shallow and don't take an awful lot of thought."

"I like to take a character and do something with her to make her a bit more inter-

esting—like giving her a lisp or a glass eye or a twitch.

"The two actresses I admire most are Julie Harris and Shirley MacLaine. They play the kind of roles I would like to play."

Hayley's hopes for 1966 are that she won't be lazy, that she will be more intelligent, and that she will be acceptable as a person.

"Sometimes I feel terribly inadequate. Sometimes it is frightening and I wish I were living in the country with a lot of dogs and didn't have to have responsibilities on my shoulders."

"And sometimes I think it is all absolutely mad—what am I doing here? Am I really supposed to be doing this or should I be a missionary in Hong Kong?"

Hayley said her life as an actress had been chosen for her when she was 12 years old.

"I never had a chance to say what I wanted to be when I grew up—but I'm sure it would have been an actress, because I love it."

"I know the only time I could leave acting of my own accord would be if I thought I wasn't any good."



"SOMETIMES it is frightening and I wish I were living in the country with a lot of dogs." Hayley was 16 when this picture was taken at the family farm.



SLENDER, poised, her long blonde hair tumbling around her fur-covered shoulders, Hayley attended the premiere of "King Rat," in which her father stars.

GIRLS' LIFE OF THE PARTY

ROUND ROBIN

● Now is the time for all good sorts to come to the aid of the party...

I SEE that the Victorian Labor Party is after pretty girls "to add glamor to the game of politics."

The girls will act as public-relations hostesses at political meetings.

The Leader of the Federal Opposition (Mr. Calwell) is reported to have commented: "This is an idea full of interesting possibilities."

Indeed it is.

The girls, I gather, will wear a distinctive uniform.

Perhaps the nature of the work will inspire novel accessories.

To show whose side she's on, for instance, I imagine a lass would wear a bow in her hair to match her politician's blue ribbon seat.

I suppose, as in politics itself, in the glamor-girl business many will be called but few will be chosen.

Plump rejects need not be disappointed, however.

They can still play their part in politics.

Why, they can work for the Japanese Parliament, called the Diet.

If the present plan to glamorise politics comes off, who knows where it could end?

The Labor Party might try to attract young people by hiring the Beatles to make a special film.

They could call it "ALP!"

Even leaving things at the glamor-girl stage, election meeting crowds should enjoy themselves.

For years they've put up with politicians looking at things through rose-colored glasses.

Now the audience can look through hour-glass-colored Roses!

—Robin Adair

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

No kissing

"I AM 17 and fairly good-looking. However, I have one very serious problem. None of the girls I have taken out has ever let me kiss her goodnight. I am deeply perturbed about this situation — and who wouldn't be, if they had been out with at least a dozen different girls in the past year. To top it all off, the rest of the blokes I hang around with rib me about this fact."

"Unkissed," Qld.

The blokes you hang about with shouldn't know what happens on your dates. There is nothing worse than a boy who kisses and tells. The girls you take out may know you talk which could be the reason

they refuse to kiss you. Or, perhaps, you ask them for a kiss. Of course, most girls' natural reaction is to say "no." Next time you take a girl out steal a kiss and then ask.

Teased on looks

"WE are two very beautiful girls who are desperately in love with two not-so-handsome boys. Our friends all tease us about their looks and we know they have inferiority complexes. We don't want to make ourselves ugly or leave our boyfriends. What shall we do?"

"Beauties and the Beasts," Tas.

Few intelligent people fall in love with a beautiful or handsome face. Ignore your friends' remarks.

Ask him home

"I AM a 15-year-old girl and I am in love with a boy who has asked me to go out with him. As my parents forbid me to go out with boys I have been putting his invitations aside. He thinks I don't love him because of this and I'm afraid I will lose him."

"Desperate," Qld.

Make a date with him. Ask him to your home where he can meet your parents. When they get to know him he can then ask their permission to take you out.

He's so shy

"I LIKE a boy I see at the beach each weekend and would like to get to know him well. He knows I like him and we know each other's name and once exchanged a few words. One of his friends told me he had admitted being scared even to smile at me, let alone make friends. Usually he is at the beach about half an hour before his mates. Do you think it would be all right to speak or just say hello?"

"Ronnie," N.S.W.

As you have already spoken to each other, a nice warm smile and a friendly wave would let him know that you would like to get to know him better.

Calling in

"I MET a boy on holidays last year. I was staying at his parents' place. He took me out for the three weeks I was there. When I came home I tried to forget him until recently when my girlfriend (she is his cousin) saw him and said he asked about me. He will be coming to the district next month and told his cousin he might call in. Do you think I should get in touch with him and tell him I would like to see him, or should I wait and see what happens?"

"Anxious," N.S.W.

As he has already said that he might call in on your friend, wait and see if he does. Ask his cousin to tell him that you would like to see him again.

Casual beau

"I AM 17 and in love with a boy who is 20. I have been out with him several times, but lately when he sees me in the street, he just waves and says, 'I will pick you up later.' But he never does. He is shy and I am always with a group of girls so he just keeps going and waves. Do you think I should worry about him? Am I too young to be in love? Do you think he is interested in me?"

"Baffled," Tas.

You are not too young to be in love, but you are at an age where it is easy to think you are in love. If this boy was really interested in you he wouldn't just wave and pass by. I think you should forget him.

Dead-letter

"MY girlfriend and I often go to the beach and we know nearly every boy that goes there and usually sit and talk to them. Recently we met some different boys and have been sitting with them. We both like two brothers but they always seem to find some fault with us. I was told I had a red nose, my girlfriend was told she had a small, funny mouth. We rang up the boy my girlfriend liked and I told him she liked him and he burst out laughing. We could not stand to have them laugh again so we wrote them a letter telling them how much we liked them. We regret sending that letter now, because we are afraid they will laugh. Do you think it was a foolish idea?"

"Beachies," N.S.W.

Yes.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

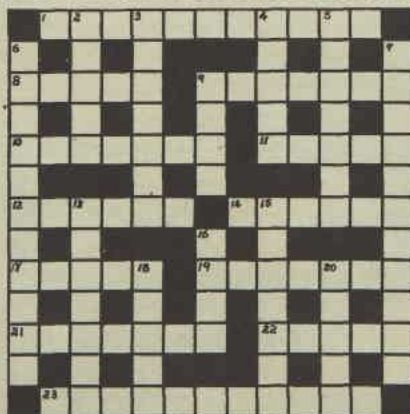
MANDRAKE believes the deadly Cobra is alive! In an effort to stir his old arch enemy, Mandrake announces his suspicions in the newspapers. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Stop record with unit reversed in one (11).
4. Brace when it became sour (5).
9. You turn an ox to a liar pertaining to a wife (7).
10. Vehement in grammatical time (7).
11. Pastime ending in a harbor (5).
12. A Brazilian hare receives a gentle knock on its head (6).
14. Sensual (6).
17. I am in a card to make it bitterly pungent (5).
19. Pam, I fly to make it more copious (7).
21. Lasted (7).
22. A naturally arising supplement or a man on horseback (5).
23. This kind of man may be white, black, or yellow, but certainly not green. (11).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Pen it to make it silly (5).
3. A closet, possibly for the members of the Government (7).
4. Sacred images made of coins (5).
5. Fabulous animal or a coaching team of three horses (7).
6. I start games with beaks (11).
7. No they don't work in a dining-room (5-6).
9. Sure, it's one who employs for a purpose (4).
13. It sounds like a bovine animal at the Show, but it is only a seemingly absurd assertion (7).
15. An analgetic and febrifuge in pairs (7).
16. A worker or a part of his body (4).
18. Lament with a broken grid on the top (5).
20. This department of France could be someone taking the chief meal of the day (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 2, 1966

BUTTERICK PATTERNS



3022—Pretty princess-panelled dress with back-buttoned bodice, lace trim, and self back-sash tied at sides. Sizes 2 to 12 (21, 23, 24, 26, 28, 30in. chest). Price 5/- includes postage.

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3535—Six-gore, A-line skirt and vertically seamed overblouse. Sizes: Junr. 30, 31, 33in. bust. Misses 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 7/- includes postage.



2841

2841—Front-buttoned shift with tailored collar, three-quarter length sleeves. Self or purchased belt. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42in. bust. Price 5/9 includes postage.



3178

3535

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